

## A German Story.

In that beautiful part of Germany which borders on the Rhine, there is a noble castle which, as you travel on the western bank of the river, you may see lifting its ancient towers on the opposite side, above the grove of trees which are about as old as itself. About forty years ago, there lived in that castle a noble gentleman, whom we shall call the Baron. The Baron had an only son, who was not only a comfort to his father, but a blessing to all who lived on his father's land.

It happened on one occasion, that the young man being from home, there came a French gentleman to see the Baron. As soon as this gentleman came into the castle, he began to talk of his Heavenly Father in terms that chilled the old man's blood, on which the Baron reproved him, saying "Are you not afraid of offending God, who reigns above, by speaking in such a manner?"

The gentleman said he knew nothing about God, that he had never seen him.

The Baron did not notice at this time what the gentleman said, but the next morning took occasion, first, to show him a beautiful picture that hung on the wall.

"My son drew that picture," said the Baron.

"Then your son is a very clever man," replied the gentleman.

Then the Baron went with him into the garden and showed him many beautiful flowers and plants.

"Who has the ordering of the garden?" said the gentleman.

"My son," said the Baron; "he knows every plant, I may say, from the cedar of Lebanon to the hyssop on the wall.

"Indeed," said the gentleman; "I shall think very highly of him soon."

The Baron took him into the village, and showed him a small, neat cottage, where his son had established a school, and where he caused all poor children who had lost their parents to be received and nourished at his own expense.

The children in this house looked so happy and innocent that the French gentleman was very much pleased, and when he returned to the castle he said to the Baron:

"What a happy man you are to have such a son?"

"How do you know that I have a good son?"

"Because I have seen his works, and I know that he must be clever and good, if he has done all you have shown me."

"But you have never seen him."

"No, but I know him very well, because I judge of him by his works."

"You do; and now please draw near this window, and tell me what you observe from thence."

"Why, I see the sun travelling through the sky, and shedding its glories over one of the greatest countries in the world; and I behold a mighty river at my feet, and a vast range of woods, and I see pasture grounds and vineyards, and cattle and sheep feeding in green fields, and many thatched cottages here and there."

"And do you see nothing pleasant or lovely or cheerful in all that is spread before you?"

"Do you think that I want common sense? or that I have lost the use of my eyes, my friend?" said the gentleman, somewhat angrily, "that I should not be able to relish the charms of such a scene as this?"

"Well then," said the Baron, "If you are able to judge of my son's good character by seeing his good works, how does it happen that you form no judgment of the goodness of God, by witnessing such wonders of His handiwork as are now before you? Let me never hear you, my good friend, again say that you know not God, unless you would have me suppose you have not the use of your senses."

## A MORNING IN THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY.

In the summer term at Oxford, down the centre passage of the library goes a ceaseless rustle of ladies' dresses; "lionesses," led by undergraduate escorts as strange to the place as themselves, glide past the studies, or stand more than half-bored at the cases of manuscripts and autograph letters. Yet even the giddiest and most ignorant among them must feel a little ashamed of the *ennui* which oppresses them. Surrounded by the thought of centuries, and face to face with those old parchments, with their famous signatures and ghostly halo of associations, even the hard-riding undergraduate, even the girl fresh from one flirtation and already planning another, must feel a moment's sobering, a moment's sense of insignificance. But the visit and its conscience-prickings are short-lived; half an hour is enough for most sight-seers, and the Bodleian knows them no more. Sometimes, as you stand at the catalogue shelf, you may see a more interesting group approaching; a little old parish clergyman, perhaps, with thin white hair and generally wise look, arrayed in a rusty master's gown, infinitely too long for him—he has just hired it, with the battered cap, regardless of fit. No matter. Behind walk wife and daughters, much impressed by the new splendor of his appearance; besides, in the wife's heart perhaps—she has a shrewd, kindly look, motherly eyes, a pleasant brow—there awakes a sweet momentary sympathy with her husband's youth, that youth which laid all its capabilities and crudities at her feet, to which her girlhood gave itself gladly, and which is now such a dream to both. Then you may see him, the small ancient man, with conscious gait and eyes twinkling under his spectacles, board a passing librarian, make his name and academical status known with modest dignity, and demand a book. It is a MS. of "Wyclif's Sermons" perhaps, or a superb St. Augustine; and tottering under its weight he takes it to some quiet resting-place where, in the bosom of his family, he details in an audible whisper his knowledge of its meaning. Gladly the Bodleian harbors such a simple reverend presence, and she closes her doors upon him with a benison.

Not less varied are the readers for whose present benefit these priceless stores are opened; readers of both sexes and of every age, from the freshman touched with a love for gay illuminations to the spectacled bookworm whose mornings for forty weeks in the year have ever been consecrated to learning here. They come from all lands, for the Bodleian has treasures inaccessible elsewhere; its manuscripts and unique early printed books draw hungry seekers from across the sea. From Russia sometimes; of course from Germany; now and then an Italian may be here, for whom Milan and the Vatican have not sufficed; or even an American scholar, whom the New World's inevitable emptiness sends to draw from one of the oldest storehouses of the Old. Most typical of all is the German; a man still young probably, and yet with an air of age lent to him by his spectacles and his gray complexion, and his colorless hair; a man of few words, and those guttural ones, of manners not the pleasantest, of dress not the most becoming; but patient in his obedience to his self-set task as his countrymen to their captains in the field. He may be single-minded, or he may be controversial and terribly militant; but whether or no he has an enemy to crush, he travels straight on, missing nothing relevant, sparing no pains, and troubled by no vile illegibilities of fifteenth-century handwriting. He is editing Homer perhaps; he finds nothing tedious in those forty-eight books of *Dionysiaca*, where the tinsel and the dulness of a *rococo* poetry is poorly redeemed by little gems of real observation and feeling; our German thinks nothing for the present of feeling a *rococo*; his business is to collate! Or it is a question of Athenian economy, misjudged by Boeckh; or "Lachmann's *Lucretius*" has to be exploded; or Herr Tischendorf shown to be wrong on the text of St. John. Then his notes will be bitter enough, and he will exult in true Teutonic fashion at the slaughter of his enemy; and if his enemy's little helper perish with him, some poor Englishman who has ventured to adopt and support his reading,

fresh joy is spread over the soul of our reader, Dr. Gramsc, of Leipsic. But for all that he will not work more patiently; he will not—for it would be impossible—he more absorbed in the papers before him, more utterly heedless of the whispering visitors that curiously rustle by.

Yet, not all readers are foreigners—not all love for learning has died out of England. Practical we are, for the most part, even in our higher education; if we do not learn book-keeping and the work of the steam-engine, we strive, most of us, to learn those things only which will fit us to play our part, our social part, in the world; to talk well, to write brilliantly, to philosophize cleverly at any and every crisis. But though this is the tendency of the higher education in England, and notably in Oxford, there are students left among us still. That old man in the study that you are passing, with his face buried in a folio of Plotinus, has learning enough to make even Dr. Gramsc stare. Perhaps, if the paradox be allowed, he is too literally a student; too much bent on study, too little on realizing study for the world's benefit. Endowments, ever good and evil, have had an evil effect on him; his rich fellowship has taken away one stimulus for public work, and his conscience has failed to supply him with another. So he has settled down to a life of mere luxury, not of the table but of the library, not of wines but of books. His wonderful receptive powers, his inexhaustible memory, his insatiable appetite, have made him a mine of knowledge in all its forms. Perhaps if he has a strong point, where all are strong, it is the Neoplatonic philosophy; his keen perception, his imagination, his tranquil disregard of the world around him, have perhaps led him on to an affinity with that strangest form of mysticism where eastern and western thought join hands. But if you have other sympathies he will satisfy them, supposing you to take him in one of those moments when he chooses to be generous of his learning; he will make Condé's Campaigns with you, or Cabot's Voyages; he will talk to you of Shakespeare and the First Folio, of the disputed lines in *Cymbeline*; he will teach you to

"—see two points in Hamlet's soul  
Unseized by the Germans yet."

Or, passing back through the history of poetry, if you ask whence Shakespeare drew his inspiration, he will roam with you by the canal-side in Venice, and will quote Ariosto to you, and Bojardo, and so pass backwards through Spanish romance and Provençal love-song, and onward again through the *Minnesänger* to all that warp and woof of sentiment which they first taught Germany to weave. Yet, with all this, part indolent, part cynical, part fastidious, he will not write, he never has written. He knows too many books. He has seen too many reputations made by charlatans, marred for students; too many histories written, admired, and superseded; too many classics revived by patient editors, to fall again to death. The game is not worth the candle. It is better to sit still and enjoy.

Many others there are, very different from each other and from him; such as the student-tradesman, who for the morning hours when business is light leaves his hosiery to an assistant and comes to compare charters and gather facts for a history of Herefordshire, among whose orchards he was born. He has had no teaching to speak of in his youth; but the historical impulse was strong in him, and Oxford awoke it into life; so he taught himself Latin enough to read a chronicle, and set to work full of enthusiasm, certain of results. His neighbor, too, does good work; she too is enthusiastic, and with the enthusiasm which is the mother of patience. She wears spectacles; her nose is too *retroussé* for beauty, her color too high; in the country she would be a prodigy, in Tyburnia she would be voted "blue." But she cares little for Tyburnia, and much for beautiful things and great interests; and so she is studying Holbein here. She has to read much, to be often disappointed, before she can discover any thing new; in the library, you would say, she has the habits of a bookworm. But in half an hour's talk you would find that the eyes behind those spectacles are deep as well as penetrating;

her liveliness, her warmth, will convince you that it is possible for a woman to be a student without being a pedant—without, in fact, ceasing to be a woman. You would find that the past is interesting to her, because the present is so intensely real; that she handles knowledge purely as the instrument of feeling, and loves it only because by it feeling is deepened, widened, and refined.

But the building itself, with its approaches, is as interesting as its inhabitants. Here it is, the low Tudor archway, the heavy oaken door swung back upon its hinges, and beyond it the stairs, cool in the utmost heat of summer, and pervaded with that mingled fragrance of books and old oak which is one of the most subtle and suggestive of scents. Pass up them, resting on the way if you will on the broad window-seats, whence the quad is visible with its quaint mistaken tower of the Five Orders, and its memory-haunted examination schools. Here are portraits: John Balfour and Devorguila his wife, a pair of ancient Radicals, vigorous and unconventional, fit proprietors of the modern Balfour. Here are maps, old and superseded, side by side with pictures of forgotten nobodies—old worlds, and the inhabitants thereof. Yonder are the steps into the gallery, an enchanted place, long and spacious, hung with portraits, old and new,—a marvellous Mary of Scots from whose exquisite pale face sorrow has refined away the vanity and hardness of youth, pranked out in no ruff, no peaked head-dress, no pearls, but shrouded in black folds of drapery, which suit with the long years of imprisonment behind, the inevitable death in front; a Cranmer, by Holbein, with full, weak, red lips; a Duns Scotus, gaunt and unkempt, representative of the fossil race of the schoolmen; a solemn Lord Burleigh, riding solemnly upon a beast less than mule more than ass—strange and laughable conception. Here is Guy Fawkes's lantern, poor innocent accessory of a long-past crime, sole relic of many men and many passions; here is a chair, made from the ship in which Sir Francis Drake sailed round the world, and as you touch it, the forests unfathomable and creeper-twined of the New World spring up before you, and you catch in the offing the sails of the Spanish treasure-ship, flying the pursuit of English hate. In a little octagonal chamber, lit by windows, over whose bright pure tints the becoming dimness of age has crept, stands the chest or strong-box of Sir Thomas Bodley. It has a marvellous lock, truly; puzzle out its intricacies of polished steel, wrought here and there into mocking likenesses of leaves and flowers, if you can,—the burglar of past centuries tried a shorter method, and in the bottom of the chest you may still see the square hole he cut, blessing the elaborate stupidity of owner and maker the while. In yonder case are the fruit-trenchers of Queen Elizabeth; they belong surely to the old age of the Virgin Queen, so cynical are the maxims, so bitter the would-be love-poems inscribed upon them. It is a pleasant place, this gallery. At every turn, without effort or pain on our part, the past floods in upon us,—the dry bones live,—the vast library beneath our feet seems to take voice and speak from these faces, these varied relics from the holes and corners of bygone life.

But let us press on. This gallery after all is but full of symbols—is but itself a great symbol; through that green door lies the reality.

A great cruciform space opens before you. Right and left, before, behind, above, beneath, books—nothing but books. Over your head, a beamed and arched roof, the fire of whose bosses and blazonings time has long since sobered, and from whose painted squares speaks everywhere and at all times the prayer of mediæval learning, "*Dominus illuminatio mea!*" The eyes of Dr. Gransam, of Leipsic, rest upon it sometimes, with the calm superiority proper to a disciple of Voltaire; the English divine in yonder closed study, toiling over his Hebrew, notes it now and then with a vague feeling of refreshment, so subtly do the words recall the time of quiet cloisters and calm-faced monks, busy with leaf-gold and paint and parchment. That is fifteenth-century glass in those windows; match those fading blues, opal greens, and lucid browns in modern work if

you can. Here are cases like those in the gallery—Queen Elizabeth's Latin exercises, her books, her gloves. They are large, these last—it were hard to connect any thing small and soft with the signing of those two death-warrants of Essex and Mary. On the other side is a letter of Archbishop Laud's, written the night before his execution; the fine slanting characters aptly represent a man in whom a fatal leaven of sentiment, a fatal poetry of nature, fought obstinately against the drivings of common-sense. Here is Monmouth's last humbling act of submission the day before his death, and so on—a refined symbolic chamber of horrors, which need detain us no longer. Beyond the cases, you come to the Catalogue, the key to the great silent enigma around you—the new Catalogue is a great and thorough piece of work, as yet incomplete. Standing behind the librarian's chair, you look down the nave of the library, honey-combed on either hand by studies open and closed, filled with various readers and confusion of many books. Ah! those studies: let us open one of them. The latticed doors, green-curtained, fly open, and you pass into a tiny room, book-walled, jutting flaps, ancient and dusty on either hand, lit by an Elizabethan window, through whose stone-framed panes the eye wanders to the green and reverend stillness of a college garden far beneath. As you slip into the chair got ready for you, a deep repose steals over you, the repose not of indolence, but possession—the product of tone work and patient thought only. Literature has no guerdon for "bread-students," to quote the expressive German phrase; let not the young man reading for his pass, the London copyist, or the British Museum illuminator, hope to enter within the enchanted ring of her benignant influences; only to the silent ardors, the thirst, the disinterestedness of the true learner is she prodigal of all good gifts. To him she beckons, in him she confides, till she has produced in him that wonderful many-sidedness, that universal sympathy, which stamps the true literary man, and which is more religious than any form of creed.

So far we have gone; so far all the world may go. Let us pass downwards, however; let us enter the *penetralia*, leaving the studies where the brown folios lie, whose very titles are a dead-letter to us: *Pymander Mercurii Trismegisti*, *Rosarius de Sacramentis VII.*, *Ribera in Prophetas*, *Sneffius in Esaiam*; the mighty works of forgotten casuists, Azor's *Institutio-Morales* in two enormous volumes, the ponderous *Œuvres de Richelieu*, and hundreds more. Downwards through that green door marked "private," by stairs book-lined, through a long room, where live maps innumerable, roll-maps, sheet-maps, bound maps of every date and every size; past stands containing every report of every learned society throughout the world—a department which makes one hurry on, inwardly shivering:—through mazes of periodicals old and young, serious and trivial, from the *Quarterly* down to the *Lady's Magazine*, from *Punch* to the *Christian Remembrancer*, till we reach a room filled with strange folios, lettered with strange names, a room which faintly represents a literature once the noblest of the modern world, a room symbolized by the superb Koran lying open on yonder desk. In a small inner room are the Hebrew manuscripts; a German is working there, another in shirt-sleeves is here—strange people of innumerable tentacles, stretching all ways, from Genesis to the latest form of the needle-gun. Up the steps there is a mixed room, partly Oriental partly European; it need not detain us. But let us pause in the octagon of octagons, gem of these lower abodes. The rooms around and beyond may suggest labor and patience, may depress with the consciousness of immeasurable inferiority; this only suggests the cream of work, the flowers that bloom rarely and brightly on the steep hillsides of literature. Here is the sumptuousness of modern binding; the "Palæographies," the "Voyages Pittoresques," the "Antiquities" of this and that; all, in short, that is most princely and most lavish in modern culture. Then turn your hand a moment to these shelves, so close and so inviting; pull them out, the little shining slender volumes, and pass with mind attuned and sympathies awake into the play-ground of the Middle Ages.

Petrarch, Boccaccio, Ariosto, Tasso, copy after copy, edition after edition. Here is a "Decameron," Venezia, 1517. The name and date go strangely together. In a solemn upheaval time when Wittenberg theses were startling Europe, when Protestantism, with all its base, austere variations, was springing into being, this little book saw the light, glided into the world of the sixteenth century, whose public life wears so grim and earnest a look to posterity, and, slipping from house to house and hand to hand, woke laughter in Italian eyes and fed the unquenched craving of the South for story-telling. Look at this annotated edition of Petrarch's sonnets, the sonnet a gem, though scarcely of the first water, in a worthless setting of wire-spun commentary. At the time this was printed, Petrarch was a greater force in the world than Dante. Europe was still young and childish, with youth's passion for grace, youth's shrinking from deep water and love for beautiful outsidings. There is a Bojardo side by side with *Orlando Furioso*—shadow and substance. And in that lowest shelf a grim row of *Todien-tauzer* quaintly underlies those tales of love and war. All the characters in those haunts of pleasure are here reproduced, knight and maiden, monk and matron; but beside them all stands the inevitable spectre with scythe and hour-glass, and in the midst of its riot and festival you see the Middle-Age standing still with down-dropped eyes and hand on mouth, pondering for an instant the awful secret ringed by which it lives and laughs. Opposite are books of alchemy, interspersed with unintelligible ciphers. Such books as "Leonardo da Vinci" may have studied in that withdrawn transition time of his. Ah! we must leave it, our room of rooms, carrying with us a summer picture of it—calm bands of sunlight lying on the brown polish of the floor, and creeping along the book-lined angles, fit companion for all the jest and laughter, all the love and pathos which dwell here embalmed.

We have stayed so long in the antechambers that we have no time to linger long in the Douce Library to which it leads. And yet the Douce Library is rich beyond all telling in MSS., Latin, French, and English; in early printed work, in the out-of-the-way corners of Elizabethan literature, in old stories of travel, quaintly illustrated and adorned. That centre-stand boasts four manuscripts of the Roman de la Rose, one with four half-page illustrations, drawn in soft, dove-like tints of gray, refreshing after the commoner reds and blues of the other three—"Lancelot du Lac," "Reynaut et Isengrim," "Vie de Merlin," "Vœu du Paon," "Roman d' Alexandre"—there they stand, one after another, names of enchantment for all time. And by them is the shelf of "Hours," not the least attractive of the books that surround you. Take out one of them, a small red octavo, "Heures Gotique," the binder mysteriously calls it, but if you turn to the mutilated title-page you will find that it is a book of "Hours, à l'usage de Soissons." The famous Simon Vestre is the printer, so the date must be 1510 or so; on the wide margin of nearly every one of the 300 pages are four exquisite woodcuts, all different, all intensely German.

Durer might have drawn them all, except that they are even quaintier than his work—a priest admitting a company of veritable Nuremberger's to celebration; Herodias' daughter watching the fall of John Baptist's head; devils cast out and flying away on leathern wings; Dives and Lazarus, terribly specific; a double page, terribly dramatic, of David and "Urie," where Urie is in the prefront of the battle in grim earnest, and the Nuremberg-fashioned spear of an Ammonite lanz-knecht is entering deep into his side. Or if you care more for splendor of illumination than for minute engraving, get the librarian's leave, and spend an hour with the famous "Ormesby Psalter," the "Salterium fratris Roberti de Ormesby," as the inscription calls it, among the most magnificent of all the monk-works of the magnificent fourteenth century. Not even the treasures of San Marco at Florence, where Angelico's own hand is traceable on the precious missals, can show more brilliant coloring, more fertile design, more delicate leaf-work, or more fanciful grotesque, than the patient life's labor of the northern friar.

Who can pass out of such a building without a feeling of profound melancholy? The thought is almost too obvious to be dwelt upon, but it is overpowering and inevitable. These shelves of mighty folios, these cases of labored manuscripts, these illuminated volumes of which each may represent a life—the first dominant impression which they make cannot fail to be like that which a burial-ground leaves—a Hamlet-like sense of "the pity of it." Which is the sadder image,—the dust of Alexander stopping a bungle, or the brain and life-blood of a hundred monks cumbering the shelves of the Bodleian? Not the former, perhaps; for Alexander's dust matters little, were his work considered; but these monks' work is in their books; to these books they sacrificed their lives, and gave themselves up as an offering to posterity. And posterity, overburdened by its own concerns, passes them by without a look or a word! Here and there, of course, is a volume which has made a mark upon the world; but the mass are silent forever, and zeal, industry, talent, for once that they have had permanent results, have a thousand times been sealed by failure. And yet men go on writing, writing; and books are born under the shadow of the great libraries, just as children are born within sight of the tombs. It seems as though Nature's law were universal as well as rigid in its sphere,—wide wastes of sand shut in the green oasis; many a seed falls among thorns, or by the wayside; many a bud must be sacrificed before there comes the perfect flower; many a little life must exhaust itself in a useless book, before the great work is made which is to remain a force forever. And so we might as profitably murmur at the withered buds, at the seed that takes no root, at the stretch of desert, as at the unread folios. They are waste, it is true; but it is the waste that is thrown off by humanity in its ceaseless process towards the fulfilment of its law.

## AMERICANS IN EUROPE.

**H**ENRY KINGSLEY says of Americans in Europe:

"It may be said that no foreigner can understand the politics of a foreign country, but this is quite an error. Some of the shrewdest judges of the state of parties in England are quiet, not political, Americans. The Americans are not so very far wiser than other people; but their travelers come very much of a class without any strong prejudices, and they mostly speak both English and French; consequently it is very hard to find a man who understands European politics better than a highly educated American. European politics are a mere game of chess to them, at which they are on-lookers, and consequently they are the best umpires. *O, si sic omnes!* We this last year have been holding high words between ourselves about the Germans and the French. Some of us had been most in Germany, and some of us more in France. Those who had been at school with Fritz at Bonn were German; those who had been to school with Alphonse at Dieppe were French. As for argument, there was none among the main of us. The artistic and half Roman Catholic Bavarians who burned Bazeilles were denounced fiercely by the French party among us as the Protestant hordes of Prussia, while the almost entirely ignorant and brutish peasants of France were described as perishing in defense of the most highly civilized country in the world—France. On the other hand, that small part of the great untraveled who hung by Germany overstated their case quite as badly. Surely a little more travel and a little more knowledge of language would

enable our countrymen to see that neither Frenchmen nor Germans were cowards or ruffians. A traveled American could judge of the question quite well, while we were blinded with political passion. He would never have called the highly educated army of Germany—the most truculent of which were the men of Munich, the fellow-citizens of Kaulbach and Piloty—a horde of ignorant barbarians; nor could he, on the other hand, have called the French cowards.

“Look at the wonderfully genial influence which recent travel has bred between the peoples of England and of America! Eleven years ago the civil war in America began, and the feeling at first was most favorable to the Northern States. Then, in consequence possibly of the action of Captain Wilkes, possibly of the sudden loss of cotton, possibly of the very ill advised speeches of Mr. Cassius M. Clay, the feeling turned against the North, until in 1860-61 it was hard to find a man in society who was not more or less a Southern sympathizer. One band of men, however, were generally sympathizers with the North, and those were the men who had traveled in America. At one time there were only three journals of great note who were on the Northern side, the *Star*, the *Daily News*, and the *Spectator*—we can remember no others. Since then the journey to America has become popular, nay, fashionable; and look at the change of tone which has been produced by it! Year by year the two nations have been drawing closer and closer to one another: the Americans are proud of us—they always were; but now we are growing proud of them. Some people tell us that in one hundred years our coal will be exhausted, and that we shall be an agricultural people of about twenty-five millions. Let it be so if God wills it, but we shall still look on America with her hundreds of millions with pride. A knowledge of them, gained by intercommunication, has removed all jealousy; and if they are to be more powerful than ourselves, we have the satisfaction of knowing that they are carrying freedom and civilization wherever they go. Every traveler who goes to America brings back a new message of peace. Eleven years ago it was all anger between us, and had it not been for a few cool and wise heads on both sides of the Atlantic we might have been at war. Eleven years ago they would have thrown our money back in our teeth, even if we had offered it. What do we see now? One of their most beautiful cities and one of their fairest provinces have been ruined by a visitation of God: instantly every Englishman, Scotchman, and Irishman worthy of the name dashes to their assistance; they receive our aid without the smallest *arrière-pensée*, and thank us in terms which we, at all events, shall never forget, paying us ten times over in sheer goodwill. The amount we are sending to Chicago and Michigan is very small; it is not half enough at present; but the two nations know one an-

other now so well that the will is taken for the deed, and they thank us in terms which warm the heart of every true man among us. Why is this? Because we have got to understand one another by circulating in one another's countries, and by finding out that we both want the same thing—peace, freedom, and sound government. Newspapers, with all their enormous value, are sad mischief-makers sometimes. Nations will never get to know one another through their newspapers: a hundred things prevent any newspaper from giving the public opinion of more than a certain section of the community. Take, for example, the *Spectator*, which, with all ability and valor, stood up, as far as we remember, alone among the weekly press for the North in the American war. Did the *Spectator* represent the public opinion of Great Britain? Most certainly not. We may more or less allow that they were right now, but their position was very unpopular then. Newspapers can not be taken, as a rule, to express the public opinion of any nation. Now Irish and American newspapers are written in English, and very soon copied into our own. So we get the result that any idle word or taunt has double its force to us. What is the simple remedy for this? Let the intelligent citizens circulate more among one another and speak by word of mouth. This is only to be gained by circulation, or, in other words, by travel; and this leads us to the very sad reflection that for ten of my acquaintances who know France, but one in ten knows Ireland.”

## FLEURANGE.

BY MRS. CRAVEN, AUTHOR OF "A SISTER'S STORY."

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH, WITH PERMISSION.

### PART SECOND.

#### THE TRIAL.

#### XXIV.

FLEURANGE hastily wrapped a large white burnous around her, drew the hood over her face, and then ran to the carriage, which was waiting for her. It seemed as if heaven had sent her aid in the very hour of her greatest need. She felt that her resolutions would be carried out by means of her cousin, but in what way she could not yet see. At all events, she was no longer friendless, and one of the difficulties she had to surmount was already smoothed away.

These thoughts prevailed over all others during her short ride from the palace to the hotel. At her arrival, the sight of Clara made her forget everything for a while but the sweet memories of the past.—The Old Mansion, the fireside around which they used to gather, the family all scattered since they last saw each other—all came back with sharp poignancy, and it was with tears of joy and regret they flew into each other's arms.

This first emotion somewhat calmed, the two cousins looked at one another. Though they had not been separated more than a year, the appearance of both bore marks of the changes they had passed through. Clara was as fresh and pretty as ever,

but her fine son, whose birth had delayed her return to Germany, added to the charm of youth a certain gravity which enters into all maternal joy, and gave to her beauty the crown of dignity it had hitherto lacked.

As to Fleurange, it would be difficult to say what had changed her. Was it the elegance of her dress, which the princess did not excuse her from, even when they were alone? Or the distinguished society in which she now moved? Or was it the increased paleness of her face, and her air of depression, that gave such sweetness to her look, lent such new grace to her form, and rendered her whole person more strikingly attractive than ever?

Fleurange had passed through too many sorrows, and at too early an age, for her face ever to reflect the careless gaiety of youth. And yet, after some weeks passed in her uncle's family, the Old Mansion was lit up with no smile more radiant than hers—it resounded with no voice more joyful. Now, her pale and noble countenance seemed overshadowed with a premature gravity. Her serene eyes, with their expression of firmness, no longer displayed the sanguine enthusiasm of youth, which used at times to light them up

and deepen the gray hue of the iris into the lively brilliancy of black. Without looking a day older, she seemed to have acquired the experience of maturity, and made a correct estimate of life without having taken a step further through it.

Clara and Julian gazed at her with a kind of anxious admiration, but forbore questioning her. They instinctively felt she would prefer not to answer their questions. Besides, her own inquiries left no room for theirs. The names so dear to them all were one by one pronounced, and for some moments everything was lit up with the warmth of the far-off fireside, which, amid all the young girl's recent emotions, she had never ceased to feel. Everything was going on well among those dear absent ones. Comfort, peace, and even somewhat of ease gradually reappeared beneath their roof. And all this was owing to Clement's activity and ability.

"Dear Clement!" said Clara with tears in her eyes. "What a providence he has been to them all! May God bless and reward this beloved brother!"

Then the travellers spoke of themselves. They were only passing through Florence, which they had previously visited. After going around to see Perugia, and all that region so attractive to artists, they intended resuming the route to Germany. They were to pass the following year at Heidelberg, where they were impatiently awaited, Julian feeling obliged to make up for the time he had lost in this delightful journey and to undertake with no further delay the orders he had received.

Perugia!—At the very mention of this place an idea suddenly occurred to Fleurange. Before arriving at Perugia they would have to pass

near Santa Maria al Prato. Could she not accompany them thus far, and seek the advice and aid of the Madre Maddalena who had always shown so affectionate an interest in her? Guided by her, she would be sure of taking the wisest course in the perplexities of her situation. If she needed courage, where find it if not with her, the very remembrance of whom often sufficed to renew the vigor of her soul? If she needed consolation, who so able to impart it? Yes, this opportunity was providential; she must hasten to profit by it; and, without speaking for the present of absolute separation, she would only obtain the princess' permission for a few days' absence in order to make this short journey.

Having decided on this, Fleurange breathed as freely as if a weight had been removed from her heart. Before the end of the hour, she took leave of her cousin after appointing a meeting for the following day, and re-entered the carriage which had brought her.

It was in the month of May. The air was redolent of spring-time—and spring-time at Florence. Count George's carriage was an open *calèche*. As she took her seat, one of the passers-by, doubtless struck with her beauty, threw her one of those large bouquets which in that city of flowers are in every one's hands at that season. Fleurange, without even turning her head to look at the person who offered her this delicate homage, accepted it without any scruple, and inhaled its odor with delight. She felt an unusual pleasure in the sweet fresh night air which caressed her cheek, and at finding herself thus alone for a moment with uncovered head beneath so pure and brilliant a sky. After the long confinement she had endured—passing so many days and



nights in a chamber the air and light scarcely penetrated—this moment of freedom was a mental and physical refreshment of which she unconsciously had absolute need. Besides, amid all the anxious care she lavished on the princess, one thought—a constant, painful thought—had not ceased to haunt her: she had been obliged to practise continual renunciation of a tenderness which, mute or sometimes murmured, had on a thousand occasions made itself understood or divined. It was an additional relief to feel this struggle would soon end, that a means of departure was at hand, or rather of flight, and she would only have to courageously struggle and repress her feelings a few days longer. After that, she would only have to suffer; there would be nothing more to fear, either from others or herself.

The young girl's evening ride came to an end too soon. The horses went like the wind, and brought her in a few moments to the foot of the broad marble staircase. She ascended it slowly, and proceeded at the same pace through the large salons, till she came to the one in which she had left the princess and her son. This room, it will be remembered, was the last of the suite, and opened, as well as the one next it, upon the terrace, which thus afforded an exterior communication between the two rooms.

When Fleurange came to the latter, she stopped. She feared the princess might have retired without waiting for or needing her. But not so: her son was still with her. She could distinctly hear the sound of their voices. Owing to the vernal mildness of the evening, all the windows were open, and, instead of entering, Fleurange passed out on the terrace to await the conclusion of their conversation. And, moreover,

VOL. XV.—38

it had not yet struck ten—the hour appointed for her return.

But she had scarcely gone out before she regretted it, for she could not help hearing, not only their voices, but their very words. She was about to return when she was stopped, and rooted as it were to the ground, by a word which her ear caught, and which gave her a thrill. That word was *Cordelia*; and almost immediately after she heard her own name—her name, not that of Gabrielle, the only one by which she was known, but the name of her childhood, the name unknown to every one at Florence except him who now uttered it—and in such a tone!

"Fleurange!" said Count George. "Yes, mother, this name which just escaped me in speaking of her; this name as strange as her beauty, and which, like the charm she is endowed with, belongs to no one else in the world, was the one her father called her by the first time I ever saw her—a thousand times more charming than the Cordelia of which she was the original—"

Fleurange heard nothing more.—For some moments she felt ready to faint, and it was only a resolute effort of her will that kept her from falling to the ground, overcome by surprise and emotion. Was it really the count she heard speaking? and could it be his mother to whom he was talking? What madness led him to brave the princess by using such language—her whom the slightest contradiction often threw into a violent state of impatience and anger—her who could not endure the least opposition from any one? What would she say? What reply was Fleurange about to hear?

She no longer thought of stirring. She felt incapable of deciding whether it were well or ill to remain; she had

but one wish—to hear the princess reply, and to act in consequence. Perhaps, after hearing it, she would leave the place where she stood, never to appear before her again; who could tell? Already a confused idea entered her mind of leaving the palace and returning through the streets, alone and on foot—night though it was—to the Steinbergs.

After a long silence the princess spoke, but her trembling and subdued voice, to Fleurange's great surprise, betrayed no signs of anger. The effect was only the more profound on her who now stood quivering with silent expectation.

"Then, George, you wish to cause me the greatest mortification it is possible for a son to cause his mother—you wish to violate the promise on which I relied with so much faith and confidence?"

"Mother, I have already told you I never made any promise."

"Enough, George. I like your frankness. Do not spoil it now by prevarication. If you made her no promise, you made me one which you have not kept—me, your mother. This is sufficient, I think, to merit my reproaches."

"Mother—!" And George rose with an impatient air, and turned as if to go out.

The princess rose too. She seemed completely cured. It often happened that some extraordinary excitement effaced in a moment the last traces of a long and severe attack.

She put her arm around her son's neck and drew him towards her. "George," said she, when he returned to the place he had just left, "I ought not to trust any more in your promises, and yet there is one I beg you to make."

"What is it, mother?"

"You will not yield to this folly without taking time for reflection?"

"I can promise that."

"Moreover—listen to what I am going to ask—Swear you will never yield to it till you have obtained my consent."

George hesitated. "That would be a very serious promise," said he at length in a caressing tone, "if I did not know that in the end you never refuse anything to your spoiled child."

"Come, come, George," resumed his mother in an eager tone of distress, "do not make me repent of my indulgence. Give me your promise!"

"Well, mother, it should be acknowledged I ought to hesitate to give it—without ever having asked her, without even knowing how, after all, I should be received."

The princess shrugged her shoulders.

He continued: "I am persuaded she would dispense with your consent less readily than I, and consequently my submission is under the guard of a will stronger than mine."

The princess at first looked astonished; then, after a moment's reflection, she said: "Perhaps you are right. No matter, give me your hand on this promise."

George bent down, kissed his mother's hand, and pressed it in his. "There it is," said he, "and my promise—on my word of honor."

"That is right, my child, now leave me. It is time for Gabrielle to return, and it would be better for her not to find you here."

George rose, and, embracing his mother once more, left the room.

As soon as she was alone, the princess threw herself on her *chaise longue*, put both hands to her face, and burst into sobs.

Fleurange hesitated a moment, then followed her natural impulse, which was always straightforward and courageous. She resolutely entered the salon by the terrace window, and when the princess raised her head she saw the young girl before her, wrapped in her white burnous, with her bouquet in her hand. Though the princess was expecting her, this sudden apparition surprised her to such a degree that she gazed at her for a moment without speaking, as if she were a supernatural vision. But it was only for a moment. Fleurange perceived that the anger she repressed in her son's presence was now about to burst forth.

The princess wiped away her tears. Her eyes expressed at once wrath and disdain. She hastily rose, and was about to add severe words to the imperious gesture with which she pointed towards the door with one hand, and had already placed the other rudely on the young girl's shoulder, when the latter, without arrogance and without fear, looked her in the face.

The expression of Fleurange's large eyes was such as can only be compared to that magnetic virtue—that sometimes subdues, they say, the fury of beings destitute of reason. No words could have expressed to such a degree the uprightness and purity of her soul. With all her faults, there was a nobleness in the princess' nature which was touched by that look, and responded to it. Her eyes turned away: she fell back on her *chaise longue*, and unresistingly allowed Fleurange to take both her hands, which had just made so threatening a gesture. She held them for some moments grasped in her own, but neither of them spoke.

At last Fleurange said in a sweet,

calm voice: "Princess, I was on the terrace, and heard everything."

A new flash of indignation awoke in the princess' eyes, and her mouth resumed its expression of disdain. The young girl's face slightly flushed.

"You will readily believe," she continued, "that I did not go there with the intention of listening. But hearing my name, I stopped. It was wrong, I acknowledge, but I had no time for reflection. Pardon me, and forgive also," she added in a more troubled tone, "the momentary displeasure Count George has caused you on my account."

"Momentary!" repeated the princess in a cold, ironical tone.

"At least," continued Fleurange, "you will find it only for an instant that this notion, this folly—in short, what you have just heard—will be serious enough to annoy or afflict you."

"Gabrielle!"

"Allow me to continue, princess, you shall reply afterwards. My heart is so full of gratitude towards you—"

"Do not talk to me of your gratitude," cried the princess, interrupting her, and breaking out anew. "It is precisely because I thought I had some claims on it that I feel so deeply wounded. After loving you so much, I am tempted to hate you. It is your perfidy, your ingratitude—"

"I am neither perfidious nor ungrateful," said Fleurange, turning pale. "Allow me to prove I am not. I ask it even more for your own sake than for mine."

The princess became calm once more, as if appeased by her sweet voice, and seemed to resign herself to let Fleurange continue. She leaned her head on her hand, and listened some moments without changing her attitude.

"No," repeated Fleurange, "I am

neither perfidious nor ungrateful, and God knows what I am ready to suffer to spare you this mortification or any other!—My first thought was to go away—to flee—that you might be delivered from my presence and all the annoyance it might cause you. But, princess, that would not have been the best course. He must forget me. Therefore I must not disappear in so romantic a fashion.”

“What do you mean?” said the princess with surprise.

“That I must certainly go away, but not in a way that will induce him to pursue me. The less obstinate he is made by any appearance of opposition, the sooner I shall be effaced from his memory.

“You understand him well,” said the princess, more and more astonished; “and you talk very coolly,” added she. “Then you do not love poor George at all?”

A moment before she had been greatly irritated at her protégée’s presumption, but now, mother-like, she seemed ready to take offence at her indifference.

A lively blush suddenly suffused Fleurange’s face, and great tears came into her eyes. “I do not love him?—My God! O my God!” murmured she in a stifled tone, “have pity on my poor heart!”

But she almost immediately regained her self-control, and the princess, more affected than she wished to appear, became attentive, and at length perceived the importance of what she was about to hear.

Fleurange then rapidly explained her design. It was the same she had formed an hour before at her cousin’s: only then she was desirous of concealing the motive and duration of her absence from the princess. Now everything was simplified; she would set out with the Steinbergs for Perugia, and afterwards find a pre-

text for prolonging her absence. Only it was important the princess should appear to expect her return, and, above all, should manifest no anxiety as to her son’s fidelity to his promise.

“That promise,” continued Fleurange, not without a tone of just pride, “I venture to say that M. le Comte George, in placing it under the protection of my will, was right in his conviction it would be well kept.”

While she was talking, all the princess’ resentment vanished, and changed gradually to profound gratitude. Looking at Fleurange as she stood before her, she realized, if she had wished to abuse her ascendancy or even take advantage of it, no filial respect would have sufficed to bring George to submission: no maternal authority have succeeded in restraining him. Whatever it might cost her to acknowledge it, she could not deny that, if this double wound was spared her pride and her affection, it was due to the generous disinterestedness of her whom she had just treated with so much haughtiness, as well as to her clear judgment. Yes, she was perfectly right in thinking it would not do to disappear and suddenly tear herself away, as it were, from George. The princess knew, better than any one else, to what degree of tenacity this kind of contradiction might lead her son, and it was precisely this knowledge of his character alone that had just given her the power of restraining herself in his presence. The means suggested by Fleurange was therefore the best to ensure his future safety. The princess’ great hope was in the mobility of George’s nature, provided, on the one hand, he were withdrawn from the dangerous charm of Fleurange’s presence, and, on the other, they did not appear separated by the prestige

of a great obstacle. Nothing, in fact, could be more judicious than the advice this young girl gave contrary to her own interests. She was too much a woman of the world not to comprehend this, and was grateful to her for it. Once more she might hope to attain the aim of her whole life, and with this end in view she yielded without remorse to the necessity of trampling under foot the noble heart that was immolating itself. We will even venture to affirm that, if she was preoccupied with anything beyond the present danger, it was not Fleurange's crushed life, but rather the effect of this unfortunate occurrence on her own comfort and habits. Nevertheless, when they separated at the end of this long conversation, the princess folded Fleurange in her arms with many demonstrations of affection, and when the latter was once more alone in her chamber she felt comparatively happy. She abhorred all dissimulation, and the important step she had just taken in the path of courageous frankness seemed to have removed a burden from her heart. She was still in that state of somewhat excessive satisfaction which succeeds a great effort, when, in entering her chamber, she threw down the bouquet she had in her hand. In doing so, a paper she had not noticed fell from it to the floor. She picked it up with some surprise, opened it mechanically, saw the writing was unknown to her, and read it without comprehending it at first:

"To live without the power of reparation: to suffer without being able to expiate: are these torments that belong to earth, or hell? Not far from you a man lives and suffers thus. *You who pray, pray for him!*"

Fleurange read and re-read these words two or three times without at-

taching any special importance to them. Suddenly she shuddered and began to tremble. The concluding words were the refrain of a song sung at one of the soirées at the Old Mansion in the hearing of the only person she knew in the world who had reason to write the other part of the note she had just read.

But was it possible! Could it have been Felix, her guilty and unhappy cousin, who wrote it, and this very evening placed it in her bouquet? Was it his hand that threw it? At this thought she shivered as if the shadow of one dead had fallen upon her. Or was it simply a mystification? The history of the Dornthals' ruin was not wholly unknown at Florence. Perhaps some one wished to frighten or puzzle her. She grew bewildered in trying to unravel this new mystery. How solve the doubt? How even speak of it without reviving a hateful remembrance, or making a painful revelation?

She finally bethought herself of Julian's presence at Florence, and this relieved her mind: he would be able to discover the truth, and know better than any one else how to avoid injuring in his researches the unhappy man who was perhaps this very moment hiding not far from her a blasted and dishonored life.

If the Princess Catherine had been told the previous evening she was about to be deprived of her charming companion, the news would have been sufficient to cause a return of the alarming symptoms from which, thanks to her care, she had but just recovered. But greater interests than her fondness for Gabrielle were at stake, and her selfishness itself was overruled, or, rather, assumed another form, in view of the danger she reproached herself for not having foreseen, and which threatened an essential element in her happiness, as well

as the accomplishment of one of her dearest wishes.

Not to be unjust to the princess, we must acknowledge this wish was reasonable, and in her persistency on this point she gave as great a proof of genuine maternal sagacity as of wordly ambition. We should also add that the wish in question was in accordance with one sacred in her eyes—the wish of the adored husband of her youth. His memory was interwoven with her earlier days, when her life, simpler and better, promised to be something higher than succeeding years had realized.

After she became a widow, she had no guide but herself, and when, beautiful, wealthy, and still young, she appeared in the fashionable world at St. Petersburg, her light and frivolous nature had no restraint but her pride. In the height of the intoxication of this second epoch of her life, she always respected the limits the fashionable world itself sets, and beyond which refuses its consideration and respect, even while still lavishing its flattery and incense. Her pride, in particular, prevented her from transgressing these limits—that was the dominant trait in her character—and prompted her to aim at the highest position at all times and in all places. And after conferring on her life a kind of dignity, it guided her in the choice of a second husband. She thought herself happy in obtaining rank, honors, and wealth, but she soon found she had paid too dear for these advantages; and perhaps she would not have passed through the trials of an ill-assorted union as irreproachably as the period of liberty that preceded it, if, at the end of two years, death had not restored that liberty a second time.

After this, nothing occurred to trouble the brilliant and prosperous course of a life which, in spite of

generous instincts and a mind considerably cultivated, was given wholly up to frivolity, with the exception of her affection for her son. But however lively and passionate this affection might be, it was wanting in the dignity of maternal authority. Her charming boy, who from his earliest years possessed every grace and attraction which nature in her most generous mood could confer, as well as a rare mind and uncommon beauty, gratified her maternal pride, which is so excessive in proud natures. The princess, proud of her promising son, did not perceive she was not obeyed as fully as she was adored; and years passed away thus till the epoch,

"Ove uom s'innamora."

Then the Princess Catherine began to realize she had no authority over her idolized son, and that she needed great prudence and skill to avoid what would have been the most trying of failures, for all her ambition was now centred in him—an ambition even more ardent than she had ever felt for herself.

Then sprang up the earnest desire of seeing his father's wish realized—a wish expressed while George was still in his cradle.

The Count de Walden's neighbor in Livonia was a brother in arms, a dear and intimate friend, named the Count de Liningen. Both noblemen of the highest rank in the province, wealthy, and possessing contiguous estates, they agreed to unite their children unless their wishes were opposed to it when old enough to fulfil the agreement.

Neither of the two friends lived long enough to catch even a glimpse of the dawn of that day. Three years after the birth of his son, the Count de Walden was no longer living, and before the young Vera, who was a year younger than George,

reached her eleventh year, the death of her father, and, soon after, that of her mother, left her mistress of all their possessions. The young heiress was sent to St. Petersburg till she was of age, and there was reared in strict seclusion by one of her aunts, who long before had given up the world.

The Princess Catherine had always retained a respectful remembrance of the Count de Walden's wish, which was renewed on his death-bed; but that wish assumed another aspect in her eyes when, towards the epoch of which we have been speaking, the young Vera suddenly emerged from her retirement and was presented at court. The sensation she produced, her immediate popularity, the place at once accorded her among the empress' maids of honor, gave an *éclat* to her entrance into society which the princess deeply regretted George had not witnessed. But he had been absent several months from St. Petersburg, and was now visiting Paris for the first time. His mother neglected no opportunity of seeing the young maid of honor, and this was facilitated by the friendly relations that formerly existed between the two families. These relations were now renewed on both sides with an eagerness which seemed most favorable to the project formed during George's and Vera's infancy, though they had never met since that time. The princess' impatience for her son's return increased. Vera seemed formed to captivate him, and as to George, his mother could not be anxious as to the effect he would produce.

At last he returned, and everything indeed seemed to favor the princess' plans. George was greatly struck, almost captivated. The lovely Vera was still more so. But the princess

in her ardor for this marriage, took the false step of speaking to her son with an anxiety that had precisely a contrary effect to that she wished to produce. George had not come from Paris quite disposed to relinquish his independence at once and bind himself for ever. He became cautious. The words Vera perhaps expected to hear died away on his lips, and changed into meaningless flattery. His mother, without abandoning her hopes, felt their realization must be deferred. But they were both young. With her penetration as a woman and a mother, she was sure she was not deceived as to the effect her son had produced. She thought she could trust to the durability of the sentiment he had inspired, and believed time would bring George back to the feet of her whom she destined for him; and she doubted this the less because, in one of their conversations on this subject, he acknowledged no woman had ever attracted him more strongly, and he almost promised his mother not to offer his hand to any one else.

In this way affairs remained. George returned to Paris, and thence to Italy, where his mother had decided to live. But meanwhile, as we know, Fleurange's sudden appearance, and other influences we have caught a glimpse of, had gradually drawn his mind and heart in a very different direction from what his mother wished him to take. At his last visit to St. Petersburg, during which Fleurange became an inmate of the princess' house, the latter had the double displeasure of learning her son avoided Vera, and that this coolness, so cutting to the young girl, was malevolently attributed by many to George's political opinions. This greatly troubled his mother. Whoever knew Russia at that period is aware that the privation of its ruler's favor was not re-

garded as a slight misfortune. If the insulting words of a former and not very remote epoch were no longer in force, "If the emperor no longer declared a man was only something when he was speaking to him, and as long as he was speaking to him," many people at St. Petersburg acted as if he had so spoken; and the princess could not resign herself to see her son in the position of a man in disgrace. And yet his rash and imprudent language kept her constantly anxious on this point. It was therefore with something like a maternal instinct of approaching danger she ardently desired his marriage with Vera, which would give him the liberty of remaining at court or leaving it, and in the latter case of returning to Livonia under the safeguard of favor, and taking the position his rank and their united estates would entitle him—a position in which he could dispense with the favor of the court.

"Oh! why is it not so?" sometimes exclaimed the princess with mingled anguish and impatience. "Why is he not already sheltered from all I fear?"

And then, contrary to the suggestions of her prudence, she allowed herself to broach the subject to her son, which, in the interests of her design, it would have been better not to have done. She thus, in spite of herself, provoked a resistance, the real source of which, unsuspected by her, daily became more clear to himself.

We can now imagine the effect of the confidence George had been led to repose in the princess in a fit of capricious frankness. On the whole, he did not fear his mother; and though of course he had never subjected her condescension to such a trial, he was convinced, whatever repugnance she might at first manifest to his wishes, a little persistence on

his part would triumph sooner or later.

For nearly four months he had, it is true, been endeavoring, contrary to his habit, to conceal the attraction he felt, but it was that he might not disturb his mother too soon, or the young girl either, and thereby perhaps deprive himself of the charm of her presence while he was still uncertain as to his own plans. These plans he now believed matured. Under the increasing ascendancy of present influences, the remembrance of Vera gradually faded away, and the future as well as the present seemed linked with her who now filled his life. He therefore considered it opportune to allow his mother at once to have a glimpse of what was going on in his heart.

In spite of her inexpressible alarm, the princess had sufficient control over her feelings to receive this annoying disclosure with apparent calmness, and almost conceal from her son the effect of the most painful disappointment she had ever met with.

At first all seemed hopeless. As to Gabrielle's grace and attractiveness, who knew and appreciated them more than herself? What could she do to counteract their influence, so long exercised unsuspected by too credulous a mother? How foolish she had been!—How imprudent!—How fatal her confidence!—Her reliance on Fleurange's virtue, the only danger that had ever occurred to her, prevented her fears. And who would ever have suspected her of so much ambition or him of such folly?

Never had such a tempest raged in her bosom before. So violent a hatred had never succeeded to so much fondness. But before her anger had time to burst fully out, all these feelings underwent a new trans-



formation, and one still more unforeseen than the first.

Her enemy became her ally — she against whom she felt herself powerless, now came to her aid against herself, and George was restored to her by the hand that could so easily have led him for ever away.

In view of so great a danger and such unexpected assistance, all the considerations that would so recently have made her dread Fleurange's

departure now induced her to hasten it, without losing sight, however, of the importance, so reasonably pointed out by her, of doing nothing to lead George to connect this departure with his disclosure and give it the appearance of an irrevocable separation. Self-interest was supreme, and there was no danger this time that the Princess Catherine would be wanting in prudence or shrewdness, or would not at need have recourse to skilful diplomacy.

## XXVII

Everything really seemed to favor the plan the princess had at heart. The opportune arrival of the Steinbergs afforded a reasonable pretext it might have been difficult to find at another time without exciting George's suspicion.

The following day, when Fleurange timidly expressed a desire before them all of accompanying her cousin a part of the way to Perugia, the Marquis Adelardi, who was present, declared the excursion would prove very beneficial, and begged the princess to allow her young protégée a short vacation, of which her overtaxed strength had need. George joined his entreaties to those of the marquis, and the princess seemed to yield more through consideration for them than condescension to Fleurange.

She had preserved an appearance of sorrowful gravity since the night before, which did not suffer George to forget he was in disgrace. Nor did she conceal a certain coolness towards Fleurange, which he naturally attributed to his communication respecting her. It was the princess' intention not to allow him to perceive the perfect reassurance which her conversation with the young girl had restored. George comprehend-

ed his mother was displeased with him, but he had expected this displeasure; he saw she suppressed her resentment and continued to treat Fleurange kindly, and he was touched by her forbearance. He felt she relied on his word, and was grateful for her trust.

Everything was therefore arranged in the most natural manner. A fortnight was the time allowed for the projected excursion. The Steinbergs, deceived like the rest, were as much overjoyed as surprised at the prospect of a pleasure they had not dared anticipate, and thus everything fell in with the princess' wishes without her appearing to do anything but yield to the desires of the rest.

The Steinbergs were to leave the following morning. This last day was to be devoted to revisiting several museums, and would end with a walk to San Miniato. Fleurange boldly proposed to join them. A feverish agitation made inaction insupportable. She feared finding herself alone with George for an instant, and was sure of being readily dispensed from her attendance on this last day. The princess' consent, in fact, was not difficult to obtain, and towards the middle of the day Fleur-

ange set out with Julian and Clara for the Palazzo Pitti. After visiting that gallery and several others they continued their ride, and at length stopped at the foot of the ascent to San Miniato. There they left the carriage. While slowly ascending the steep hill, Fleurange took out the paper that fell from her bouquet the night before, and gave it to Julian to read, telling him the suspicion which had arisen in her mind.

"It is strange," said the latter with an anxious look, after reading the note and carefully examining the writing. "Nothing could be more painful now than to meet Felix again, and yet this paper only reawakens a previous suspicion respecting him."

"You had already suspected his return to Europe?"

"Yes, but only from a slight indication, and I should not have mentioned it if this new incident had not occurred. Several months ago, I was making some necessary researches at Bologna, when my attention was drawn to a work in the library in which I was taking notes. There was a question of some contested historical point, respecting which several passages had been copied from the curious manuscripts in the library. The writing was but recently interrupted, as was evident from the open page. I was reading it with a good deal of interest when my attention was completely withdrawn from the subject of the work by some words scribbled almost illegibly on a paper the copyist had used to try his pen on. Your name, Gabrielle, was written on it several times; then the two letters F. D.; and finally, 'Felix—happy; what irony—Felix!' I examined the extracts with increased attention. The writing did not look like his, but was a studied fac-simile of the manuscript he was copying. As to the scribbling

on the loose paper, it was wholly unrecognizable. I asked the librarian some questions, and learned that the work was for some great Florentine nobleman whose name he was ignorant of, but the copyist was an Italian named Fabiano Dini."

"Is that all?" asked Fleurange. "Were you not able to learn anything more definite?"

"Nothing. The next day the unfinished work had disappeared, and during the remainder of my stay at Bologna the copyist did not return to the library. I kept the scrawl that had puzzled me, but thought no more about it. Allow me to retain this note, that I may compare the writing with that."

"Could it really have been Felix? Or is all this a mere accident?"

"It is impossible to tell. It might have been he, for you know he had a thorough knowledge of Italian, and it might also have been one of his friends familiar with his history. All we have ever been able to discover respecting him is, that he went to America with questionable traveling companions—Italians, Germans, and Poles—mostly driven out of their own country for good reasons."

Clara's smiling face grew sad during this account, and Fleurange felt her heart contract with increased melancholy. This revival of one of the saddest memories of her life seemed to add a mournful presage to the sad realities of the day.

However, she kept her sorrows to herself. Her cousin must for the present remain ignorant of the cause as well as the real length of the journey she would begin on the morrow, and on every account it was best for her to seek distraction from her thoughts. Therefore, after entering the church of San Miniato, she gave her whole attention for a while to the frescoes, paintings, and mosaics around

her, and listened to the explanations Julian gave respecting the numerous symbols—a kind of Christian hieroglyphics which are alone comprehended by those who seek something in art beyond the mere form that strikes the senses. They spent nearly an hour in this manner without perceiving the flight of time and the increasing dimness of the church. They were at length preparing to leave, when at the door they found themselves face to face with Count George and the Marquis Adelardi. The former said in a gay tone he knew their excursion was to end at San Miniato, and he had proposed to his friend to join them here. "We were neither of us unworthy to hear what Steinberg would have to say, but unfortunately we are too late."

While he was speaking, Fleurange, overcome with surprise, involuntarily shrank back as if to hide herself in the obscurity of the church, but daylight was rapidly disappearing, and they all agreed it was time to return to the carriage, which was awaiting them at the foot of the hill. She therefore followed the others, but, though she was the last, George waited for her, and before she had a chance to avoid him offered her his arm. Adelardi had given his to Clara, and Julian accompanied them. In this way they slowly descended this charming declivity, looking at the prospect—one of the finest views of Florence, over which the setting sun now cast the soft rays of its departing light.

George slackened his steps so as to allow the others to precede them, and was thus, in a manner, left alone with Fleurange. For a time neither of them spoke. Though very different in their natures, the emotion of both was profound. As for her, the consciousness that this must be their last interview, added to the repressed

but profound tenderness of her nature, made this the sweetest but most heart-rending hour of her life. He, on the contrary, felt freed from his previous restraint by the explanation he had had with his mother. Besides, he was not unskilful in reading the feminine heart, and not without sufficient penetration to understand what was passing in that he imagined he could now hear beating beside him, and he felt at liberty to speak more openly than he had yet done.

"Fleurange!" he suddenly said. She trembled, and tried to withdraw the hand that rested on his arm, but he held it.

"No, no, allow me to retain your hand, and let me—me alone—call you by this name," added he softly. "Let it be a name sacred to my use; you are willing, are you not?"

He pressed the hand he still held, and raised it to his lips. Fleurange clearly saw amid the soft tones of his words an assurance but feebly disguised. But, alas! if she had dared reveal her real sentiments at this moment, she would not have dreamed of showing any offence at this. Yes, she loved him; he did not doubt it, that was evident. But what of that? It would have been a great relief could she have avowed it boldly to every one as well as to himself. George's assurance was certainly rather too evident, but how readily she pardoned him! How happy she would have been to tell him he was not mistaken, and that her whole life should prove it. This would have been the sincere cry of her heart, had the clearness of her conscience been for a moment obscured at this dangerous hour. But it was not so.

"Monsieur le Comte—" said she after a long silence.

"George! Oh! call me George!" he passionately cried. "Let me

hear you, at least once, call me by my name."

Poor Fleurange! She withdrew her hand from his arm and left him for a moment, endeavoring to control the too violent agitation of her heart. He followed her, and she soon resumed, with apparent calmness: "I never expected to hear you call me by my name again, and hoped I should not."

"Hoped! Tell me then I am mistaken; that I am presuming and foolish; that I have been deceived in thinking I read in your eyes something besides absolute indifference."

She made no reply.

"Fleurange!" continued he impetuously, "your silence wounds and chills me. Have I not, at least, a right to some answer?"

"But have you any right to question me? Ah! Monsieur le Comte, you would be more noble and generous were you more mindful of what you are and who I am."

"Fleurange," said the count with a grave accent of sincerity, far more dangerous than that of passion, "you shall be my wife if you will consent to be—if you will accept this hand I offer you."

"With your mother's consent?" said Fleurange slowly, and in a low tone. "Can you assure me of that?"

After a moment's hesitation, George replied: "No, not to-day; but she will yield her consent, I assure you."

Fleurange hesitated in her turn. She knew only too well to what a degree this hope was illusory, but this was her last opportunity of conversing with him. The next day would commence their lifelong separation, which time, distance, and prolonged absence would continually widen. There was no longer any danger in telling the truth—the truth, alas! so

devoid of importance now, but which would, perhaps, second the duty she had to accomplish quite as well as contradiction.

"Ah! well," she at last replied with simplicity. "Yes, why should I deny it? Should life prove more favorable to us; if by some unforeseen circumstance, impossible to conceive, your mother should cheerfully consent to receive me as a daughter, oh! then—what answer I would make you know without my telling you. You are likewise perfectly aware that until that day I will never listen to you."

"But that day will come," cried George vehemently, "and that speedily."

"Perhaps—" said Fleurange. "Who knows what time has in store for us? And who knows that in time the obstacle may not come from yourself?"

She endeavored to say these last words in a playful tone. They were hardly uttered before she suddenly stopped, but the shade of the large cypresses that bordered the road prevented George from seeing the tears that inundated her face.

She then left him and walked rapidly on to overtake Julian, George soon joined them, and they all continued on the way for some time without speaking. The light was fading gradually away, and they walked more cautiously as they approached the foot of the hill. Just before reaching their carriage, they met two men walking rapidly along, and conversing too earnestly to notice them beneath the shade of the cypresses. But their features could be distinguished, and the two cousins and Julian felt a thrill of sympathetic horror as, in one of them, they recognized Felix!—

Adelardi, on his side, seemed surprised and annoyed also, but George,

after following them with his eyes like the rest, left his party, turned back, and spoke to one of them. The latter at his approach respectfully uncovered. George said a few words to him in a low tone, and the two men then kept on their way. The count joined his party again.

"Who was that you were speaking to, if the question be not indiscreet?" said Adelardi.

"By no means," replied George, unhesitatingly. "It was Fabiano

Dini, the young Italian I spoke to you about, who is my agent, you know, and a very intelligent one, in purchasing curiosities, and who also aids me in my little historical and artistic researches. He has been away, and only returned two days ago. I had a word to say to him."

"He was in very bad company," said Adelardi, frowning.

The two cousins, meanwhile, entered the carriage; Julian, obliged to follow, heard no more.

TO BE CONTINUED.

## LIVING IN GERMANY.

IN these restless days of international intercourse and cosmopolitan culture, thousands of persons in America are making eager inquiries about the costs and advantages of living for a time in Europe. Eagerly devouring books of travel and letters from abroad, they find in them,—alas! just what they knew before. Why does not the writer give me some positive, available information about food, rents, schools, servants' wages, method of instruction? I know already that the Sistino Madonna is a vision from out of heaven itself, and that the vault of Cologne Cathedral descends upon one in palpable weight of awe, and bows the head to the earth. What transport it must be to visit the haunts of Goethe, Schiller, Lessing and Herder, I have long experienced in my day-dreams. But can I afford the costs of a sojourn in Europe? can my John and Harry and Susan and Mary get cheap, and, at the same time, thorough instruction? Can I escape the exhausting wear and tear of housekeeping life in America? Is the climate healthy,

the food good, the society accessible, the language difficult? Tell me these things, or else forever after hold your peace.

Now, this is just the class of questions to which I propose to address myself. I write for persons of small income, who wish to get more for their money than they can get at home,—more leisure, more access to pictures, music, lectures, libraries, more advantages of education for their children.

The first thing I would urge upon such persons is to free their minds from all extravagant illusions. Very mistaken impressions have got abroad of the almost laughable cheapness of every thing in Europe. A German professor is supposed to be able to rear a family of sixteen, accumulate a ponderous library, and achieve a European reputation, on six hundred dollars a year. A bachelor German count is traditionally credited with power to wear immaculate kids, drink champagne, ride his own horse, and frequent the festive scenes of Hamburg and Baden-Baden on half the amount. Alas! the days in which

broods of children could be jacketed and trowsered, the days in which gay Lotharios could have the run of all the nectar and perfume of life, on American cobblers' wages, are over forever. Prices have gone up throughout the whole civilized world, — prices and human desires also. Every ounce of gold crushed and washed out of California quartz has sweated just so much out of every English guinea and German Frederick d'or. Then there is a worse fact yet to be borne in mind. Thousands and tens of thousands of scurvy fellows have got hold of the same bright idea which we sagely fancied was entirely original with us. I mean the idea of coming out to Germany, and getting every thing for nothing. A plague on their house, how they swarm! — English, Americans, Russians — like the flies and frogs in Pharaoh's days. Half-pay captains, broken merchants, anxious and aimless spinsters, cormorant-looking parents with broods of yellow-haired children!

Ay! and the pest of the matter is, that they all want to go to the best and most attractive places. They must live in Dresden, forsooth! where they may disport themselves on the Bruhl Terrace, or stand dumb with rapture before Holbein's Madonna or Rembrandt's Manoh. They must camp down in Heidelberg, where they may have the most marvellous ruin in Europe for their daily exercise-ground, or enjoy the fascinating rambles up the lovely valley of the Neckar.

No one less famous than Rubinstein or Tausig must be trusted with superintending the scales and gamuts of their timeless and soulless Rebecca Anns! Of course all this is very exasperating, and indicates intolerable presumption on their part. Berlin, Dresden, Heidelberg, Munich, should

be sacredly reserved for you and me, who know how to glow in rapture over their treasures of art, and to soar and sail in circles, like eagles, on the strains of their music. But what do we propose to do about the matter?

Of course this exodus of the nations brings with it certain inevitable results. "Where the carcass is, there are the vultures gathered together." And a very inviting carcass, full of nice pickings and choice tidbits, are the English and American sojourners opined to be. From afar is their arrival scented. Swarms of agents, renters of lodgings, tradesmen, and teachers soon darken the air, wheeling round in ever narrowing circles, and with far-darting eye watching for the fitting moment to pounce down and claim common share in the spoil. Or, to drop metaphor, here are so many ignorant, unfledged foreigners. They are eager for rooms, servants, teachers. They are shouldering and elbowing one another to get the choice of these. Many of them are rich, and can pay good prices. Go to! let us put up wages, tuition, rent. No sooner said than done. And hence, the days of ridiculous cheapness are over. The grand laws of political economy are established and freshly illustrated, but the luckless individual takes his grind between the upper and nether millstone.

Still, living is much cheaper in Germany than at home. What has been said above is mainly by way of caution against romantic expectations. Moderate anticipations will not so brought to grief. A dollar here will buy a good deal more music, meat, art, clothing, instruction, than in America. How much more, will come out in the sequel.

The first thing to be done by the

individual or family coming out to Germany for a protracted stay is to decide upon the place of sojourn. This, of course, must be determined by the ends each has in view. Berlin, Dresden, Leipzig, and Stuttgart are the best places for musical instruction. None but the largest cities will satisfy those who want to see a great variety of life, and be where kings drive abroad, great military displays are common, balls, operas, and ballets abound. If children are to be educated, the question of schools is the all-important one; and on this point something will be said farther on. If thorough mastery of the German language is the predominant idea, temporary isolation from Americans and Englishmen is the first necessity; and this is best secured in a secluded village, particularly if a man has a large Newfoundland-dog sort of sociability in his nature, and is unendowed with one of those iron wills which can create a solitude for itself in the middle of a mob.

The important question of place decided, the next consideration, for those who prefer to keep house, is the choice of lodgings. Few families in German cities occupy a whole building, as with us; apartments are rented in flats of three, six, a dozen, twenty rooms. Printed notices, hung out over doors and windows, announce where furnished lodgings are to be had. And now one's bewilderment begins.

There is something appalling in the impenetrable fog of ignorance and surmise that shuts down around the stranger in a strange place. He knows there are true-hearted and charming people there, varied resources of life and cheer, rooms that will grow dear to him through the house-warming of study, mirth, and

love. Six months later he will stand where he can look back through a vista of familiar and friendly faces, and hours of genial, social glow. But as yet the gray mist will not lift. He must make up his mind to sail through his fog period in which he can see no twenty feet ahead, glad that he has at least his little home-crew aboard, though for the time his own barque is shut in from the sight of all others, and all others are shut out from him. Still, what phantoms will loom up out of such mists, and how dreary an experience such navigation is. He may make fifty perilous mistakes. He may fall into hands of a shark of a landlord, secure dismal or unhealthy quarters, find out when too late he might have done fifty times better. By all means, therefore, let him avail himself of the experience of some American family living in the place, or bring with him a letter of introduction to some native who will help him with advice. But, above all, let him flinch from no amount of personal exertion. It is a tiresome business, this lodging-hunting. The legs ache over the flights of stairs to be run up and down. The brain reels over the hundred-fold considerations of location, air, sunshine, convenience, comparative cheapness. Still, there is too much at stake to make it rational to take counsel of weary backs or aching calves. See every thing that is offered, and then decide on the broadest induction of facts. First and foremost, be sure to get on the sunny side of the street; for the daylight is short, and the heavens are leaden in a German winter; and at best an American will pine with heart-break after the radiant brilliancy of his own home-skies.

Well, Heaven be praised! the lodgings are at last secured. The pots,



pans, crockery, spice-boxes and mops are all itemed in a special list. The facts that three of the tea-cups are cracked, three of the wine-glasses chipped on the edges, and one of the stew-pans is suspiciously thin, are duly noted. "Now, dear," cries at last the perhaps too idealistic husband, as he wipes his bewildered brow, "let us go up and refresh ourselves with a long, glorious morning among the ruins of Heidelberg Castle." But, no: I cannot enlarge on this. I promised my readers to tell them mainly what lies outside the chosen beat of the mere sentimental tourist. Still, outraged human nature has at least its parenthetical rights, and I will just fling in that we had a royal time up there, even though the stern voice of duty now compels me to shut off the stream of eloquent enthusiasm, and forsake ivy-crowned towers, broad, sunny terraces and frowning battlements, for sauce-pans and scrubbing utensils.

Yes, the dwelling is secured. It is mine now, so come in, assured of a hospitable welcome, and look around you a bit. It is up two flights, and consists of a parlor, also used as a dining-room; three good-sized sleeping-rooms, each with a stove a kitchen, and a servant's room. It fronts south, is in the healthiest and airiest quarter of Heidelberg, and looks out on wood-crowned hills. Five of us inhabit it. The rooms are prettily papered and neatly furnished. They are, however, as primitively innocent of carpets as Adam and Eve were of clothing; save and except strips by the bedsides, and a single piece two yards square in the parlor. The custom here seems to be for each one to carry with him a perambulating carpet in the shape of thick, fleece-lined, felt-soled slippers, — an idea evidently

closely affiliated with that of the old lady, who, to secure the charms of music wherever she might happen to be, wore rings on her fingers and bells on her toes. We pay for the lodgings, including linen, crockery, and all other household necessities, twenty-four dollars in gold per month, nearly three hundred dollars per year. Our single servant — a most excellent one — costs us less than three dollars a month. Provisions average about two-thirds what they do in America. Clothing does not cost over one-third as much; and in this item, parents who have large broods of boys hard on the knees of pantaloons, or given to protruding rapidly outside of the cuffs of their jackets, can confidently rely on a gratifying saving.

Now, at last, I can let in a broad stream of sunshine upon the heretofore somewhat clouded scene. House-keeping in Germany is an utterly different affair from what it is in "the land of the free, and home of the brave." I have long been persuaded that the ever-recurring work of baking bread and washing clothes is in American families the fly in the ointment which not only, to pursue the Hebrew simile, causes the whole house to — well, say smell strongly of soap-suds, but far worse than this, demoralizes to the foundation even the most happily-constituted cooks and wives. Clean linen and domestic peace cannot, as we are going on, be made to lie down in peace together. Social reformers who deplore the frequency of divorce in our land had better learn where to aim their blows, if they would accomplish any thing more effective than mere wailing, and beating the air. Washing and baking are exasperating; this is an ultimate law of nature. Exasperation

has in all ages tended to act disturbingly on sweetness and serenity of temper. Logic is logic, and the rest follows of itself. But here in Germany how different. Instead of the temper of cook and wife being put out, the washing is put out. And "oh! the difference to me," as Wordsworth sings. I know the sacred privacies of the human heart ought ever to be shrinkingly veiled, and the portals of the inner sanctuary be thrown open to no profane and vulgar tread. But I do feel so much more amiable, and so does somebody else; and I have felt my waning life fresh greeted with such a rose and lily outburst of early June passion and tenderness, that I cannot lock up every thing in the sepulchre of a cold and marble exterior.

Then, too, the old home-spectre of eternal bread-baking, gaunt and pitiless! He, too, is laid, and sent where he ought to be, to his own cavernous oven. No more measuring out flour and sifting out grubs; no more spooning up with water, and raving over sour yeast; no more rolling up the sleeves to the elbows like a preliminary prize-fighter, and closing in for a rough-and-tumble roll-over-and-under tussle with a huge boulder of intractable dough. Only a low, sweet order to the baker's boy to bring so many rolls and so much brown bread.

Thus at the very outset is the field cleared of the worst stumps. What is still to be done is comparatively little. Instead of a whole house, up stairs and down stairs and in my lady's chamber, a single flat of rooms is all that needs looking to. Bare floors, with strips by the beds and a ten-foot square of carpet in the parlor, economize amazingly the limited quantum of broom and carpet-sweeper power inherent in the female arm,

and effect as marked a saving of force as the turbine does over the breast-wheel. Cooking, dusting, and bed-making of course remain. But in the home case Bridget McBride undertakes the job, and out here Katharinen Katzenellenbogen. Contemplate the two as beheld in the full beauty of life and action. While the first thumps along like an erect elephant in petticoats, slaps down with one fell crash a whole set of crockery into the iron sink, burns out a cooking-stove a month, creditably sustains a private boarding-house on the stealings, and finally, on the mildest suggestion of improvement, storms out of the house with scurrilous abuse; the second moves round quietly, carries a bull's-eye tumbler as though it were Venice glass, keeps up just fire enough to retain the vital spark, knows how to make the nicest soups and fancy salads, and is only afraid she cannot please sufficiently to be able to stay. One other point of difference. Katharinen modestly asks for three dollars a month, and lives on the Lord only knows what in the way of food. Bridget roundly announces that if you do not give her more than that per week, she'll quit before dinner. And yet the first is altogether the superior and happier person.

But families do not come out to Germany simply to get rid of household wear and tear. There are, or ought to be, serious ends in view. The new language is to be acquired, and the way opened up to social intercourse with the natives of the country and into the rich treasures of literature and science. The children are to be educated not only into facility in speaking German, but must go on with their arithmetic, algebra, Latin, Greek. And here at the very outset practical difficulties

are encountered which drive many almost to the borders of despair.

Once get to Germany, and you will breathe in the language with the very air, or drink it in with the beer, is the hilarious word spoken to us on the other side of the water. Sheerer nonsense was never uttered. One sees plenty of people here who for months and even years have respired none but Teutonic oxygen, and have faithfully gone down to the bottom of innumerable casks of lager, and who yet are unable to stagger through a dozen sentences without tumbling into some grammatical gutter. The fact is, paradoxical as it may sound, it is at first very difficult to hear any German spoken at all, at least to yourself. Not only are there swarms of one's fellow-countrymen on every side, but every waiter, shopkeeper, guide, cuts you short in your first broken sentence, and begins with a self-satisfied smirk to speak what he considers a finished specimen of your native tongue. In abject mortification you say to yourself, "Heavens! did I use such detestable German, that this creature felt authorized to consider it a charity to substitute this infernal lingo in its stead?" In point of fact, you probably made out much better in German than he did in English; and you soon find that the only way is to run such fellows high and dry ashore, and bring them to utter wreck by speaking your own language as fast as you can rattle it off, and bringing in all the longest and hardest words you can think of. Then they are content to let you alone the next time.

No! German is not to be absorbed from the very atmosphere. Adult persons have to attack it with teacher, grammar, and dictionary. It is a grand but sullen fortress, intrenched

against all hasty surprise and capture, behind endless series of cunning grammatical pitfalls and bristling *abatis* of impaling separable and inseparable verbs. Months of severe study are requisite to gain a tolerable mastery of it. Knowledge of the language has to be paid for, — paid in toil and paid in money. This holds especially true of the family living by itself and keeping house, and indeed constitutes a most serious offset to the undoubted agreeableness of such mode of life. In point of fact, all the German the ladies of such a household are likely to hear for a considerable time, is that which is paid for out of the mouth of a teacher. Many are thus forced to hire an instructor for two or three hours a day, and then pay another person for walking out with them and talking by the way. And though instruction is cheap here, — from twenty to forty cents an hour, — this necessity in the long run involves considerable expense. Better far would it be for all families to try to board for the first six months in a German household, where at meal-times and of evenings they would have a chance to air their growing acquisitions of speech. This, I admit, is more easily advised than brought to pass. German families live closely to themselves. They are largely poor, and have to economize to an extreme degree. They live in flats, and have rarely more room than they need for themselves. Very few are willing to take boarders. Still, the thing can be done, if the party is either not too large or is willing to split in halves and live apart; not that they love each other less, but German more.

But all these discouraging circumstances cannot hold true of children, I hear my reader say. Children learn a foreign language mainly through

imitation. All that is necessary is to send them into a school and throw them in with other children. Their self-forgetfulness and eagerness for expression will soon enable them to talk with fluency.

Send them into a school, and throw them in with other children! How easy it is to say this, and how entirely satisfactory and even philosophical it sounds. But suppose the schools are already half full of English-speaking boys and girls, — and this is no supposition, but naked fact, — what will be the inevitable result? Birds of a feather flock together. The different nationalities stand apart like oil and water. Look in upon the scene at recess, and what will you behold? Here at one side of the yard a knot of German boys or girls; and there at the other a troop of Americans and English, gratifying their inherent "eagerness for expression" in derogatory commentaries in their dear mother-tongue on the untidiness, stupidity, cowardice, and what not, of the unhappy Teutons. Then ask who these American and English children are. Largely a riffraff of boys and girls whose parents are away in India, Australia, New York, or disporting themselves in Paris and Naples with the most complacent conviction that their offspring are enjoying the unspeakable advantages of a Continental education. Children who have been tossed hither and thither around the world, who have been to twenty different schools, and have never come under any regular, consecutive training! Into classes with these must your boy or girl go to learn German. How not to learn German, or indeed any thing else, is the aim of the majority of these ingenuous youths, and an aim in which they are eminently successful. But if your own boy is well-

trained, diligent, ambitious, you will find that before a month is over he is utterly sick at heart with discouragement.

I have seen this kind of thing so repeatedly, and have listened to so many bitter outbreaks of discontent, alike from thoughtful parents and from bright, industrious children, that I wish to emphasize it for the benefit of those who are thinking of coming out themselves to Germany, or sending their children. It can be laid down as a certain fact, that most of the *private* schools in this country are wretched beyond description; that the German boys who attend them are generally a class too stupid and untrained to get on in the severe but excellent public schools; that the foreign children are in the main of very inferior material, owing to the circumstances under which they have been brought up, and are in any event an almost insuperable bar to either a rapid or thorough acquisition of the language. Not that the teachers are to be blamed for this state of things. They are many of them highly cultivated and excellent men and women. But they fight against the stars. They deal with the intellectual rough-scuff of their own and other nations. With pure, unadulterated stupidity and deficient training they might effect something; but dulness and neglect, complicated with a babel of tongues and a heterogeneity of ages, are more than the gods themselves can cope with.

There is but one right thing to do with your boys or girls. Send them into some village into the family of a clergyman blessed with a whole quiver full of sons and daughters, or into the home of a widow in reduced circumstances. There let them devote themselves exclusively to speak-

ing, reading, writing, and skating in German. In six months they will use the language with facility. Then put them into the public schools, or hire private tutors for them. You will then be satisfied, and their after education thorough and admirable.

This paper may seem at first sight to wear a rather discouraging look, as in it prominent attention has been called to the difficulties almost inevitably encountered by American families settling down in Germany. Nay, may not some shrewd reader even go so far as to suspect that the writer has a selfish end of his own in view? He wants to frighten others out of their idea of coming over, and thus act as a barrier against the mighty flood of his migratory fellow-countrymen who are running up rents, swamping schools, and distressing his sensitive ears with the accents of his native dialect. Nay, but is it not well to look on both sides of the hedge before jumping over? particularly if the hedge be a diving ocean three thousand miles in breadth. Is it not even well to send a storming-party ahead, and let such party take the brunt of the fight, and absorb the majority of the bullets, and show by the largest piles of the slain where the greatest exposure to danger lies? Forewarned, forearmed! Let any family coming out here with heroic determination to

learn German, or die in the attempt, be clearly convinced from the start, that the first thing they ought to do is to break up as a family: let the boys, at least, be sent into some neighboring village, where they will hear nothing but German; let the parents and daughters spare no amount of time and search till they have installed themselves in a private family; let the whole preparation of the children be with the view of entering them as speedily as possible in the public schools; and, with these clear ideas in the mind, a world of vague wandering and waste of time and effort will be saved.

Life in Germany will then be found delightful and improving. True, some distasteful cookery will have to be swallowed down. But what is that to a well-regulated mind, bent on mastering the glories of the Teutonic speech? The one family, in which you soon feel at home, opens the way to acquaintance with other families. Clubs can be formed for reading and conversation. The theatre offers cheap and pleasant opportunity to accustom the ear to the sounds of the new language, and the sense of rapid progress keeps the mind cheerful.

In another paper I propose to speak of the advantages, for musical instruction, of the public schools and of the universities.

**FRANCIS TIFFANY.**

## LIVING IN GERMANY.

### AMERICAN INCOMPLIANCE.

WE repeat emphatically that, to receive the full benefits of living in Germany, it is necessary to conform more or less to its peculiarities. The American is apt to carry with him into foreign countries a self-assertion which is so marked as to have become a national characteristic. He is thus recognized every where as distinctly as if he wore a perpetual wrapper of stars and stripes. It is not only that he is ever ready, as he should be, to assert his claims to citizenship in a country of which he has reason to be proud, but he too often presumes upon its supposed expansibility of privilege. Independence at home he thinks entitles him to be "a chartered libertine" abroad. He thus scorns to pay that transient allegiance due from every traveler to the foreign land the hospitality and protection of which he is temporarily enjoying. He is often rudely impatient of the formalities and restraints which are, or are supposed to be, necessary to keep in check a people who have not learned self-control in self-government. Reflecting how imperfectly this lesson has been acquired even in his own country, with all the facilities its freedom from authoritative interference may give, he might surely reconcile himself to the more or less official peremptoriness which constrains in foreign countries individual caprice, but secures general order.

For example, the administration of the railways in Germany, which is certainly admirable in effecting the great results of exactness and safety in travel, is associated with a great variety of forms and regulations. These, with their barriers, their locked-up waiting and refreshment rooms, their peremptory orders to go here or go there, do this or do that, guarded and imposed by vigilant and resolute *gens-d'armes*, are, no doubt, vexatious to most American travelers. Permitted at home to move every where without constraint, with nothing but the faint warning, *Look out for the locomotive*, to protect them against the chances of a crushed limb or life, they may possibly be more cautious, but they are certainly less safe. The increased safety, even with the diminished cautiousness, which, when necessary, creates anxiety and destroys the pleasure of travel, is not dearly purchased, we think, by conforming to a few regulations, apparently arbitrary, but probably essential to the system. Whether so or not, we advise our countrymen not to attempt to assert their independence; for their willfulness will be sure to receive a check, and their comfort and respect as travelers a sensible diminution.

There are certain forms of ceremony and outward acts of courtesy with which the American, unaccustomed at home to bow his head to king or kaiser, refuses when abroad to comply. He is apt to regard all such as so many deductions from his own boasted equality. They by no means, however, imply a recognition of superiority, or an acknowledgment of inferiority. They are, on the continent of Europe, merely expressions, for the most part, of mutual courtesy. In Germany a much greater social equality prevails than in our republican land. We have, in spite of our political divergence from England, retained a great deal of the caste distinctions, in our manners at least, of that aristocratic country. The relations between the rulers and ruled, between the magistrate and citizen, the merchant and tradesman, the employer and workman, the master and servant, the rich and the poor, are in Germany much less indicative of social difference than with us. The ceremonious observances which universally exist are seldom regarded as tributes to rank, authority, or power. They are bestowed equally upon all. The master of the German hotel, who is the most flexible and varied of posture-masters, expects and receives from his own countrymen, whatever their rank, bow for bow, salutation for salutation. The veriest drudge of serving-girls, yet smutty with her labor, as she brings your polished boots, must have her claim to the title of *fräulein* (miss) distinctly recognized. All tradesmen and tradeswomen, servants and laborers, salute and are saluted—in Heidelberg at least. There is much that is wearisome, perhaps, in this constant bowing and scraping; but there is nothing in it indicating servility on the one hand or domination on the other; and we advise our countrymen not to insist too much upon their undoubted legal

right to keep their hats on their heads, and retain their national perpendicular on all occasions.

There is another manner of self-assertion which is offensive to good taste every where, but more especially so in Europe. We allude to a habit which is particularly characteristic of American travelers—of making themselves conspicuous by their ostentatiously costly modes of dress and living. Many of our countrymen seem to move up and down the Continent for no other purpose than to jingle in the hearing of strangers the money in their pockets. If Americans are desirous of asserting their ability to buy expensive articles and pay enormously for them, they can be abundantly gratified in Germany, as elsewhere; but we need not say that this is fatal to all plans of economical living. Less of that show of money and pretension of indifference to its waste common to most Americans would secure them every where on the continent of Europe more consideration from the disinterested, and satisfaction from those who benefit by their expenditure.

the beauties of Nature, and my taste for the fine arts, which had been awakened by former tours through Germany and France, now found ample food in Venice and Milan, whither I first directed my steps, intending to proceed southward at short stages.

I was, above all, impatient to reach Florence, and the treasures I hoped to find there made me very ungrateful for much that I met with on my way. For example, I proposed to spend only one day in Bologna, where I took a hasty glance at the churches and galleries in the morning, and in the afternoon drove out to the old convent of St. Michael, in Borco, in order to quiet my conscience by viewing this remarkable old town from the summit of the hill.

It was a hot midsummer day, and, although I am usually little affected by any temperature, yet on that day it was so sultry that I was completely exhausted. The road that leads from St. Michael to the city was entirely deserted. The trees projected their dusty boughs above the garden-walls, and the wheels of my cab sank deep into the burning sand. My coachman nodded in his seat, and kept his balance with difficulty, while his weary beast loitered along on the side of the road, in order to profit by the scanty shade that was now and then cast across it by a villa or garden-wall. I stretched myself out as comfortably as possible on the back-seat, raised my umbrella over me, and soon fell into a doze.

Suddenly I was awakened by a blow on my face, as if some overhanging bough had grazed me as I passed. As I started up, I saw a sprig of pomegranate in my lap, that had evidently been thrown over the neighboring wall. The movement I made seemed to the horse a signal to stop. The coachman slept quietly on, so there was nothing to prevent my examining the spot, whence the sprig came, at my leisure. I was all the more inclined to do so, as I thought I heard from behind the wall a girlish titter. And, sure enough, I had watched the wall only a few moments, when a head, wearing a profusion of curls and shaded by a Florentine hat, arose from behind it. A pair of dark, mischievous eyes, under serious eyebrows, were fixed on me, and seemed to regard me as some strange animal. But when I picked up the sprig of pomegranate, pressed it to my lips, and waved a salutation to the fair waylayer, a deep blush suffused her charming face, and so quickly did the vision disappear, that, but for the sprig in my hand, I might have thought it a dream.

I descended from the cab and walked a few steps along the wall to a high, trellised gate, that opened into the garden. Through the old iron bars of massive mediæval workmanship, I could see a part of the park and the house, which stood with closed Venetian blinds half-hidden by a group of elms and acacias. I tried the gate and found it locked. My hand was already on the bell-pull, when I suddenly hesitated at the thought of asking to be admitted where I was a stranger and had no errand. What could I have answered when asked the object of my visit? So I contented myself with waiting for some time in the hope of seeing the fair thrower of sprigs once more; in the mean time, I examined the house, which was in no way remarkable, as carefully as though I had intended to draw it from memory. Finally, the heat of the sun becoming unendurable, I took refuge under my umbrella. In getting into the cab, I awoke the coachman, who jerked the reins vigorously, and we crawled on our way again. I very naturally looked back as long as we were in sight of the garden-wall, but no Florentine hat appeared again above it.

I had scarcely reached my hotel, when a heavy shower broke over the sultry town, and made the air so delightfully cool and damp during the evening that I found it very pleasant to saunter through the long arcades and narrow streets, stopping now and then to drink a glass of iced water at some coffee-house, or to study the portal of some old church by the dim light of the lamps. But much as I was fatigued by this continual walking and standing, the morning dawned before I felt any desire to sleep. I would not confess it was the charming face I had seen above the garden-wall that kept me awake, although it rose continually before my recollection. I had never believed that a single glance could suffice to fire the most inflammable heart, so I ascribed my wakefulness to nervous excitement.

It was not till the following morning, when my hotel bill, which I had ordered the evening before, was brought me, and I began to prepare to continue my journey, that I discovered a disinclination to set out. I suddenly became thoughtful, and remembered that there was a correspondent of our house in Bologna whom I ought to visit. Ordinarily, my conscience in such matters was not over-sensitive, but now it seemed to me that this civility was an imperative duty. I also

## MY ITALIAN ADVENTURE.

FROM THE GERMAN OF PAUL HEYSE.

### CHAPTER I.

WHEN my father died, I had just completed my twenty-fifth year. As I turned from his bedside, it seemed to me that I had grown ten years older. A short time previously, my only sister, whom I loved dearly, had married a Frenchman, whose family long ago settled in Geneva. He now became a member of our firm. We were to each other as brothers, and when he and my sister urged me to travel for a few months for the purpose of rallying my depressed spirits, I followed their advice, as I usually did in all matters of any importance.

The change of scene soon had the effect my relations hoped for. Youth and courage were restored, my eyes were again opened to all



reproached myself for having glanced so hastily at Raphael's St. Cecilia, to say nothing of sundry other sins of omission. Bologna suddenly became a most interesting old town to me, and then—Florence would always remain within reach.

I persuaded myself into the belief that the pretty thrower of pomegranate sprigs had no share in this sudden change in my programme. Strangely enough, the outlines of her face disappeared more and more from my recollection in proportion as I endeavored to recall them, until at last I could only remember the expression of her eyes. During the day, while I discharged my duties as tourist, I felt no unusual agitation, but when the extreme heat had subsided, and I turned my steps toward the villa, as though it were a matter of course that I should visit it, I experienced a strange uneasiness, and I still remember what songs I sang to keep myself in spirits.

I was not long in reaching the villa, which presented quite the same aspect it did the previous day, except that the house looked somewhat more inviting on account of the Venetian blinds being drawn up. On the balcony there was a little dog, that barked at me furiously when I stopped before the gate, which, perhaps, was in some measure the reason why I again hesitated to ring the bell. A mysterious presentiment of evil almost made me wish never to see that sweet face again, and to quit Bologna the next morning with an unscathed heart. Still I could not bring myself to quit the place, so I walked round the entire wall that enclosed the grounds, which, on the farther side, bordered on some fields of maize, with here and there a peasant's hut. Nowhere was there a living creature to be seen. Coming to a place where a low hedge, ending at the wall, enabled me to climb up and look into the park, as there was no one near, I determined to do so. The limbs of a large oak, within the enclosure, extended over the wall directly above the hedge. I climbed up hastily, seizing the lowermost branch of the oak for support.

I could not have chosen a better point of observation, for hardly a hundred steps distant two young girls were playing on the lawn at battledore and shuttlecock, quite unconscious of being watched. One of them wore a white dress and the broad-brimmed hat I had seen the day before. She was of medium height, with a figure as round and slender as a young almond-tree. She moved like a bird, with an agility such as it seemed to me I had never seen before. Her long, dark hair, loosened by her movements, fell in abundant tresses about her shoulders. Her face was pale, lighted up only by the brilliancy of her eyes and the pearly whiteness of her teeth. And now and then, when the shuttlecock was thrown awkwardly, she would burst into a laugh so musical and merry that it made my heart beat violently, while the hedge seemed to tremble under my feet. Her comrade was similarly attired, the chief difference being in the quality of the material. She seemed to be of an inferior social position. I was, however, so attracted by her charming companion that I hardly noticed her. The way in which she raised her arm to strike the shuttlecock, the eager look with which she watched its coming, her delight when it described a graceful circle in the air, the shake of her head at any failure—every movement was, indeed, a picture of youthful grace.

I felt that my fate was sealed. For the first time in my life I surrendered myself to a feeling that took complete and entire possession of me.

In my ecstasy, I considered how I could approach them without their being startled, when chance—no, my guardian star—came to my assistance. The shuttlecock sailed up so high into the air that it passed over the oak under which I was concealed, and fell into the adjoining field. She followed it anxiously with her eyes. I know not whether she saw me then; but, when I appeared on the wall with the feathered ball, I noticed her dark eyes turned toward the place where I had stood with an astonished but not displeased expression. The companion uttered a low cry, and, running up to her, spoke hastily. What she said I could not hear; but I could see from her gestures that she counselled a hasty retreat. My beauty did not, however, seem inclined to be advised, but waited calmly until it should please the stranger to restore her property.

As I, lost in admiration, hesitated, her face assumed a haughty expression. She threw back her curls, and was about to turn away from me, when I held up the shuttlecock, and with a hasty gesture entreated her to wait. Then I took from my neck a velvet ribbon, to which was attached a locket in the shape of a heart, containing some of my sister's hair, fastened it carefully to the feathered ball,

and threw it toward her with so fortunate an aim that it fell almost directly at her feet.

She came toward me a few steps with a queenly air, picked up the shuttlecock, and, when she saw the locket, glanced at me with a look that made me shudder. Her companion approached her, and seemed to ask her something. She did not reply, but put the shuttlecock and locket in her pocket, and then, with inimitable dignity, waved the battledore toward me, as a princess might have done for a homage that she deemed only her due. Then she turned and walked slowly toward the house, without once turning her head.

I now had no reason for remaining longer on the wall, and it did not seem to me advisable to make another attempt to see her again that day. Besides, what more could I expect to accomplish? She had evidently recognized me. There was but one way in which she could construe my reappearance—I had laid my heart at her feet; it was now in her keeping. Ought I not to allow her time for reflection?

That night, also, I slept but little; but in all my life I have never laid awake and counted the hours with so much pleasure. I arose with the sun, and as soon as the gallery was opened I entered it and sat for full two hours before Raphael's "St. Cecilia." There I examined my heart, as before a mirror of the soul. These hours were wonderfully sweet; they were devoted to prospective happiness. Had she been sitting beside me, her hand confidently in mine, I could hardly have been more blissful. The saint before me, her eyes turned serenely heavenward, could not have had a purer foretaste of the celestial than I had that bright morning.

I waited again until late in the afternoon before I took the road to the villa. This time I did not content myself with looking through the gate; I pulled the bell boldly, and was not intimidated by the endless jingle it made. The little dog rushed out on the balcony, and barked furiously, while from a small side-door in the lower story issued a small, elderly man, with an enormous gray mustache, which gave him a ridiculous appearance. He approached the gate, evidently much astonished at the unexpected visit. I spoke the little speech I had rehearsed without faltering: I was a stranger, and was collecting materials for a book on Italy. Being desirous to say something of the country-houses about Bologna, I trusted I might be permitted to go over this one, which in some respects, I noticed, was peculiar.

The old graybeard seemed to comprehend me but imperfectly.

"I am very sorry, sir," said he, "that I cannot admit you. The villa belongs to General Alessandro P——, under whom I served. I know your country, sir, very well. I marched through Switzerland under the great Napoleon. After all was over, and as my wounds were troublesome, the general transferred me to this quiet post, and, when he married the second time, he intrusted his daughter to my care. You know, sir, it's not good to have them under the same roof, when the daughter is handsomer than the young step-mother; and so we live here in a very quiet way. But the signorina never wants for any thing. The general sends her something almost every week. The best masters come and teach her music, and the languages, and drawing, and I don't know what all; and my daughter, who is about her own age, is as agreeable a companion as she could have. But she rarely goes up to town; her step-mother does not care to have her there. That, however, does not distress my young mistress, so long as her father is allowed to come regularly to see her once a month. And every time he comes he cautions me over and over again to guard his child as the apple of my eye. On Sundays, when she goes to mass, Nina and I always go with her. But what do you expect to find of particular interest in this old house? I assure you it is quite like hundreds of others, and, as for the garden, nothing remarkable grows in it. No, no; we don't want to be put in your book—and, then, it might displease the old general. Who knows?—it might result in my being compelled to seek other quarters in my old age."

I tried to reassure him, and finally succeeded; my assurances had, however, less influence on him than a gold coin I pressed into his hand.

"I see," said he, "that you are a right-thinking young man, and would not get an old soldier into trouble. Since you insist so earnestly, I think I may venture to satisfy your curiosity—so come, I will show you around. I could not have a better opportunity than the present, for the signorina is taking her singing-lesson at this hour; I should not like to have her know that I had admitted a stranger."

He unlocked the gate and led the way toward the house. On the first-floor there was a large, cool saloon, from which the sun was shut out by Venetian blinds and heavy curtains. True to my assumed character, I begged the old soldier to let in more light, in order that I might be able to examine the pictures that hung on the walls. They were all family portraits, for the most part of little value; one of them only deserved more than a hasty glance.

"This is the mother of our signorina," said the old man; "I mean the real mother, who has now been dead nearly fifteen years. She was very handsome; people used to call her the beautiful saint. Her daughter is very much like her; only she is of a merrier disposition. She is always as gay as a bird that springs about from branch to branch."

"She seems also to have the voice of a bird," I added, with apparent indifference. "Is that not her voice we hear above us?"

"Yes," said the old man. "The leader of the theatre orchestra comes out twice a week to give her a lesson. When her papa"—"il babbo" he called him—"makes her his monthly visit, he always remains nearly the whole day. Then she sings all her new songs to him, and the poor old gentleman feels as happy as if he were in Paradise. He has but few joys, and, were it not for his daughter, he would be better off, perhaps, in another world."

"Why so?" I asked; "is he an invalid?"

"Well, not precisely, sir," replied the old man, with a shrug of the shoulders. "But, for my part, I would sooner be dead than to live as he does. What a man he was when he was in the army! The giant of Giovanni da Bologna on the market-place has not a more commanding and chivalrous look than had my general. And now—it makes me sad to see him! He sits the whole day in his arm-chair by the window, cutting out pictures or playing dominoes. He seems to pay no attention to what is going on around him, and, when his wife speaks to him, he looks up timidly and nods a 'yes' to every thing: Only in what concerns the signorina is he his former self. Then it is still dangerous to trifle with him. Those who attempt it, soon find that the old lion has paws, if his claws have been cut."

"And how came he in this melancholy condition?"

"That no one knows, sir. Things have occurred in this house which are spoken of only in whispers. My impression has always been that it is all the fault of that woman—I mean of her excellency, the young signora. When he married her he shouldered a heavy burden, I fear, and now he carries the load as best he can, like a resolute old soldier, who endures hunger, thirst, and fatigue, without a murmur. Ay, ay, it is very sad, but it can't be helped, I suppose."

In the mean time we ascended the stairs, which brought us nearer the singer. The voice seemed crude and inflexible; it was a high, youthful, almost boyish soprano, and it seemed that she sang only to discharge a duty, and that her thoughts were far from being occupied with what she was doing.

"What is the signorina's name?" I asked.

"Beatrice. We always call her Bicetta, though. Oh, sir, she is an angel! My Nina often says to me: 'Father, if she waits till she finds a man worthy of her, she will never marry!' See here, sir: this is her little sitting-room. There are her books. She often reads half the night, Nina says, and in I don't know how many languages: The adjoining room there is where they both sleep. The picture over her bed represents my poor master in his general's uniform, as he used to look on the battle-field. The small figure in the background, with the musket, is I, the signorina says. She lately added the mustache herself, to make it more like me. But let us go on; there is nothing here that can interest you. The furniture is very old, but the signorina won't have any other. The general wanted to furnish her rooms anew, but she would not consent, because every thing is to this day just as it was when her mother passed the first summer of her married life here. She used to sit there on the balcony and rock her baby's cradle herself, waiting for the general's return when he had gone to town on business."

I stepped out on the balcony, and, to conceal my agitation, stooped to caress the little dog that now came toward me with a friendly mien. Every word the devoted old soldier spoke was oil on the fire that the voice in the adjoining room bade fair to fan to a conflagration.

Least I should betray myself, I talked at random of the manner in which the park was laid out; of the old mosaic table that stood in the room; of the fresco-painting on the ceiling, and of other objects of no greater interest. Although the impatience of the old man

began to be apparent, I could not bring myself to return to the lower story. Suddenly the singing ceased; the next moment the door opened, and the young lady appeared on the threshold holding a sheet of music in her hand.

Although I had never been so near her before, yet I did not discern her features any more distinctly than on the two former occasions, for every thing seemed to swim before my eyes. All I saw clearly was that she wore my locket and velvet ribbon around her neck.

The old man started back when she appeared and stammered some awkward excuse, while at the same time he timidly pulled my sleeve.

"Never mind, Fabio," said she; "you can show the gentleman through the house and the garden also, if he has any desire to see it." Then, turning to her companion, who sat near the piano occupied with some embroidery: "You can go with them, Nina; but wait, I will tell you something first."

She whispered a word or two to Nina, her eyes all the time turned in my direction, and then bowed gracefully to me, who was so confused that I could not find a word with which to acknowledge my obligation. As she did this, she involuntarily, it seemed, laid her hand on the locket and turned toward her teacher, who had watched this *intermezzo* with apparent interest.

The lesson was resumed, while we three, the old man's daughter leading the way, descended the stairs. The girl looked at me, at every turn of the steps, as though she would take my measure with her eyes, but remained silent.

When she reached the garden, she turned toward her father and said:

"Bicetta told me to pick a couple of oranges for the gentleman. She said he must be thirsty after his long walk. We shall find the ripest ones near the fountain."

I followed as one in a dream, looking now and then up to the window from which her voice was still distinctly heard. The blinds were half drawn up, so that I could see her in the uncertain light, and it seemed to me that she frequently turned her head away.

Nina also looked up at the window and then again at me. I had no desire to conceal any thing from her; on the contrary, I only wanted an opportunity to make her my *confidante*. But, as her father was present, I could only whisper to her hurriedly when we reached the gate and she gave me the oranges:

"Make my compliments to the signorina, and say she will hear from me again. Keep one of the oranges for her, and tell her that—"

The old man approached at this moment, and received my thanks and leave-takings with much less cordiality than he had admitted me. I repeated my promise to be discreet and not compromise him, but he seemed to be troubled by some other misgiving, for his face remained gloomy.

I passed the greater part of the night in writing a letter to her, in which I told her who I was, what she was to me, and that my future was in her hands. When, now and then, the step I was blindly taking appeared to me wild and romantic, I would pick up the orange which lay before me, press it to my lips, and, closing my eyes, recall her to my recollection as she stood on the threshold, gave me that kindly look, and laid her hand on the locket.

After I had finished the letter, I slept soundly until a late hour in the morning.

I again waited until afternoon before I, as my own letter-carrier, set out again for the villa. Fortune favored me. I had prepared a long and impressive speech with which I hoped to persuade the old man, in the event of his hesitating, to deliver my letter; but, when I rang, Nina came to the gate, so I had no use for my eloquence. She did not seem to be at all surprised at seeing me again, and took the letter without any persuasion.

When, however, I asked her if she thought the signorina would send me an answer, she put on a diplomatic air and said:

"Who knows?"

"I will come again to-morrow," said I, "at this hour, and beg that you will watch for me, so that I am not compelled to ring and let your father into our secret."

"My father!" she cried, laughing. "We are not afraid of him. He is not so dangerous as he seems. Bicetta can twist him around her little finger, savage as he pretends to be. But come later to

We have a drawing-lesson at this hour. You cannot expect us to send the professor away on your account. You will come later, will you not?"

At this moment a carriage rapidly approached. I had just time to say "yes" before she vanished.

Then I walked quickly along the wall, so as not to be seen before the gate.

The carriage stopped at the portal, and my old, gray-bearded friend the steward clambered down from his seat beside the coachman and assisted a tall, white-haired gentleman to descend from the carriage. I recognized him readily as the father of Beatrice by the resemblance of their features. He walked with unsteady steps, slightly bent forward from age, but an expression of delight overspread his features. A servant took a basket of flowers and several paper parcels from the carriage, and followed after the old gentleman. I had taken such a position that no one noticed me, and yet I could watch the whole scene. Before the bell had been rung, the gate was thrown open, and the slender, white figure of Bietta clung to the neck of the old gentleman, who pressed her to his breast with touching tenderness. It was with a feeling of envy that I saw the gate close behind them.

How I passed the remaining hours of that day and of the following night I know not. It seemed that a constant twilight surrounded me, that a sweet lethargy overcame me, and that a celestial harmony filled my soul.

Strange, although I was usually rather timid in my intercourse with women—withoutstanding my reputation for being rather a good-looking young fellow—I confidently awaited the decision of my fate, no more doubting that I had already won her heart than that the sun would rise on the following morning; and yet the time that I was compelled to wait seemed to me a little eternity.

I should mention here a strange adventure I had, the next day, in one of the churches. I had entered it without any especial object—simply to change the scene of my impatience, for neither the paintings, nor the pillars, nor the people who knelt before the altars, interested me in the least. I was so absent-minded that I even forgot to tread noiselessly, although they were celebrating mass, until the angry mutterings of an old woman reminded me of what was due to others. Then I leaned lazily against one of the pillars, listened to the tones of the organ and the tinkling of the bells, and inhaled the odor of the incense. And, as I glanced vacantly over the kneeling multitude, my attention was attracted by a pair of dark-blue eyes set in a handsome face, surrounded by a profusion of light-brown curls; they were fastened on me, and did not change their direction during the entire service. At any other time this mute address would have elicited a response from me, but on that morning I was invulnerable to all advances, and would possibly have left the church had I not feared that I should again disturb the worshippers.

When the services were ended, the lady rose quickly, drew her black point-lace veil over her head, and came through the narrow passage directly toward me. Her figure was almost faultless, a little too plump, perhaps, but the elastic grace of her movements made her appear still youthful. In the small, ungloved hand that held her veil together she carried a fan with a mother-of-pearl handle. As she came near me, she partly opened the fan, moved it carelessly to and fro, and looked me full in the face; but, as I seemed unwilling to interpret even a glance so significant, she threw her head back, smiled haughtily, showing a faultless set of teeth, and rustled by me.

A moment later and I thought no more of this *intermezzo*; but my cheerfulness had disappeared. The nearer the evening approached, the less hopeful and confident I became, and, when the appointed hour arrived, I dragged myself toward the villa like a criminal who goes to be adjudged.

I was greatly alarmed when, instead of Nina, I found her father at the gate; but the old man, although he looked morose enough, nodded as soon as he saw me, and beckoned me to approach.

"You have written a letter to the signorina," he began, shaking his head ominously. "Ei, ei, why have you done so? If I had thought you would do that, you should never have set foot in the house with my consent. 'Oh, my poor master! And, after all my promises, who can tell where this will end? I dare not think of it!'"

"My brave old friend," said I, "nothing shall be done behind your back. Had you been at home yesterday, I should have certainly intrusted the letter to you, and, had you seen fit to do so, you might

have read it. You would have seen that my intentions are most honorable. But, for Heaven's sake, tell me—"

"Come," said he, interrupting me, "we are only wasting time here. You are a right-thinking young man, I am sure. And then how could an old dolt like me hinder such things if I were to try? Besides, she is mistress here, sir, young as she is. When she says, 'I will,' nobody thinks of opposing her, and she wishes to see you—to speak with you herself."

I had at most hoped for a letter, and now an interview! I was giddy with astonished delight.

The old man himself seemed moved at witnessing my joy. He led the way to the house, and, as before, we entered at the side-door into the large hall on the first-floor; but to-day all the blinds were raised and the curtains drawn back to let in the golden glow of the evening sun. Two chairs stood opposite the chimney; from one of them the girl so dear to me arose as we entered, and advanced a step or two toward us. She held a book in her hand, and between its leaves I noticed my letter. Her luxuriant tresses were tastefully arranged, and on her neck she wore my locket.

"Fabio," said she, "open the door leading to the garden and wait on the terrace in case I should have any commands for you."

The old man bowed respectfully, and did as she desired.

In the mean time, we stood opposite each other, and my heart beat so violently that I was speechless.

Her eyes were fixed on mine with a serious expression, partly of inquiry, partly of wonder. Finally, she seemed to regain her composure, and to have settled some question in her mind on which she was in doubt. She extended her hand, which I eagerly seized, but did not venture to press to my lips."

"Come," said she, "and sit down. I have much to tell you. Do you see that portrait? It is my mother's. She died long ago. When I had read your letter, I sat down here before her, and asked her what answer I ought to give you. It seemed to me that she would listen to nothing but the truth, and the truth is that, since I first saw you in the carriage, I have not had a thought for any one else, nor shall I ever have, so long as I live."

I could not describe what I felt as I listened to these simple words. I fell on my knees before her, seized both her hands, and covered them with kisses and tears.

"Why do you weep?" she asked. "Are you not happy? I am. I have suffered much, but now all is forgotten. Now I would remember only that you are mine, that I am yours, and that I can never again be really unhappy."

She arose and raised me to my feet.

In my joy I wanted to press her to my breast, but she stepped gently back, saying:

"No, Amadeo, that must not be. You know now that I am yours, and will never be another's, but let us be calm and reasonable. I lay awake and thought of every thing last night. You cannot come here any more. I have promised Fabio that I would not receive you here again, for, if you were to come often, I should soon have no will but yours. Listen: you must go to my father; you will have no difficulty in making his acquaintance. A great many young men," she added, with a sigh, "are frequent visitors at his house. When he has become acquainted with you, and you have gained his confidence and esteem, then speak to him of your suit. You may tell him that we know each other, and that I will never marry any one but you. All the rest leave to me—above all, guard against saying any thing of this to my step-mother. She does not love me, and does not wish me to be happy. Ah, Amadeo, is it possible that you love me as much as I love you? I cannot tell what prompted me to throw a sprig of pomegranate at the stranger who slept under the umbrella. I could not even see your face. It was childish, and I was ashamed of myself a moment after; still, I was so curious to see whether I had awakened you, that I crept up and looked over the wall, and, when I saw you standing up in the carriage, waving the sprig toward me, a thrill passed through my whole frame, such as I had never experienced before, and, since then, do what I will, I can think of nothing but you!"

I led her back to her chair, and, holding her hand in mine, I told her how I had spent the last three days. She did not look at me while I spoke, so I could see only her faultless profile; but every thing about her face was full of expression, even the pure and spirit-

ual pallor of her complexion, and the delicate shade under her long lashes. When I finished I could feel a quick throbbing in the delicate hand that still lay confidently in mine. Old Fabio looked in modestly and asked if we would not have some fruit.

"By-and-by," she replied; "or are you thirsty?" she asked, turning to me.

"To press your lips," I whispered.

She looked me full in the face, and again shook her head in reply.

"You do not love me," said I.

"Far too well," she replied, with a sigh. "Let us take a stroll in the garden," said she, rising, "before sundown. I will pick some oranges for you.—I myself, and not Nina, as before."

And so we walked through the garden. She held fast to my hand and asked many questions about my country, my parents, and if the hair in the locket was mine. When I told her my sister had given it to me, she asked particularly about her too.

"I shall see her some day, shall I not?" said she. "She must love me, for I love her already. But we cannot remain in your country, for my father could not live without me; I am his only joy. You will bring me back to Bologna, will you not?"

I promised. What would have seemed impossible to me, now that I had accomplished the wonder of persuading this angelic creature to look on me with eyes of love? She became merrier and merrier, until at last we chatted, laughed, and romped together like children.

"Come," said she, "let us have a game of battledore and shuttlecock. Nina shall play with us, although she almost makes me jealous with always speaking of you. See how she keeps at a distance for fear of disturbing us. What have we to say to each other that all the world, and heaven and earth, might not hear?"

She called her amiable companion, who quickly joined us, and, cordially extending her hand to me, said: "I hope you deserve your good fortune. I would have grudged her to any one but you; but if you do not make her happy, Signor Amadeo, then beware!"

This threat was accompanied by a gesture so vehement and tragic, that we both burst into a hearty laugh, in which Nina joined us. On the lawn, where I had watched the two girls, we now all three engaged in batting the feathered ball, and soon became as much engrossed with our game as if we had never had any serious thoughts in our lives, and had not just decided one of the most momentous of questions.

Papa Fabio did not make his appearance again. When it began to grow dark the two girls accompanied me to the gate. I was dismissed without a kiss from those lovely lips; her hand was all she would yield to me.

What an evening, and what a night! The people at my hotel very likely thought I was crazy, or that I was an Englishman, which in Italian eyes is much the same thing. I returned with a large basket of fresh flowers, which was carried after me by the flower girl. These I strewed about my room; then I ordered some wine, and threw a five-franc piece to an itinerant violinist. It was late before I slept. I still remember the nature of my dreams. It seemed as if the trembling and swinging of a heavenly body in its journey through space were reëchoed in the pulsations of my heart.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## THE ENGLISH AT HOME.

**I**T was my privilege to see something of the English in two country houses of different character. One was about sixty or seventy miles from London, in a rich, well-tilled country—an old-fashioned stone house in the centre of the property, within half an hour's walk of a small village. An American backwoodsman would have described the whole country as town, the landscape was so closely dotted with houses. There was bluff, cordial hospitality in my reception, with that effort to suppress feeling inherent in English character.

Everything was simple, solid, and comfortable. The host, known as the squire, a hale, hearty man of fifty, asked me the morning after my arrival if I would take "a bit of a turn." Supposing this to be an invitation to go over his grounds, I assented, when I was led off in a brisk walk for five miles and the return, making ten. The squire was evidently trained to the exercise and did not feel it, while I was much fagged. The excursions together in the neighborhood were of every day. For a mile round were two or three fine dwellings, the rest small tenements, of which many were whitewashed and thatched; fine roads bordered with hedges, rolling sweeps of ground in lawn or forest or under cultivation. There were many halts in these walks. The squire called out with his sonorous voice to the laborers in the field touching the crops; hung over the gates and fences to talk with the women and children concerning their domestic affairs, from which it appeared that the cottagers were in frequent relations with the folks of the hall in the way of gifts of coal, clothing, food, and medicine. The questions concerning the ills of a family, its misfortunes and hopes, were many, put with a bluff voice and impassible face. When the widow and the orphan whimpered in the account of their troubles, as they did in one or two instances, the voice of the squire grew harder, but he blew his nose and complained of a cold.

In a school of thirty or forty pupils we listened to the recitations, when the squire's mask of indifference could not altogether hide a gleam of satisfaction. Learning from the teacher that the establishment was of my companion's creating and kept up at his expense, I ventured a word of praise, when he returned in a voice of deprecation:

"This sort of thing pleases my wife, you know. It's one of her pets."

Thus did his worst foot go foremost in what related to himself, which is second nature in the best English type.

The women curtsied to us on the highroad and in the houses, and I remarked on the singularity of the proceeding.

"Ay, ay; the lasses haven't been to dancing-school, as you see," was the squire's remark, when I explained that the act was referred to and not the manner.

"To you democratic Americans, I dare say, it does look odd. I tell them it is useless to bob up and down in that absurd way, but they will do it."

The master of the house was of the old fox-hunting school, and his dinners were solid, flanked with sherry and port. In compliance with old customs, the women retired toward the end of the repast, the cloth was removed, and decanters of port on wheels were placed on the naked table, labelled in silver

with their respective ages. These were industriously pushed around, each pouring a generous portion as they went by. The clergyman of the neighboring church was generally one of the guests, and helped himself as liberally as the others. When the decanters had several times made the circuit of the table, I endeavored to excuse myself from further libation on the score of lack of capacity. With that bluntness characteristic of the Anglican race, I was requested not to be such a Miss Nancy, and pooh-poohed in chorus. There was no help for it, and I was obliged to empty my glass with the rest. This continued for nearly two hours, when we arose from the table and marched unsteadily to the drawing-room to join the hostess and her friends. For my own part, I am persuaded that it would have been difficult for me to say, *The scenery is truly rural about here.* My companions, whose libations had been more copious than mine, were probably thicker of utterance and more obtuse of eye and brain than I. The advent into the drawing-room of this befuddled group in dinner garb was singular, but elicited no manifestation of surprise or remark from the women, who had evidently grown accustomed to it.

From their thick tongues came heavy platitudes, and compliments *à bout portant* to the women, occasioning a little feminine tittering, accompanied by the boisterous "Ha, ha!" of these Squire Westerns under the reign of Queen Victoria. One fell into a doze, the others settled down into rubbers of whist. In an hour strong tea was served, restoring the sleeping convive to wakefulness, and the company to something like animation. At an early hour all retired. The next morning saw them up early, without a sign of the previous night's wassailing on their ruddy faces.

A soft, damp climate, fanned by the salt-sea wind, and vigorous exercise, gave them stomachs that bore these daily burdens with ease. They were free of the American malady, dyspepsia. There was strong food and stronger drink, but no especial disturber of the stomach's repose. The fortified Briton might manage our incongruities without much detriment; but we, sustained neither by climate nor out-of-door exercise, must regard the task as hopeless.

This household may be regarded as representative, for England is full of such. A sense of duty was the leading trait, which showed itself in taking care of the poor, providing instruction for the needy young, contributing to different charitable societies, subscribing for religious journals and magazines, sending tracts and missionaries to the heathen, going regularly to church—the wife teaching a class in the Sunday-school. Their pleasure seldom appeared to be completely unalloyed, as it is with French and Italians; conscience seemed to question them at untimely seasons. They were happiest when pushing the decanters about on wheels, which put the too watchful monitor to sleep. The traditional explanation in France of this vein of sadness in the English character—and the American has it also—is that it comes from the spleen, supposed to be disordered from mode of life. This explanation of a question of race and moral training is very Gallic. If the beyond-channel critics would look closer, they would doubtless find that the Englishman is possessed of psychological gloom, as the lark is joyous, the dog is faithful, and the owl is mournful.

This representative man, the squire, was simple, frank, blunt, hospitable, with virile mind and body. He was public-spirited, read the "Times" every day, personally superintended one of his own farms, was director in a neighboring railway, and knocked about in an active way for several hours, which worked off the bulky nourishment and heavy draughts of old port. Besides,

a sword of Damocles hung over his toes and stimulated him to this exercise, for he was afraid of the gout.

There was a calm, gloomy satisfaction in the performance of his religious duties. In theology, he had discovered all the shadows and overlooked much of the sunshine. The Americans have the same trait, inherited from English fathers. These soul-troubles have ever afflicted the race since it attained to anything like civilization. Whatever our system of theology may be, we are sure to find its thorns, while the Latins as unerringly discover its roses. The Roman Catholic Church, for example, in France and Italy, from an æsthetic point of view, is attractive; in England it becomes austere and bare in comparison.

The heavy feeding of the squire made his mind slower in its operations, but it does not follow that they were less thorough than those of the nervous American. There is the broadness and bulk in the Briton which sustains prolonged effort. Light flanks and weak stomachs are sorry backing for a vigorous brain. The Englishman may beat about in superfluous strokes before accomplishing his object, but his reserve of vitality is such that he can afford it. Generous nourishment gives him animal contentment. The traditional grumbling has been somewhat exaggerated; besides, this reputation comes to him from the Continent, where they withhold from him his roast beef, strong cheese, and all, which puts him in a bad humor. A mastiff, without his usual supply of food, becomes savage. Given a liberal supply of ale and port, the massive joint, and that singular combination of lettuce and Cheshire peculiar to England, a republicanized monarchy or a monarchized republic, plenty of out-of-door exercise, personal contact with the horse, his newspaper, his fireside, and his religion, and he is as happy as a man of this kind may be.

Another house in which I was an inmate some ten days was further from London than the former, situated also in a beautiful, rolling country. Its occupants were higher in the social scale than those of the other household. They had a town-house in the West End of London, and moved in the caste-circles of that quarter. They had lived in most of the capitals of Europe, were well-mannered and familiar with current events, spoke good English, and one or two other languages with reasonable facility. Besides myself were nine or ten guests, whose acquaintance I made as quickly as if we had been Freemasons. The quick, frank way of taking a stranger into the confidence of the household, is one of the most agreeable features of English country life.

The family consisted of an elderly lady and her daughters. At nine o'clock of the morning a belfry bell was rung, which was a summons to religious service conducted in a great hall, where the mistress stood at one end; on one side, the family and guests, or those of them who were up, in a row; and on the other side in a similar row, the servants. All were provided with the prayer-book of the Established Church as they came in, and the mistress read the service, to which the responses were distinctly made. Not more than half of the guests were usually at this service, which was not taken amiss, independence being regarded as one of the guest's chief rights. At half-past nine the major part of the household were at breakfast. After preparing it on the table and sideboard, the servants retired without exception. The women poured tea and coffee for the men, and each helped himself as he pleased. The men carved meats at the sideboard for the tea-pourers and themselves, which gave to the repast the abandon of a picnic. The absence of servants allowed the conversation to be free and intimate, which was evidently the object in dispensing with them.

After breakfast there was general lounging. No apparent effort was made to amuse the guests, who enjoyed the freedom of hotel life without its publicity. At eleven the letters and newspapers came down from London, when the society occupied itself in reading or writing letters. There was a well-selected library of five thousand volumes, to which, with others, I often repaired to while away a half hour. Besides this, packages occasionally arrived from Mudie's, containing the latest books. The men were garbed in easy morning suits of gray—some in knickerbockers instead of trousers, their feet encased in stout leather-stringed shoes; the women in simple robes, their heads covered with flats. During the hour following breakfast there was polite badi-nage and a little flirtation, as the members of this colony sauntered about the veranda or leaned against its columns.

At half past one or two, lunch, at which were discussed the projects of the day. Rides on horseback or in carriages, fishing parties, shooting excursions, or walks, usually followed, consuming the afterpart of the day. Walks and shooting were generally in favor with the men, when they did not feel constrained by gallantry to join the excursions planned by the ladies.

The subject of pounds, shillings, and pence was never mentioned. No business talk of any kind. London business men were referred to by one or two in a tone containing a suspicion of something not complimentary. The chief question was recreation.

Between six and seven in the evening one could see lights glancing through the windows of the bed-chambers. The house was occupied in making its toilet. After seven the drawing-rooms, brilliantly lighted, wore a festive air. The change was striking. Those whom one had seen an hour before in coarse gray suits and stout shoes, simple robes and straw flats, were arrayed in black swallow-tails and white cravats, *décolleté* silk and satin, the bared arms and bosoms glistening with ornaments. At half past seven the company passed into the dining-room, where a bright chandelier shone down on a broad table adorned with flowers and sparkling with crystal, while an imposing array of handsomely dressed servants stood in the background.

The dinner usually lasted from an hour to an hour and a half, and was garnished with pleasant humor and some rather heavy wit. It had not the spontaneity and quick repartee of the French dinner, because Englishmen are not Frenchmen, who seem to have been created to shine in a prandial way.

From conversations in this house and elsewhere, during my sojourn in England, I learned that the English have less affinity with the French than the Americans. They have more of the German characteristics than we. Besides, several members of the royal family have married Germans, which gives German ideas and the German language a certain vogue. Most of the women and many of the men of the higher class understand the language. The Englishman on his travels, by predilection, goes to Germany, Italy, or the East. Americans who travel go to Paris;—the good reach it after death, as the proverb tells us. It is perhaps the Celtic blood coming from Ireland which thus modifies our character and gives us that leaning to the people on the other side of the Channel, not possessed by the English.

When the women retired from the table, the cloth was not removed; the table was allowed to remain as it was. Heavy drinking did not follow the departure of the better part of mankind, as in the fox-hunting establishment; at most a couple of glasses, then coffee and a cigar, the time thus occupied not exceeding half an hour, when the men, with a proper degree of decorum—gay



without being drunk—joined the dames. There was much less consumption of port in this than the house first described, and a freer use of Burgundy, Bordeaux, and champagne, the latter, contrary to Continental custom, being drunk at the beginning of the dinner.

The work of digestion and the humid climate develop a glow in the British face seldom seen elsewhere. This is unfortunate for the gentle sex of a sentimental turn, especially when it settles in the nose, as it often does—the English say—in the absence of exercise. The woman past forty generally acquires a frowsiness of complexion which seems to contribute to this chronic blush. Age is more ungrateful to the English woman than to her sisters in other lands. In France she passes gracefully into the forties, as a vessel rides into the calm waters of her destination after a successful voyage. Thirty and forty, in the land of Molière, look nearly like twins; hence, out of the twenties, woman's age is apocryphal. At forty, in England, she is labelled by nature. To this complexion must she come at last, and the conspiring enemies who bring about this result are, aside from race, moist climate, strong drink, strong nourishment, and the sea-winds. It is possible that beer may have something to do with it also.

As some compensation for the unkindness of age, the young English woman is often beautiful. She possesses the fortune of Hugo's Cosette—her head is covered with gold and her mouth is full of pearls. Purity and *naïve* temerity look out of her lovely blue eyes, with an expression that wins respect and admiration.

After dinner, to resume the day's routine, it was a *soirée* in the drawing-rooms—card-playing, talk, and music indifferently executed, both vocal and instrumental. The English are not sufficiently artistic to make good musicians. Their practical prosaic nature has always been a barrier to success in this department of art. It must be admitted that America is not much better off in this respect. Neither country is the home of musical genius, but exceptionally our efforts in this direction have been attended with greater results than those of the English. The birds now singing in some of the world's capitals flew out of Columbia's nest—Morant, Minnie Hauck, Adelina Patti, Kellogg, Moulton; which shows that if we are not sufficiently artistic to make music, we can sing it, and this is an important step which augurs well for the musical future of America.

The tones employed by the English in conversation are truer and healthier than those of the Americans. They use chest-notes with all their healthy vibrations from the lungs upward. In America, the voice is high-pitched, and most of it comes from the head; the practice, at least, is so general as to render it a national trait. New England, as the cradle of this nasal bantling, must be held responsible. The fault of the South, as, "befo' the wah"—full and round, the r's suppressed—is generous and harmonious in comparison. But by way of compensation, New England also furnishes the best English—that spoken in Boston.

The material life in this hospitable mansion was pleasant. To American ears, accustomed to suppressed, laconic humor, the English humor is somewhat slow and boisterous. In the lower classes, one is fairly knocked down by it as with a bludgeon. In the theatres the average sense of humor is seen to be less subtle than with us; the points are made so strong as to become wearisome. The words of badinage which pass between a couple of New Yorkers are telegrams in comparison. This slowness is such that one

often anticipates the coming word. They are not, however, given to long stories as the Americans are, for which they deserve a good mark.

A gulf separates the working people from the inmates of the hall, in education, intelligence, and manners. No such distance separates any two classes in America. The laboring people in the neighborhood were thick-headed, ignorant boors, speaking imperfect English, who had not an idea beyond beef and beer. The occupants of the hall were better bred, perhaps, than the better class in the United States, but without their quickness and elasticity of character. It has taken a number of generations to produce this cultivated Englishman. Like the thorough-bred horse, he has come to his present perfection through long training and breeding, extending back through a number of fathers and mothers. He has almost lost the objectionable characteristics of his race. He is polished, dignified, and manly. In artistic education, as well as by race, he is not more than a respectable mediocrity. This is his weakest point. His general knowledge of events and popular currents of thought throughout the world is only equalled by that of the American. He can stand up before a professional boxer, row with an oarsman, ride a steeple-chase with a jockey, and not be far behind them in their respective callings. His most valuable quality is his love of truth and justice, of which, however, he does not enjoy a monopoly, but which extends through all classes of the English people; its fruit is seen in the enduring principles of the Great Charter.

This roughing it has done much toward conserving the superiority of the aristocracy. Muffs are no more encouraged in this class than they are among coal-heavers. The boy of birth sags, resorts to fisticuffs, and is thrashed like the *prolétaire*. Seeing a slight lad of twelve or thirteen (who, by the way, was an earl) mounted on a rather unmanageable horse, I asked his mother if she was not apprehensive about his safety. She answered that she wanted to have him injured to danger and exercise; that she would sooner see him maimed than chicken-hearted.

The aristocracy is being continually strengthened by what is best in the commoner. When the latter achieves distinction in any of the upper walks of life, he is lifted into the circle of the elect. This system gives vitality to the class, and keeps up its domination. Discrimination is used in making selections from the commonalty, so that the balance is kept up against dead weights in the way of wooden lords, and young noblemen with much blood and little brain are given over to the horse and general dissipation.

The ingrained puritanism begets hypocrisy. It affects public opinion, and forces the wearing of a mask under which men naturally commit greater excesses than they would without it. Whatever Frenchmen's other faults may be, they are without cant. As long as profligacy is decently covered with respectability and churchism in England, it is tolerated. Hence, there is general hiding of peccadilloes and the assumption of a moral tone in society, which is represented in the concrete by Pecksniff. The disregard of this pervading cant sentiment by some of the highest members of the aristocracy, in their openly profligate courses, has led to a cooling loyalty toward those in whom aristocratic institutions are personified. One wing of the rank and file of the nation assumes an attitude of open hostility to royalty in any form, and proclaims republican aspirations. This movement is precipitated by the violation of old forms and principles on the part of royal princes possessing strong animal propensities and little intellect.

The excellence of English servants is proverbial, and the kind of hierarchy

which existed among them in this establishment was not without interest to one coming from a country where this useful body is imperfectly represented. They were divided into upper and lower servants, with classification in each. The upper began with the butler, following in the order named: the coachman, cook, grooms, and footmen; among the women, with the housekeeper, ladies' maids, and seamstresses. Almost the same distance separates the upper from the lower servants, as that between the former and their masters. They take their meals in different rooms, and it was the duty of the knife-cleaner to wait on the higher branch of service at their repasts. In France, where cooking is carried to such perfection, the cook calls himself an artist, and his place is considered at the head of the people below stairs, which seems proper in a country where gentlemen-amateurs like Alexandre Dumas and Brillat-Savarin take a hand at the spit. In the lower class were found the assistant cooks, scullions, women-of-all-work, stable-keepers, and what not. The two branches did not associate with each other. The butler had entered the service of this family when a boy, as knife-cleaner, and his case was cited in illustration of what conscientious discharge of duty and ambition properly directed would do for a person in the humbler walks of life. It was understood that, in moments of unusual expansion with the housekeeper, he referred to his remarkably successful career with much pride. He always appeared a model of grave deportment and respectability, not subject to the weaknesses common to men. The world sees the outer man, but he beheld the intermediate man; for to him were confided the keys of the luggage, and he knew the condition and the quality of the guest's undergarments, together with the other articles not usually subjected to public scrutiny. Possessed as he was of this knowledge, his calm, dignified gaze was enough to disturb one's equanimity. At the expiration of a week he informed me that my linen was out, as a member would submit a bill in Parliament, and asked if he would be allowed to supply the deficiency from his own wardrobe until the washerman could be heard from, which showed him to be a man ready for all contingencies.

The moral question here did not appear to interfere with enjoyment as much as in the house of the squire. Both the squire and my later hostess walked with the theological bean in their shoes—but one was boiled. My hostess was a ritualist, with one foot in the Roman Catholic Church; of a Continental civilization, who had taught her daughters to sketch, play the piano, and amuse themselves on Sunday, which the squire, with his church views, would have regarded as enormities. The guests of the second household were mostly high-churchmen, with pagan tendencies, which came to them from latter-day civilization. Church views are strongest in the middle and well-to-do classes, and grow correspondingly weak as one mounts the social ladder. Golden blondes, opera bouffe, the Derby, and Anonymas are pets of the aristocracy, which has not escaped the materialism engendered by the contact. There is, too, a sort of art revival in this class, a tendency to fall back on the old pagan forms, and a disposition to encourage the scientists who are developing theories inimical to accepted theological views, which is breaking down the old Puritan restraints. The examples of frailty and licentiousness in some of the leading personages of the kingdom are also contributing to this result.

On one occasion the English language was a subject of discussion at dinner in this hospitable house. Where was it spoken best—in England, Scotland, Ireland, or America? It is generally conceded that the best French is spoken in Touraine, the best German in Hanover, and the best Italian in Florence; but

there is not general accord as to where the language of Shakespeare is the purest. As a rule, the untravelled man considers the language purest to which he is accustomed. The man of culture, in which travel is implied, speaks pretty nearly alike in the four English-speaking countries. The parson thought Oxford was the mother of good English. Another thought it was as well spoken in Dublin as elsewhere, while I submitted the claims of Boston. It was generally conceded that he whose nationality could not be detected from his speech spoke the best English, which led to remarks on the differences between American English and English English, when I produced a memorandum of certain differences I had observed during my sojourn in England, which were as follows:

<i>American.</i>	<i>English.</i>	<i>American.</i>	<i>English.</i>
Vest - - - -	Waistcoat	Wont - - - -	Shant (Italian <i>A</i> ).
Pantaloons or pants - -	Trousers.	Smart - - - -	Clever.
Suspenders - - - -	Braces.	Spruce - - - -	Smart.
Elevator - - - -	Lift.	Fleshy - - - -	Stout.
Railroad - - - -	Railway.	Thank you - - - -	Thanks
Street railroad - - - -	Tramway.	A piece - - - -	A bit.
Buy a ticket - - - -	Book.	Guess - - - -	Fancy.
Conductor - - - -	Guard.	Just think ! - - - -	Fancy !
Baggage wagon - - - -	Luggage van.	I reckon, or I venture - -	I dare say.
Switch off - - - -	Shunt.	Frozen to death - - - -	Starved
Car - - - -	Carriage.	Cuss - - - -	Beggar.
Scratch (in billiards) - -	Fluke.	Gamey - - - -	High (culinary).
Horrid - - - -	Beastly.	Reliable - - - -	Trustworthy.
Splendid - - - -	Jolly.	Claim - - - -	Affirm or state.
Yes - - - -	Aye.	Go hunting - - - -	Go shooting.
Yes? - - - -	Indeed!		

This, as far as it went, showed a tendency of the English to adhere closer to the Saxon element than the Americans. One of the dames observed that the word "fleshy" was vulgar, and I could not but agree with her; she was good enough to explain that she, being of an opulent nature, felt a special interest in the word. Another thought it was suggestive of a meat market. This led to talk on Americanisms, which created some merriment. America's humorous dialect amuses the English much. I was pressed for phrases. I objected on the ground that they might be too coarse for the ears of our fair companions, when I was accused by the latter of American prudery, upon which I gave a few that occurred to me at the time. The parson, who was the philologist of the table, took up several American words to illustrate his pet theory that we were returning to the speech of the ancient English, citing Shakespeare and other of the older poets where the Transatlantic words occur, and dwelling particularly on our constant use of the word "sir."

It was generally conceded that the American slang was more striking and original than the English. Words like skedaddle are born only on American soil. The difference is seen when equivalent slang is compared: as, when an attempt is made to humbug an Englishman, he says to the tempter, "Walker"; an American says, "Too thin." The best known words of Transatlantic birth are as familiar to the English as the American ear; but when a word is in full vogue in England it is in its decline in America, and when it declines in the former it is dead in the latter country. Thus, the cradle of dialect seems to be on this side. The inventive faculty with which the American is born has been greatly trained, as shown by the contents of the Patent Office; he applies it to creating phrases as well as machines. This inventive trait is one of the greatest differences between the two nations. Every third American has invented something; not one Englishman in twenty has.

A common habit in England is to exclaim "Oh!" on receiving a response; as, "How far is it to Pall Mall?" "Six miles." "Oh!" It has gone across the Channel, and the Parisians give it in their burlesque imitations of "mildord." The variation of tone in English conversation is another feature peculiar to England. The undulation of voice in such a question as "Mister Americus, shall I have the pleasure of a glass of wine with you?" would be something like this:



The language in the United States does not present this variety, but usually travels on a dead level, which is often monotonous. On the other hand, the American pronounces all his syllables, which the Englishman often does not. The former has not developed the riches of the Italian A, while the Briton goes to extremes in the use of it, and infringes on the prerogatives of O.

Worcestershire is a difficult word, and to pronounce it Woostershire may be excusable; but to say Pell Mell for Pall Mall is an injustice to the letter A which may not be condoned. Such words as bloody, beastly, nasty, brute, are much employed, and strike the American ear as coarse. For example, to say to a horse, "Get up, you nasty brute, out of that beastly walk, or I'll knock your bloody head off," is a common form of speech, and indicates fairly the heavy, blunt nature of the Briton. On the other hand, his leaning to Saxon words makes his language stronger than ours; using, for instance, a strong, simple word like "lift," where we dilute it into the Latin "elevator." With us the disposition to shine induces us to select a word like "commence" and to reject a good one like "begin." American prudery also has its influence, using limb for leg.

In America the orator is dying, but in England he is dead. In the country of Columbus, the South and West still furnish the burning, diffusive blather-skite on the stump and in the national councils. In the British Parliament of to-day the magnificent, glowing sentences of Chatham would be received with a general smile. Parliamentary speeches are now direct business talks, in which allusion to the roar of the British lion is carefully avoided. Gladstone is a model—hard, dry, augmentative, and free from bombast. If an ameliorated boor gets into the House and attempts to light a pale reflection of traditional fire, he is silenced with ridicule. Dislike of highfalutin is one of the strongest antipathies in the kingdom.

There are differences of dress as well as of speech. Two marks of American nationality are, the goat beard, and the Great American Frock Coat, worn open with the corners dangling down in front an inch or two longer than behind. In the provinces, when the American citizen wishes to adorn himself, he dons this garment, and he is correctly dressed. If there is too much of the American coat, there is too little of the English, which is generally a little, cut-away garment, looking as if its maker had fallen short of stuff. In the Briton there is also a tendency to tight trousers, which, æsthetics aside, probably arises from his being a horse-rider. The extremists in this respect are the grooms, from whom it travels upward. The great stoggy, thick, solid, nailed shoes are another of the Briton's peculiar features—a necessity of his climate. In this rig, with a stout stick, and a few miles of open country before him to walk in, he is content—not chirrumpy and buoyant like a Gaul, but self-contained and satisfied.

The Englishman moves in a wider groove than his Transatlantic kinsman.

His more complete animal life makes his mental life fuller and healthier. A valiant soul in a traitorous body throws a shadow over existence. The English mind has a faithful ally in the sturdy body which carries it safely—successfully enduring its jerks, depressions, and overwork—into the evening of age. The American mind imposes greater burdens on a body less able to carry, and it frequently breaks down. The Englishman's food is hygienic, adapted to his climate and recreation—his rowing, yachting, fox-hunting, cricketing, and the like. This exercise is the safety-valve against excessive feeding. His organs, thus strengthened, are kept in healthy action. There is less disposition to shine in England than in America. With us there is a national panting after notoriety or celebrity, as seen in the newspaper publicity given to social entertainments, where names and personal descriptions figure, in the exterior of houses overloaded with decoration, in the public life at hotels, in the love of orations and speeches, in the eagerness of politicians to "put themselves on record." It is living in a house of glass. In England, barriers are thrown around life. Something of the old feudal privacy remains, and the house, to some extent, is a castle whose gates are not opened to all the world. Money is spent freely for comfort, but not for lavish display. A writer of average essays does not claim the laurels of Macaulay, an ordinary member of Parliament those of Pitt; no running about the highways and byways to proclaim self-excellence.

The American has more natural refinement than the Englishman—more tact, adaptability, originality, quickness, and audacity. The Englishman is noble in simplicity and faith, affection and justice; accompanied with brutal instincts which break out at times into drunkenness, gluttony, and wife-beating. Natural politeness is uncommon, and impertinent and incongruous things are often said unconsciously. Nothing, however, of the monkey; no capering and grimacing, but a stern manhood, which, however unpleasant for social commerce, is clothed with a certain dignity.

The Parisian is the refined Athenian, the Londoner is the Roman still in the rough. Between them there is the difference of butterfly and bumblebee: one flutters from flower to flower for pleasure, the other buzzes from one to the other on business; one sips for the day—his motto, "*Dum vivimus vivamus*"—the other works for the future as well as the present; one moves in airy curves, the other in straight lines; one alights softly as a snow-flake, the other with a bum; one dallies in the sun to enjoy nature, the other is always hurrying on his errand of duty, seeing in flowers nothing but their honey.

The Briton is never homesick, as the man of the Latin race is. The latter, transplanted, never fairly takes root on foreign soil, but pines through a sickly existence or dies, his last thought dwelling on that dear land he is never to see again. The Englishman never dies of nostalgia. He creates another England wherever he goes. Obstacles that would discourage a Latin incite him to the combat. His individuality is so great, he absorbs other nationalities like a sponge. He imposes himself on others, who may struggle for a time against his domination, but they finally succumb. He does not rest content in the enjoyment of his own civilization, but must thrust it down the throats of his neighbors. His food, raiment, language, mode of doing, according to him, are superior to all others, and should be universally adopted. If he were left on an island with a dozen other nationalities, the probabilities are that in a dozen years the language would be English, the meat roast beef, the drink malt liquor. Give him time, and he will turn an Arab into an Englishman, and a desert into a garden of plenty; out of anarchy he will build a solid gov-

ernment and train a wild people to methodic work. He will not be put down; he will not be a foreigner in strange lands. Within a certain radius of this man there is England. If, among other nationalities, he is obliged to take a lower seat at the table, he believes, with MacGregor, that no matter where he sits, *that* is the head of the table.

There is affectation in him who affects the gallant man. His fine talking is a drawl, his manners extravagant and labored. He is what "Punch" calls the "haw-haw fellow." His assumption of fine ways and pretty speech is but skin deep; underneath is the Norseman, who cannot bend his rude nature to such light tricks. To the Gallic dandy, he is as paste to Koh-i-noor. It is like seeing a Flemish horse go through the paces of Rotten Row, to see him in the exercise of his acquired functions. He may follow this groove to the end of his days, yet in adversity or public need he can turn out of it, shed his skin, and show something of the old Norseman still. But as a dandy he is a failure; the bull may not gambol with the friskiness of the lamb. The American does it better, through his greater flexibility, quickness, taste. In this, as in some other respects, he stands midway between the Frenchman and the Englishman.

There are many bachelors of moderate incomes, living in chambers, and dining at their club, where prices are nearly at cost, beer usually being gratis, who are obliged to practise the strictest economy—younger brothers, half-pay officers, and the like. These are candidates for a country-house during the shooting season. Most of them, like Major Pendennis, manage to have their legs under the table of some hospitable house as a means of making both ends meet, where they are expected to make some contribution to the general fund of entertainment, which consists chiefly in saying good things at dinner. To these men marriage is out of the question—from their point of view—unless they find some one who has what they have not. They are generally pleasant, well-dressed men, verging toward the middle of life, who say their prandial *mots* with a cleverness which hints of frequent repetition. They are reasonably gallant and useful to the gentle sex, but Cupid-proof, and therefore not objects of interest to mammas with eligible daughters. This class of rich-poor men, living on a small income, doing nothing and enjoying a good social position, is almost unknown in America.

Frenchmen generally have nice discrimination, but only trained Englishmen have it. The shopkeeper is destitute of that sense which tells where politeness ends and servility begins, and in his effort to please fawns in the spirit of a spaniel without his grace. There is less manhood in the working man in England than in America. In the latter, if a sixpence were offered to a mechanic for a slight favor or civility, the tender would be resented as an insult, while the Englishman nimbly accepts the coin with thanks. The railway guard is in the habit of receiving small tips; one can fancy what the result would be were one offered to an American conductor. Only cripples and the utterly destitute beg in America; men in England who ply a regular calling are not ashamed to ask for a sixpence. With us, the working man is more communicative. There, he is taciturn, laconic—especially to a foreigner. A miner is seated on a fence; the new curate, desiring to be sociable, says to him "It's a fine morning," which elicits no reply; he essays again, observing, "I said it was a fine morning, sir," which brings out, "Well, who said it wasn't? Do you want to argufy about it, you beggar?" According to "Punch," this is a specimen of the manners of that man and brother, the coal-digger. He will fight, eat, drink, work, but will not talk.

To any one who has been to the Théâtre Français in Richelieu street, and

understands good acting and good French, the English theatre scarcely merits criticism. The acting is of the traditional stagey kind, affectioned by the groundlings; and the English plays are no better than the acting. Where they possess merit, they have been taken—or “adapted” as it is called—from the French. The Briton is not a good play-writer; he delineates character well, but is awkward in the construction of plots, hence fails in dramatic effects. The Frenchman excels in this kind of work, and in this department of art furnishes the world with brains. Of the few in Great Britain who have some idea of writing dialogue with a view to dramatic effect, Charles Reade is perhaps the best. The English home-made play, during the last decade, has been mostly a pot-pourri of woman-breakdowns and negro-minstrel puns with tawdry costumes.

There are few more unpleasant things to hear than a Briton speaking a foreign language—especially French. It is spoken as if it were English—the same indistinct termination of words, rise and fall of tone, and exclamatory oh’s. He utters his broad burlesque, too, with a complacency to be found nowhere but in the British countenance. The presence of listening Frenchmen does not disturb this *aplomb*, but apparently rather encourages to further effort. There are others, again, who, from intense patriotism, will not attempt to learn it. They are thankful that they are born Englishmen, and especially thankful that they are not Frenchmen. It is said that Coleridge publicly thanked God that he could not pronounce a sentence in their language. There are those who would not speak the language of France and Italy without an accent were it possible, lest such an accomplishment might raise a doubt as to their nationality.

Belgians, Dutch and Germans acknowledge the sovereignty of Gambrinus, but this is phantom royalty compared to Old England’s puissant Ale and Stygian Stout. The Briton holds that their beer to his is as blue milk to cream. To him, food and drink must have a strongly pronounced taste. ‘The delicacy of Brie cheese is lost upon him, but old Cheshire, with a bite like red pepper, is to him what caviare is to a Russian. He must have the strong and the solid. He carries his island about with him on his travels, and submits other countries to his home tests. Have they mighty joints of fine-grained, well-cut beef? Is every man’s house his impregnable castle? Have they the “Times”? Have they beer, brown stout, and bath-tubs? Is there fair play in boating, speaking, writing, and fighting? In a word, have they English habits and institutions? People constrained to answer no to these questions are but sorry beggars, whatever their other qualities may be. Go where you will, this man of the umbrella and red book will be found—perched on the great stones at Baalbec, pottering about the streets of Cairo, or elsewhere, inquiring for his Bass or Guinness, verifying localities according to Murray, serious, hot, and red. The question is, rather, Where is he not? Be it at Paris or the Pyrenees, as soon as one gets within earshot of him, he is found to be working off extra vitality in grumbling about personal arrangements—his tea and toast, or his beer and bath. But this bad humor is only a thin crust. The outward man is a churl, but the inward is often tender-hearted as a woman.

No one loves water as this man does. He souses into it every morning for ablution, in all climates and places. When the luggage arrives at a Continental hotel, the bath-tub is a forerunner, and indicates its owner’s nationality; followed by the umbrella and red book, the matter is beyond dispute. The sandy-whiskered man in gray has not got well into the house before he makes a dozen inquiries and one grumble. He is particular about his dinner, and



orders a bottle of good wine. The host, knowing his man, flanks his food with a bottle of something raspy with high alcoholic stimulant. "Ah, that's the stuff for me!" says the Briton, loudly smacking his lips, and both he and the host are satisfied. This amphibian haunts the lands of glaciers, streams, and seas. He plunges into the water boldly, and in swimming is mighty—a Leander less the gallantry. He is not afraid of rain; he gets into great boots and water-proof coat, and paddles about in it as if he liked it. With all his love of water, however, he takes care that none of it shall get inside of him. The interior is sacred to beer, sherry, and port.

Wherever he goes, his presence is soon known. His vigor finds vent in pushing about the chairs, taking a seat as by divine right, calling with his stomachic voice for the "Times." A dozen others may be sitting around, whom he sternly ignores. If they are not Englishmen, he may thaw and ask practical questions about the products and manufactures of the country where he finds himself. Let a fellow-Englishman enter the room and he congeals, looking like a standard-bearer caught away from his colors. One Briton among foreigners may be attracted to them. Two Britons are repellent bodies to each other as well as to those around them; caught in expansive moods, they betray something like *mauvaise honte*. Frank communication is regarded as a softness that may not be indulged, as not comporting with dignity. Thus, in presence of each other, they are as isolated as their island. An English woman told me at a dinner in Paris, that she made no acquaintances with English people in that town; while I remarked that she was of easy accessibility to French and Americans. In illustration of this exclusiveness, it is related that a British captain of the Guards, finding himself at Mont Blanc, proposed to a fellow-countryman, who was there with his family, to make the ascent together to lessen the expense. After some hesitation, the man of family consented, with the strict understanding, the ascent being over, that the acquaintance was to go no further. The other—who was a travelled man—assenting, the ascent was made. A few weeks after, the captain entered a Piccadilly shoe-shop to order a pair of shoes, when he discovered his mountain companion in the shoemaker standing behind the counter. In this, the English are in striking contrast to the Americans, who socially are gregarious, hunting each other up to frolic together, pleasing themselves more in each other's company than any other, their intercourse being marked by *laissezaller* and long stories.

British strength of physique is heard in the voice, the respiration, the clearing of the throat, and—as in most healthy natures—a certain petulance about personal accommodation. The eggs must be boiled to a second, the chop broiled to a turn, the toast neither too light nor too brown; and he blurts out his objections to anything which does not come up to his requirements. If he is abroad, there must be no dawdling. After breakfast Bradshaw or Murray is produced, and immediate preparations are made for moving on the town. He does it by line, feet, and inches, to the gospel according to Murray, with slices of history and sentiment to match. If he be at Rome, he does the sacred town as conscientiously and in the same way as he would inspect beeves in Holland or rolling-mills in Belgium. Roman art and English character are as black and white, and yet the sandy-whiskered man hangs around the Dying Gladiator and criticises him as if he had made him—the eternal complacency never disturbed. He ogles the Beatrice as calmly and knowingly as if she were a spinning-jenny. Saint Peter's reminds him of Saint Paul's—which resemble each other as Greek temple and a barn. There is an insular mist

which hangs between him and these Roman treasures. The conscientious worker is up with the lark, toiling carefully the day through, and toward evening, still vigorous, he is seen mounting the Pincio—the Excelsior of the umbrella and red book—to take a look at the cardinals and fashions of old Rome.

There are enjoyments which are hidden from this stolid man. He may not taste Château-Margaux, nor see the Apollo Belvedere, nor hear the melody of "Faust." He believes these Edens are open to him, as he believes that he can speak French and Italian without an accent, in the face of ridicule and denial. The absence of a sixth sense fences him out. His joys, when not feigned, are for the steam-hammer, the gun, the rod, sowing and reaping, raising of fine breeds, bartering, wealth and station, practical working of free government—in a word, for all the practical mental and material needs of man. Art and philosophy are veiled mysteries, and he is no lover of their high priests. Among artists and philosophers there is a freemasonry he may not understand. And yet, with that many-headedness characteristic of England, a few men grow head and shoulders above the level of the nation, and march to the front of science, leaving the rank and file of their people behind them—men born with the genius of unity and completeness by which they read nature as an open book. To him of the stolid mind, the gate to high art may be shut, and yet he may have a brother who is a priest in the heart of the sanctuary; to him the far-off philosophic heights may be unattainable, and another brother scales them with ease.

The Gaul has often achieved victory through dexterity or trick; the Briton by downright force and perseverance, in which he deals many spent blows. Protracted struggle or defeat demoralizes the Gaul; they do not affect the Briton any more than a bulldog. The Norman conqueror vanquished the English by a trick, who rushed to their death with the courage and stupidity of mad bulls. They hate strategy and ambuscade, and demand an open field and a fair fight. There was no genius of invention in Wellington, but he overthrew him in whom it was incarnate, by resolute fighting according to the book and the watch. The Briton often has to be knocked down once or twice before he warms to the work. Round number one and two may be ineffective skirmishing, but at number three he is at a white heat; then *gare à tout le monde*. The conquests of Great Britain have not been made by a man, as in the case of Cæsar and Mahomet, but by the nation. With England, as with America, no one man has ever been indispensable to her progress, which shows the domination of principle over man. But England will make no more conquests. The time has gone by. She is still game, but has ceased to be aggressive and propagandist. "Rest and be thankful" is now the phrase in vogue—the words of old age. In her youth and prime she did great and noble deeds, and is now entitled to an honorable retreat.

The type more especially dwelt upon here is of the middle or well-to-do classes. As for the people composing the cultivated minority, found equally in the middle and upper classes, they resemble each other in all civilized countries.

ALBERT RHODES.

# THE HALLOWEEN SPECTRE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,  
 BY OLIVE MAY.

A chaise and pair stopped at the door of a small inn at the upper end of the village of Woodford, in —shire, late one October afternoon.

A well-dressed valet assisted a gentleman to alight. He seemed in feeble health, and had a cloak wrapped around him.

The attendant helped him into the inn, asked the landlord for a private sitting-room and bed-rooms, and ordered dinner at once. In a short time a hot joint of roast mutton, with vegetables, etc., was ready, and was seemingly enjoyed by the gentleman, whose appetite was sharpened by the drive. When he threw off his cloak he was seen to be a man of about forty-two or three, with a fine, tall form rather wasted by ill-health, and features of noble outline, attenuated by the same cause. An air of deep melancholy pervaded his whole manner.

He had sent out his valet on some errand, and when he rang the bell for wine and cigars, it was answered by a young girl plainly dressed, but of a remarkably sweet and engaging countenance.

As she busied herself in clearing the table, the stranger, whose name was Varney Melton, noticed her, and seemed struck by her appearance. He looked at her so fixedly that she blushed crimson, and stepped back a little.

"Stay, Miss," said the gentleman, hesitatingly. "Excuse me. It seems as if I had seen or known you before."

The girl made no reply.

"Are you the landlord's daughter?"

"Oh, no, sir; I am only a servant at the inn."

"A servant?" The gentleman mused.

"What is your name—your age?"

"My name is Dora Lee, and I am past seventeen."

The shy answer was given with evident painful embarrassment. She gathered up the dishes and went out of the room.

"Dora Lee!" the stranger repeated. "How very singular the resemblance! It brought the blood in a rush to my heart."

He rose and paced the room in troubled thought.

In about an hour the valet returned, and found his master reclining in an easy chair, wrapped in painful musings. Rousing himself, he bade the man desire the landlord to come to his apartment.

The young girl, about the same time, was seated in a small side room adjoining the kitchen, where the fat, red-faced landlady was superintending an unusual display of cooking, and the movements of several domestics.

Dora had closed the door, and was sewing by the light of a kitchen lamp. She had been crying, and convulsive sobs still heaved her bosom at intervals, while she wiped away tears with a white little hand, that had not lost its beauty through menial toil.

A door leading into the passage was opened, and a very handsome young man entered. He walked softly up to Dora, and stooping, kissed her fondly.

"Oh, Frank!" she exclaimed, startled very much.

"My own darling! what have you been crying about?"

The answer was a fresh burst of tears.

"Dora, my sweet Dora! what is the matter? Has anything happened?"

"Oh, no, Frank!"

"But there must be some cause for your distress. Tell me! I have a right to know. Dora! you must not keep it from me."

"I am only foolish; nothing has happened; nothing, I assure you."

"You are not so foolish as to weep for nothing! Has my mother been scolding you?"

"Oh, Frank! she hates me!" cried the girl, passionately.

"She has no cause; you are mistaken."

"I am afraid," the girl went on, "she suspects that you are fond of me! What would she say if she knew—"

"If she knew you were my own wedded wife? She shall know it soon, Dora."

"Frank!" exclaimed the girl, starting up, her face white with alarm, "what do you mean?"

"I have the prospect of a clerkship in the house of Effingham & Co., in London. I am to hear about it finally next week. I shall have a salary that will support me and my little wife. Do not be afraid, Dora: we shall soon be independent."

The girl's violet eyes gleamed with joy.

"You are so good to me, Frank, dearest," she said, fondly looking up in his face.

"The most that troubles me is—"

"What, darling wife?"

"How angry your mother would be if she knew you had married me. I am not only penniless, but an outcast. I do not know who were my parents."

"You are the dearest and sweetest little girl in the world!" cried her young husband, kissing her again, "and we love each other, do we not?"

"But, Frank, I did not know when you persuaded me to marry you, that my birth might be a disgrace to you!" the beautiful girl said, with a sigh that seemed to rend her heart.

"I will not have you talk in that manner!" cried the young man. "You are pure and good enough, Dora, to be above any fault of your parents, whoever they were. And I do not believe your birth was not honest. I know you must have come of respectable parents; for 'blood will tell,' they say, Dora!"

Dora clasped her hands, and her cheek flushed radiantly.

"Oh, if I only knew that I had honest parents, I should care for nothing else!" she said.

"Frank, I sometimes think—"

"Say no more, now, dearest! 'I must go out. Dry your eyes, and keep up a good heart.'"

"I will!" the girl promised, as she received the parting kiss.

Just as Frank closed the door, the one

leading into the kitchen was thrown open. The irate landlady appeared. She had seen her son as he departed.

"Well, Miss!" she said, angrily, to the trembling girl: "I see how it is! You are trying to catch my son—are you! But you will find yourself mistaken, if you think of marrying him, I can tell you!"

Dora went on with her work, nervously, making no answer.

"Frank is going away," continued the dame; "and then there will be an end to this flirting; and you will find he has only been amusing himself at your expense."

Dora's eyes flashed as she lifted them with a swift glance.

"Oh, you need not look so indignant! You are a fool indeed, if you ever thought Frank meant anything by his silly admiration of your face. He cannot afford to marry a beggar!"

"I am not a beggar, earning my own living," said the girl, meekly.

"Not far off from one! and base-born, at that!"

"You do not know that, I am sure!" was the more spirited answer.

"Look you," retorted the dame, sharply, "you may as well give up your ambitious designs on my son—at least till you have twenty pounds to call your own."

"And if I had twenty pounds," said the girl, timidly: "would you then forgive me, if I—liked him—or he liked me?"

The dame laughed long and scornfully.

"Impudent minx!" she exclaimed; "so you own that you have been looking out to entrap him? Well, you are as likely to have a hundred pounds as twenty, any time! and I may as well say I will give my consent when you can lay down twenty of your own. Till then, Miss, I expect you to keep out of his company. Now, come along and be about your work—serving supper for our guests."

Dora silently arose and followed her angry mistress to the dining-room, where supper was being served to a large party of villagers and farmers from the adjacent country.

Meanwhile the host was in conversation with Mr. Melton, who had been questioning him closely about one Silas Thorne, who had been living in or near Woodford many years ago.

"I cannot say even if he is alive," replied Clarke, the landlord. "I have not heard of him in a dozen years."

The stranger groaned.

"Did you know him?"

"I did not; I have only had this house ten years; I heard of him as a small landed proprietor, who had run through his property, and had been obliged to sell it. He had left this neighborhood before I came."

"Had he—any children when he went away?" queried Mr. Melton.

"None that I knew of," replied the host.

The stranger rose and paced the room in evident disquiet.

"Stop!" exclaimed Clarke. "I will tell you who knows all about him! He is an old resident here. There is Mark Tone."

"Where is he to be found?" asked Melton, pausing in his troubled walk.

"What a piece of good luck! He is here to-night!"

"Send him to me!" said the gentleman, seating himself.

The landlord hesitated.

"There is a festival celebrated here," he said, "and a couple of dozen men are at supper. Mark is one of them. You see it is All Halloween."

"Then, after supper let me see him."

"If you would not mind the trouble, sir, of seeing them at table, perhaps there are more who know something about Thorne. Or may-be you would rather send your man to question them?"

"It is a good idea," replied Melton, "I will thank you to take me into the dining-room as soon as they have taken supper."

"They are about done now, sir; at least with the meats. Shall we go?"

The stranger assented, and the host led the way to the dining-room.

The company seemed very merry over their supper. They were regaling themselves with the ale and home-made wine.

Melton took the seat to which the host led him.

"That is Mark Tone," whispered Clarke, pointing out a broad shouldered, ruddy-faced man about thirty-eight years old.

There was a hush on the guests, while one or two were speaking.

"I tell you, it's every word true," averred one of the company. "Farmer Dale told me he had seen the skeleton walk himself, at midnight on All Halloween."

"Stuff and nonsense!" exclaimed a hearty voice—that of Mark Tone himself. "The man was drunk or dreaming! I have often looked at the place as I passed, and noticed how the rains have washed away the ground till the bones of a man's hand are seen, as if thrust out of the sod. That is all."

"But there must be something in it," added another, in an awe-struck tone. "Why, else, are people so afraid of the place!"

The host explained to Mr. Melton that in one corner of the old cemetery, about half a mile distant, was the dilapidated stone enclosure of a tomb many years old, and half in ruins. The sod had been partly washed away, and part of a bony arm had protruded above ground. Such was the superstition of the common people of the village that many feared to pass the spot at night. The story ran that at midnight on certain holidays, the buried skeleton quitted the tomb, came out of the enclosure, and walked about the churchyard. Some deposed to having seen the ghastly figure on its march, but most of them had heard of it from others.

Mr. Melton became much interested in the discourse going on. At last he said laughingly:

"Why not test the truth of the legend this very night! It is All Halloween; let some one go directly to the spot, and see what is going on."

There was a general silence at this proposition. The hostess and several domestics, among them Dora, had meanwhile been busily occupied in carrying out the dishes, and bringing in glasses and clean plates, at this point two or three of them stopped to listen.

The strange gentleman repeated what he had said. None replied. Presently Mark Tone burst into a jovial laugh, rallying his fellow revellers on their cowardice.

"If I had my full strength," continued Mr. Melton, "I should take the adventure on myself. But I will give a reward—say twenty pounds to—to any one who will go to-night, and bring me word what he sees."

A murmur went round the table. Then a slight girlish figure came timidly forward, and after glancing round to see if the hostess had disappeared, Dora stood before the strange gentleman.

"I will go, sir," she said. Her face was pale, but resolute; she had repressed her trembling; her eyes were cast down; but she lifted them again when the stranger spoke.

"You!" he exclaimed, and all the guests murmured—"She cannot go!"

"I am not afraid, sir, indeed I am not," the girl persisted, with earnestness.

"Why do you want to go?" asked the stranger, looking at her with a strange interest.

"I—I—am in great want of twenty pounds, sir!"

Some of the guests laughed. Mark Tone muttered. "The minx wants some new finery to catch a gallant, mayhap. She is too high to take up with common folks!"

Mark had proposed to the girl, and had been rejected.

"May I go, sir?" pleaded the girl in soft

implored tones. "I know the way; I have often been there; I am not in the least afraid."

The gentleman smiling, drew a ring from his finger.

"You have more courage than any of them," he said, kindly. "I am willing you should go. Take this ring, and if you find the walking skeleton, put it upon his finger. By that we shall know you have really been there."

Dora took the ring, and glided swiftly from the room, anxious to escape before her mistress could intercept her. In her dark cloak and hood, hastily donned, she bent her steps swiftly toward the churchyard.

Mark Tone loudly expressed his anger at her ambition and greed of the reward. Others thought she would not hold out to the end of the adventure.

Then the strange gentleman expressed his desire to go on with the inquiries he had intended to make. Mark Tone was called apart from the circle, and questioned particularly.

Yes; he had seen Silas Thorne again and again; he did not know what had become of him after he had lost his property; but he had heard lately of his death. He had one or two children; but he was sure they were dead; for the present occupant of the farm had told him so.

"Dead!" repeated the gentleman, and a deep gloom settled on his face. He groaned, and leaned back in his chair. "All dead!" he moaned bitterly.

"There was an adopted child—a girl," Mark went on.

Melton started up as if electrified.

"What became of her?" cried he.

"I believe she is dead, too; but I am not sure!" returned Mark.

"No—she is not!" put in an elderly man among the guests. "She left Thorne's house, and went to live at Gilbert's over the hill—I have often seen her there."

"Where is she now?" The gentleman's voice faltered with emotion, and he grew pale as death.

"That is easily answered. She went away from Gilbert's because his rough son presumed on her helplessness, and insulted her. She was a beauty, you see, and well read—though only a girl of sixteen. She came into the village to seek a place, and found one at this very inn."

"Dora Lee!" several voices exclaimed, Mark's among the rest.

"That was not her name!" groaned the strange gentleman, in an agony. "It was Emily—Emily Varney."

Clarke, the host said: "Her name is Dora Emily—so she told me at the first; and Lee was the name she had borne since she left Thorne's to go out to service, though she owned it was not her own."

Melton had started to his feet in wild excitement.

"It is the same girl!" he gasped, catching his breath; then he staggered a step or two, awayed to and fro, and would have fallen had not his valet caught him in his arms.

"It is too much for him," said the attendant. "I will take him to his room."

But Melton shook off his grasp, and controlled himself by a powerful effort.

"Listen, all of you," he cried in husky tones. "You shall see what a brute, what a fool I have been! More than eighteen years ago—I was a poor young man—George Varney—the husband of a dear and lovely wife. She gave me a daughter, and then God called her to Himself. I was distracted with grief; I was eager to escape from it; and some friends urged me to go with them to Germany. My child was a puny, sickly babe. I had no idea she would live. I trusted her to the care of my friend, Silas Thorne. He promised her the best care, and he was then a man of fortune with a wife and young family. I was hardhearted enough to leave my child. I went abroad and joined the army, content with hearing once or twice in a year about my daughter. She was still a sickly little thing, not likely to live."

"Years passed; I left the army, and married the daughter of a rich man who insisted on my taking his name, and promised me his fortune if I would do so. I lived happily with Antoinette, my second wife; but we lost the children given to us. Her father died, and then she left me, a rich, saddened, disappointed man. Then I fell into ill health. It is only within a few months that I have been able to travel in search of the child I abandoned in her infancy, whom I left to struggle with misfortune alone! If she hates me now, if she refuses to acknowledge so unnatural a father, I am justly punished!"

Much excitement followed these words. The revellers had risen, and were crowded round the unhappy father.

At this juncture Frank Clarke rushed in, alarmed and excited.

"Gone to the churchyard—and alone!" he cried. "How dared you let her go alone?"

This was to his father. His mother stood by, fairly silenced for once.

Before any one could answer, Frank had snatched up his cap and hurried after Dora.

Meanwhile the girl had entered the churchyard alone. The moon shone brightly, and the shadows of the gravestones lay like black spots on a ground of silver. With the speed of a fawn she made her way towards the lonely corner of the cemetery, where the ruined enclosure was known to be.

The stone walls were black with age, and rough with incrustations. One side was covered with tangled ivy; the other was crumbling to decay. The door had fallen inwards, leaving a space wide enough for a slender person to creep in; the moonbeams fell on a tombstone; and a grave broken by the action of rains that had washed the earth away. The white bones of an arm were plainly seen, half covered with mould.

Resolute as she was, Dora trembled violently as she stood there, peering into the receptacle with its ghastly contents. Her face was white as marble; her teeth chattered as with an ague. She felt deathly faint; but the thought of Frank and of his mother's consent extorted by a compliance with her demand, gave her strength to go on.

She entered by the gap, stooped down, touched the bony hand, while a shudder ran through her whole frame, and slipped the ring on its finger. Then she started up, darted through the aperture, and strove to fly from the dreadful spot. But her strength suddenly failed, and she sank upon the ground insensible.

She was roused to consciousness by the striking of the bell from the tower. She counted twelve strokes; it was midnight. She sat up and looked around her. The flashes of moonlight and dark patches lay everywhere as before. But how it was with herself she could not tell. There seemed something weird in all about her. She felt a strange courage, a recklessness caused by her obscured senses.

She rose and looked around her, holding by the corner of one of the monuments, and turned her gaze towards the ruined enclosure. What was her amaze and horror to see the skeleton inmate standing *outside*, and to see it glide slowly towards her!

She did not feel alarmed as before. With fascinated eyes she watched the ghastly apparition. It stopped before one of the tombs near her, and for the first time she noticed a shrouded figure sitting there, the figure of a woman.

The skeleton lifted its head and pointed to the phantom seated; but it seemed still to be regarding Dora.

"Obtain from her my pardon!" said a hollow voice, addressing her, while the raised hand still indicated the shrouded figure.

Dora did not move.

"Ask her to forgive me," again sounded the voice. Then, as the girl moved not, a third time it spoke:

"Ask forgiveness, or be haunted by me."

Mechanically Dora moved towards the woman. "Forgive him!" she murmured. The phantom slowly shook its head.

"Forgive him!" again pleaded her low voice imploringly.

The apparition again rejected the prayer.

"Forgive him!" cried the girl, more earnestly, clasping her hands, "or thou canst not be forgiven!"

The prayer was granted. The woman rose, waved her hand assentingly, and stretched out one arm towards the skeleton.

The scene vanished from Dora's sight, and again she sank in a swoon.

She was found by Frank lying on the ground. Lifting her in his arms tenderly, he bore her homeward. It was like a heaven of rest when she opened her eyes to rest her head on his manly breast, but she did not speak. She only passed one slender arm round his neck and pressed it fondly.

When she was led into the dining-room of the inn, she found herself clasped in the arms of the strange gentleman. Her paleness brought to his view more strikingly her resemblance to his lost wife, and he no longer doubted that she was his own child.

Her artless story of her life confirmed his hopes. She remembered the name she bore to be Emily Varney. She had changed it when she went to service. She had a locket with her mother's hair and initials, which she had worn as an infant. This was recognized by Melton at once.

Openly claimed as the daughter of a rich gentleman, and assured that her birth was honorable, Dora found nothing wanting to her happiness. She presented Frank as her husband to her father, who shook his hand warmly, and said how much nobler he had proved himself than her unnatural parent. Melton confessed himself undeserving of so rich a treasure as such a daughter. But he promised to make amends to the young pair.

It may be imagined that the hostess was sincere in her congratulations. She had always, she said, seen something superior about Dora, and had loved her as a daughter.

The ring was found next day upon the protruding finger of the buried skeleton. As to what Dora had witnessed, her husband always thought it a vision born of her excited imagination. Just as she fell in the first swoon the impressions had been made on her senses; and we all know that a second may seem a long lapse of time under such circumstances. Dora herself was inclined to adopt this theory in accounting for what she fancied she had seen.

# THE INFLUENCE OF TRAVEL.

Kingsley, Henry

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## THE INFLUENCE OF TRAVEL.

BY HENRY KINGSLEY.

WE allow most entirely that the individual influence of travelled men is rapidly decreasing ; but we assert in the strongest manner that the new habit of continuous travel is exercising, on this nation at all events, a wonderful influence, which seems to us very good. In old times, a man

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who had been to the First Cataract was a lion in public and a bore in private life. Now a man might as well try to give himself airs from having been to Aberfeldy as from having been to Melbourne. Thirty years ago the Geographical Society would have listened patiently to a man who had gone up the Mississippi; now you require a pundit who has been over the Great Steppe to keep them interested. A man admits with something like a blush that he has never been to Rome, though he may have been to New York. A friend told us the other day, that when comparing notes with a traveller who had been where he had not, he always "shut him up" with Sedan; no one ever went there before the battle.

Our fathers had always a great idea of the grand tour, and they were most perfectly right. The old grand tour was done by the governing classes, mostly by men who were destined for Parliament; and even in the days when all continental nations were despotic, save one, this did our ruling classes a great deal of good. We are not aware of any despotic nations now in Europe, save those of Russia and Turkey; and so our young statesmen have more opportunities for comparing different degrees in freedom than their fathers had: in the last century we were the only free nation in Europe (and not so very free either) except the Swiss; now free or partly free institutions are the rule everywhere, and we can watch their working by a fortnight's journey. Surely, if any nation could get good experience of the working of the institutions of other countries, that nation should be the British, who travel more than any others. Let us hope that this nation will have the wisdom to profit by these experiences.

If a man without any particular prejudices will take the trouble to travel now, he may see an enormous deal for three hundred pounds, and reflect thereon for the rest of his life; but then a traveller must get the habit of political thought before he starts, or he may as well go to the top of the Duke of York's monument and survey London. Englishmen more than Scotchmen have, for instance, the absurd idea that when they have crossed the nineteen miles from Dover to Calais, they are in a country as remote from them as China; one of the influences of travel is to dissipate this idea. Certainly, the English do not as a general rule speak French, and it is an uncommonly rare thing to find a Frenchman who can speak English or German for social purposes, although, if it is worth their while, the French will so far yield to the Teutonic nations as to speak their languages. Yet the wants of the lower classes in the two countries are much the same, and the wonderful International Society has found that out, and is perfectly aware that it has a terribly large trump in its hand. A travelled man has infinitely more chance of giving an honest opinion on this great and very strange fact of the International Society, than one who has only read the newspapers; the majority of men now, who want to find out the simple truth about matters, must be travellers who know foreign languages, and who must be connected with no newspaper. Our newspapers are the most liberal and outspoken in Europe; but a man who is connected with a newspaper is not exactly free, deny it who can. Any ordinary traveller, however, can have his opinions inserted in any decent newspaper in the form of a letter; therefore we urge that some of our most valuable contributors to our newspapers are the great unpaid, who are not bound down to give us either the obverse or the reverse of the medal.

There is nothing for a traveller so good as *viva-voce* conversations with foreigners; not with a foreigner, but with many intelligent foreigners, as many as possible. Our countrymen are nearly as bad as the French in this respect; they will only get introductions to men of their own modes of thought, and not to their opponents. Suppose that a regular "Knickerbocker" New York gentleman were to come to England, and associate entirely with old Whigs and Conservatives, his opinion would not be of any extraordinary value with regard to the state of parties in England. Suppose, again, that an extreme American radical should come to England, and associate solely with English extremists, would his opinion of the temper of the country

or the balance of power be one white better? We suppose here the case that the representatives of the two nations speak the same language. What must it be in the case where the traveller, like nine Frenchmen out of ten, can speak no language but his own? Look at the French deputations to Ireland the other day, and how they were sent away with a most dangerously false idea about the position of affairs; travelled men would have been much more cautious than those extremely puzzled gentlemen. A foreign traveller should have no foreign politics, but should most carefully understand three languages before he can express an opinion on the balance of parties abroad.

It may be said that no foreigner can understand the politics of a foreign country, but this is quite an error. Some of the shrewdest judges of the state of parties in England are quiet, not political, Americans. The Americans are not so very far wiser than other people; but their travellers come very much of a class without any strong prejudices, and they mostly speak both English and French; consequently it is very hard to find a man who understands European politics better than a highly educated American. European politics are a mere game of chess to them, at which they are on-lookers, and consequently they are the best umpires. *O, sisic omnes!* We this last year have been holding high words between ourselves about the Germans and the French. Some of us had been most in Germany, and some of us more in France. Those who had been at school with Fritz at Bonn were German; those who had been to school with Alphonse at Dieppe were French. As for argument, there was none among the main of us. The artistic and half Roman-catholic Bavarians who burnt Bazeilles were denounced fiercely by the French party among us as the Protestant hordes of Prussia; while the almost entirely ignorant and brutish peasants of France were described as perishing in defence of the most highly civilized country in the world—France. On the other hand, that small part of the great untravelled, who hung by Germany, overstated their case quite as badly. Surely, a little more travel, and a little more knowledge of language, would enable our countrymen to see that neither Frenchmen nor Germans were cowards or ruffians. A travelled American could judge of the question quite well; while we were blinded with political passion. He would never have called the highly-educated army of Germany, the most truculent of which were the men of Munich, the fellow-citizens of Kaulbach and Piloty, a horde of ignorant barbarians; nor could he, on the other hand, have called the French cowards. One incident of French heroism is too beautiful to be lost. Outside Paris a regiment of German cavalry was opposed to a regiment of French cavalry of splendid appearance, with scarlet breeches and kepis, and long snow-white cloaks. With a "Hoch!" the dark-blue, travel-stained Germans went at them: the pretty French regiment was scattered to the winds at once, and then the Germans heard from their prisoners what regiment this was. It consisted of shopboys and counter-jumpers, who had been dressed up like that and put on horses which they could not ride, and after a fortnight's drill told to fight. They had done their best, and this nation which bred them are no cowards. We happen to consider these boys in white cloaks and red breeches quite as great heroes as the splendid fellows who rode them down. We have no shrieks over the matter, simply because we happen to know both Max and Louis very well, and we have associated with them, and learned to love them both very dearly. We had to attend on Max and Louis last summer, after they had fallen out, when they were both in bed side by side with their heads broken. We asked the German doctor what proportion of French there were in the barn; and he said that he could not tell us, he only spoke to them individually in either language. "But the sister will know," he said with beaming eyes. And the sister told us that she did not know; for these men were the worst cases out of the trenches, and they had been hurried up only yesterday; for Bazaine was expected on us every hour, and their uniforms were left behind. "Some are German and some French; but, Herr, I cannot tell you exactly as to numbers."

One thing is certain, that all my pretty men must die if Bazaine makes another dash at us; so whether they are German or French, it does not matter. His outposts are only two miles off, and I shall lose them all if he beats us past here." Now here, I claim, was a travelled woman. She was a German, and by her dress I believe a Protestant; but the men were all alike to her in their common misfortune. She had only travelled into that land of ghastly horrors called Lorraine; but she had learned something, — that the nationality or the religion of a naked and ruined man mattered nothing in the sight of the God she worshipped.

We wish to illustrate now, you see, the fact that travel, in its most hideous and horrible form, that of war, does some tenth part of good in proportion to its unutterable evils. For my own part, I cannot find words sufficient to overrate my detestation of war, unless some great principle is to be gained by war. Looking at it in that light, some will say that no principle was gained by the late war; but let that pass. War has this fifty-millionth part of good in it, that, if it is decently conducted, it throws men in a domestic manner against people of whom they previously knew nothing. This last war has caused the Germans to travel into France to the amount of about seven hundred thousand men. This generation of Germans has never been there before. The affair went for the Germans, and the sons of the men of Jena found themselves conquerors of France. It was necessary that they should stay there among a violently irritated population — the most easily irritated population in the world, as some say. What do they find? That, on the whole, the French have behaved very well, and that the only reason why the French have not fraternized with them, arises from a sense of national dignity, for which the Germans never gave them credit before. They are "Blitz Franzosen" no longer. What do the French gain by this occupation, if their newspapers will let them gain any thing? They gain that they must have a settled and strong government of some sort, — most likely republican in the real sense, — and that a nation hardly their equal in point of numbers can conquer them (for it is little less) by self-sacrifice and organization. Then they find, or we hope they find, that the German, with his superior education, his family, and his religion of obedience to death to his *sacramentum militare*, makes a better soldier than the Frenchman, with all his wild dash and valor. The French people also will (or may) learn in time that the majority of their newspapers misled them in the most gross and shameless way, as we can testify by constant perusal of them, as to the Germans. If this raid of the Germans into France can teach the French to insist on proper education, other than that of the Christian Brothers and priests, it will have done some good. Our hopes are not strong on this point; the average Frenchman is too hopelessly besotted. But, at all events, the journey of the Germans into France will leave some good behind it. It is impossible, or it would be impossible with any man but a Frenchman, that an occupation of Teutons of one year's length should leave no fruit behind it save that of hate. Surely there are some Frenchmen who can see that if things go on as they did last year, France will become as great a nuisance as Mexico. But some Frenchmen will neither travel nor learn, and in that fact lies a terrible and always existing danger for Europe.

A man may be no Internationalist. He may think that each nation should, if possible, wash their dirty linen at home. He may think that the masters have, as a general rule, the best notion of what they can afford to pay; and, in fact, he may think that the masters are generally in the right in most cases, and the workmen are often the screws, and not the masters. He may think that this, however, is a matter which is capable of infinite discussion, and there is no doubt that a great battle between labor and capital is imminent, in which labor, *with good generals*, will win quite as much as it ought to win; that if they win more, they are ruined. He may say that the masters have made a most foolish mistake at the very beginning, and have played straight into the hands of the International Society, by inviting foreign workmen over here. It is a Saarbrück for

them; let them mind that it is not a Sedan: they have sent away five or six hundred propagandists from the English trades-unions — that is all they have done by their move; and as sure as there are apples in Devonshire, they will reap what they have sown sooner or later. These men have been sent back with money in their pockets, to tell the countries from which they came that the trades-unions are all-powerful. The masters, says our imaginary friend, in reality made the first practical move in Internationalism. Had they taken the trouble to travel more among the working-classes abroad, it is possible they would not have made it.

While thinking of these above sentiments of my friend, I came back to Max and Louis, and to the eternal hatred between the Latins and the Teutons, a thing which I do not believe will last forever if travelling goes on. Max was brought from Pomerania to fight in the cause of a united Germany, which he did most nobly on the great day of St. Privat; on the other hand, Louis was brought from Brittany and Alphonse from Languedoc, to fight for a general thing called France; they, too, fought well, and all three were wounded and housed in the château at Briey, where I first saw them. The Germans had taken all the tobacco; but when I heard that there were three convalescents at the château, I took my private stock there. There were two French and one German among the vines. Max, the German, the only educated one of the three, was lying with his head in Louis the French lad's lap, and Louis was feeding him with grapes while he translated the *Kölnische Zeitung* into French. Will those two boys ever fight against one another again? I say no; they are *frères*. It will come some day — not yet — when it would be dangerous for any king who depends on his throne for the principle of nationality to let his people see much of other peoples; but this power is passing out of the hands of all princes, presidents, and parliaments. The time will come when Louis and Max will fight together for a cause, and not for a name. Max fought for a cause, and has travelled and learned: if Emperor William thinks that Max is the same man he was before he went to France on his errand, then Emperor William will find himself very much mistaken. It is possible, looking at all things as well as one can without farther facts, that this last expedition of Germany to France will have an "influence of travel" (dare we say the word?) not quite contemplated by the great Bismarck himself. Max has lain wounded for months among the sons of the great French Revolution.

But let us get on to far pleasanter matters. Look at the wonderfully genial influence which recent travel has bred between the peoples of England and of America. Eleven years ago the Civil War in America began, and the feeling at first was most favorable to the Northern States. Then, in consequence possibly of the action of Capt. Wilkes, possibly of the sudden loss of cotton, possibly of the very ill-advised speeches of Mr. Cassius M. Clay, the feeling turned against the North, until in 1860-61 it was hard to find a man in society who was not more or less a Southern sympathizer. One band of men, however, were generally sympathizers with the North, and those were the men who had travelled in America. At one time there were only three journals of great note who were on the Northern side, the *Star*, the *Daily News*, and the *Spectator* — we can remember no others. Since then the journey to America has become popular, nay fashionable; and look at the change of tone which has been produced by it. Year by year the two nations have been drawing closer and closer to one another. The Americans are proud of us, they always were; but now we are growing proud of them. Some people tell us that in one hundred years our coal will be exhausted, and that we shall be an agricultural people of about twenty-five millions. Let it be so, if God wills it, but we shall still look on America with her 100,000 millions with pride. A knowledge of them, gained by intercommunication, has removed all jealousy; and if they are to be more powerful than ourselves, we have the satisfaction of knowing that they are carrying freedom and civilization wherever they go. Every

traveller who goes to America brings back a new message of peace. Eleven years ago it was all anger between us, and had it not been for a few cool and wise heads on both sides of the Atlantic we might have been at war. Eleven years ago they would have thrown our money in our teeth, even if we had offered it. What do we see now? One of their most beautiful cities and one of their fairest provinces have been ruined by a visitation of God: instantly every Englishman, Scotchman, and Irishman worthy of the name, dashes to their assistance; they receive our aid without the smallest *arrière-pensée*, and thank us in terms which we, at all events, shall never forget, paying us ten times over in sheer good-will. The amount we are sending to Chicago and Michigan is very small; it is not half enough at present; but the two nations know one another now so well, that the will is taken for the deed, and they thank us in terms which warm the heart of every true man among us. Why is this? Because we have got to understand one another by circulating in one another's countries, and by finding out that we both want the same thing,—peace, freedom, and sound government. Newspapers, with all their enormous value, are sad mischief-makers sometimes. Nations will never get to know one another through their newspapers: a hundred things prevent any newspaper from giving the public opinion of more than a certain section of the community. Take, for example, the *Spectator*, which, with all ability and valor, stood up, as far as we remember, alone among the weekly press for the North in the American war. Did the *Spectator* represent the public opinion of Great Britain? Most certainly not. We may more or less allow that they were right now, but their position was very unpopular then. Newspapers cannot be taken, as a rule, to express the public opinion of any nation; for example, are the present Nationalist newspapers in Ireland a true representation of the feeling of the people? We most profoundly think not. Now, Irish and American newspapers are written in English, and very soon copied into our own. So we get the result, that any idle word or taunt has double its force to us. What is the simple remedy for this? Let the intelligent citizens circulate more among one another and speak by word of mouth: this is only to be gained by circulation, or, in other words, by travel; and this leads us to the very sad reflection, that for ten of my acquaintances who know France, but one in ten knows Ireland.

What a result of travel would be here, if Englishmen could be induced to go to Ireland as they do to Scotland! But they do not, and will not. Scotland every year is like another England. Englishmen, in extremely bad taste we think, absolutely adopt the so-called Highland dress, and go about with bare legs. (By the bye, Mr. Hill Burton, who should be an authority, says that this dress is only an invention of the last century.) Scotland and Scottishism is a kind of craze with some Englishmen; and the money which is poured into Scotland in consequence of this craze takes half the winter to count. The Scotch take the money and give the money's worth for it; while their members act as a solid Whig brigade, free and generous enough to any ministry on imperial questions, but absolutely inexorable on Scotch questions. They have got "Home Rule" with a vengeance, and without a thought of separation. Why? Because they are always meeting the English both in Scotland and in England; because the two nations entirely understand one another from talking together. There is some grumbling in Scotland just now,—for example, about game and hypochlorite,—and the Scotch have been saying that they have been neglected for the Irish, with much justice; but the Scotch interchange words with the English habitually, and so the Englishman knows that, although the Scotchman will wait, he will not wait forever, and that if the Scotch get sulky, their behests must be done. The Scotch brigade might not have waited quite so long for a few things, had it not been that the two nations see one another continually. But who ever goes to Ireland? What an immense deal there might be done did English people travel more in Ireland! For some reason, Ireland remains almost as little known as America. We honestly

confess that we find a great difficulty in accounting for this fact. The greater part of Ireland is romantically beautiful, the people are amusing, kindly to strangers, and hospitable. The innumerable agrarian outrages of which we read have no more to do with the safety of strangers, than the dangers of a number of Greek banditti. Ireland is exceptionally free from crime, save of agrarian crime. The Fenians are not in the least degree likely to meddle with a stranger. There must be something of fashion in this neglect of the beauties of Ireland. We wish that some great personage would set a new fashion. The last royal visit to Dublin was a perfect success; the mishap in the Phoenix Park had little or nothing to do with it.

It is a great pity again, in many ways, that the intelligent French do not travel more and learn other languages than their own. The result of their almost universal stay-at-home policy is that they, with the best intentions, enormously overrate their moral influence in Europe. Take, as one example, the manifesto of Victor Hugo in his new paper, the *Rappel*. In it is shown an almost entire ignorance of European politics. The questions which are torturing the *ouvrier* classes of Europe are, fair wages, fair hours, free land, free speech, and the avoidance of war. M. Hugo starts by saying that France is the pillar of the universe, and goes away into generalities which must make his best friends smile, and the gist of which is that they must have one revolution more. Dear old Garibaldi is rather a hasty and unthinking man about politics, but he has seen many men and many lands intimately; consequently, his manifesto, though remarkably vague, reads like common-sense beside the Frenchman's. The Americans and the British are the greatest travellers, and, whether by accident, or in consequence of travelling, are the only two great nations at this moment free; for France is certainly not so, though we hope for the best. The Swiss, the only pure republic in Europe, is composed of men notoriously cosmopolitan for ages.

Look at the enormous injury which Chauvinism has done France—an injury which a generation will not repair. Now, what is Chauvinism of the worst kind, save want of travel? The English, as a rule, have seen and know a great deal of France, and have consequently got over the strange old Chauvinism which began at the Revolution, and scarcely ended until the Crimean war—this belief in the immeasurable superiority of the English in all things. We know now exactly where we are superior to the French, and where the French are superior to us; but the average Frenchman does not know, because he will not come and see us. He has imbibed certain notions about us, and to them he clings through every thing. The Englishman of the French stage is much the same as he was thirty years ago; and so is the Englishman of the *Petit Journal pour Rire* of the last few months a ridiculous-looking lunatic. We at one time had in our caricatures a most remarkable being, whom we called a Yankee, with short trowsers and large Wellington boots. We have, since we have known the Americans better, entirely given up this wonderful American, and have discovered that the American gentleman is as well dressed, as well spoken, and as well educated as any of us; but the old French Englishman is as rampant as ever.

I have written down above some of the slighter social and political results of travel; let me, before concluding, look farther afield, and take a larger view.

One of the greatest highways in the world was sealed to us twenty years ago. The Nile, which casts a vast volume of fresh water into the Mediterranean, in Egypt was totally unknown to us beyond Abyssinia; in fact, it was generally supposed that the little Blue Nile was the real river, until Grant and Speke announced the discovery of the great system of lakes in the centre of Africa, with a nearly fair water-way leading to a vast and rich district, capable of producing most things. This system of lakes was farther developed by Baker, who discovered one of the largest bodies of fresh water in the world, surrounded by mountains which in all probability give every climate,—for Mount Mfumbizo is clothed in snow nearly under the equator.



tor. Here is a discovery which may make Alexandria double the place it is now. Baker is up there with the power and wealth of the Khedive at his back, getting his steamers on the great lake, and surveying. The country can scarcely be more unhealthy than India: for Sir Samuel and Lady Baker went through a course of hardship and starvation there which would have killed them in most countries in the world. If this region can be made to produce any thing, and it swarms with the most gigantic forms of animal life, a few hundred thousand pounds will be enough to make locks on each cataract, and the road into the centre of Africa is free from the Mediterranean.

We are waiting breathless to hear what Baker is doing, and whether he will find Livingstone. Alas, if he does, the kindly soul which waited so long and so patiently for the return of his friend has passed from among us, and if Livingstone is ever welcomed at the Geographical Society, Murchison will not be there to meet him. This expedition of Baker's will, we believe, have a result of travel which is at present incalculable. The influence which it will have on the slave-trade, and on Eastern manners and African civilization, is equally beyond guessing.

The results, again, of the Pacific Railway are utterly beyond human calculation, but are beginning to show themselves already, notably in the suppression of the Mormons, a most objectionable body, who were, to my own certain knowledge, doing immense injury to idle young Americans. That place was to some, and I have heard it from their own lips, very much like the establishment of the Old Man of the Mountain, of which we may read in Marco Polo. Now that the railway has come within thirty miles of it, the nuisance has become too patent, and the United States have said inexorably that monogamy is to be the rule of their great future empire. The Mormons thought that they had got entirely beyond human reach. But no: travelling pioneers came and reported that a railway was possible: it was made, and the Mormons have no place on earth to fly to: the irrepressible American is upon them, and they must submit or go. It is the same way in India; now intersected by railways, the irrepressible Briton is there, destroying old prejudices, introducing new ideas. East, west, south, and north, the travelling nations are civilizing; while the untravelling ones, equally able, equally brave, seem to spend the most of their time in cutting one another's throats.

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ly, without waking him. After that fond lingering kiss upon the little one's smooth cheek, he sat for some minutes in silence, looking at his wife.

It was only her profile he could see; but he saw that she was looking ill, worse than she had looked when they parted at Ventnor. The sight of the pale face, with a troubled look about the mouth, touched him keenly. Just in that moment he forgot that there was such a being as George Fairfax upon this earth; forgot the sin that his wife had sinned against him; longed to clasp her to his breast; was only deterred by a kind of awkward shyness—to which such strong men as he are sometimes liable—from so doing.

"I am sorry to see that you are not looking very well," he said at last, with supreme stiffness, and with that peculiarly unconciliating air which an Englishman is apt to put on when he is languishing to hold out the olive-branch.

"I have not been very well; but I dare say I shall soon be better, now we are going to travel."

"Going to travel?"

"Yes, papa has made up his mind to move at last. We go to Cologne to-morrow. I thought they would have told you that at the house."

"No, I only waited to ask where you—where the boy was to be found. I did not even stop to see your father."

After this there came a dead silence—a silence that lasted for about five minutes, during which they heard the faint rustle of the pine branches stirred ever so lightly by the evening wind. The boy slept on, unconscious and serene, the mother watching him, and Daniel Granger contemplating both from under the shadow of his eyebrows.

The silence grew almost oppressive at last, and Mr. Granger was the first to break it.

"You do not ask me for any news of Arden," he said.

Clarissa blushed, and glanced at him with a little wounded look. It was hard to be reminded of the paradise from which she had been exiled.

"I—I beg your pardon. I hope every thing is going on as you wish—the home farm, and all that kind of thing. Miss Granger—Sophia, is well, I hope?"

"Sophia is quite well, I believe. I have not seen her since I left Ventnor."

"She has been away from Arden, then?"

"No; it is I who have not been there. Indeed, I doubt if I shall ever go there again—without you, Clarissa. The place is hateful to me."

Again and again, with infinite iteration, Daniel Granger had told himself that reconciliation with his wife was impossible. Throughout his journey by road and rail—and above all things is a long journey conducive to profound meditation—he had been firmly resolved to see his boy, and then go on his way at once, with neither delay nor wavering. But the sight of that pale, pensive face to-night had well-nigh unmanned him. Was this the girl whose brightness and beauty had been the delight of his life? Alas! poor child, what sorrow his foolish love had brought upon her! He began all at once to pity her, to think of her as a sacrifice to her father's selfishness, his own obstinacy.

"I ought to have taken my answer that day at the Court when I first told her my secret," he said to himself. "That look of pained surprise which came into her face when I spoke might surely have been enough for me. Yet I persisted, and was not man enough to face the question boldly—whether she had any heart to give me."

Clarissa rose, with the child still in her arms.

"I am afraid the dew is beginning to fall," she said, "I had better take Lovel home."

"Let me carry him," exclaimed Mr. Granger; and in the next moment the boy was in his father's strong arms, the flaxen head nestling in the paternal waistcoat.

"And so you are going to begin your travels to-morrow morning," he said, as they walked slowly homeward side by side.

"Yes, the train leaves at seven. But you would like to see more of Lovel, perhaps, having come so far to see him. We can defer our journey for a day or two."

"You are very good. Yes, I should like you to do that."

"And with regard to what you were saying just now," Clarissa said, in a low voice, that was not quite steady, "I trust you will not let the memory of any pain I may have given you influence your future life, or disgust you with a place to which you were so much attached as I know you were to Arden. Pray put me out of your thoughts. I am not worthy to be regretted by you. Our marriage was a mistake on your part—a sin upon mine. I know now that it was so."

"A mistake—a sin! Oh, Clary, Clary, I could have been so happy, if you had only loved me a little—if you had only been true to me!"

"I never was deliberately false to you. I was very wicked; yes, I acknowledge that. I did trifle with temptation. I ought to have avoided the remotest chance of any meeting with George Fairfax. I ought to have told you the truth, told you all my weakness; but—but I had not the courage to do that. I went to the Rue du Chevalier Bayard to see my brother."

"Was that honest, Clarissa, to allow me to be introduced to your brother as a stranger?"

"That was Austin's wish, not mine. He would not let me tell you who he was; and I was so glad for you to be kind to him, poor fellow! so glad to be able to see him almost daily; and when the picture was finished, and Austin had no excuse for coming to us any more, I went to see him very often, and sometimes met Mr. Fairfax in his painting-room; but I never went with any deliberate intention of meeting him."

"No," interjected Mr. Granger, bitterly; "you only went, knowing that he was likely to be there."

"And upon that unhappy day when you found me there," Clarissa went on, "I had gone to see my brother, having no idea that he had left Paris. I wanted to come away at once; but Mr. Fairfax detained me. I was very angry with him."

"Yes, it appeared so, when he was asking you to run away with him. It is a hard thing for a man to believe in his wife's honor, when things have come to such a pass as that, Clarissa."

"I have told you the truth," she answered, gravely; "I can not say any more."

"And the locket—the locket I gave you, which I found on that man's breast?"

"I gave that locket to my sister-in-law, Bessie Lovel. I wished to give her something, poor soul, and I had given Austin all my money. I had so many gifts of yours, Daniel!"—that sudden sound of his Christian name sent a thrill through Mr. Granger's veins—"parting with one of them seemed not to matter very much."

There was a pause. They were very near the villa by this time. Mr. Granger felt as if he might never have an

opportunity for speaking to his wife again, if he lost his chance now.

"Clarissa," he said, earnestly, "If I could forget all that happened in Paris, and put it out of my mind as if it had never been, could you forget it too?"

"With all my heart," she answered.

"Then, my darling, we will begin the world again—we will begin life over again, Clarissa!"

So they went home together reconciled. And Mr. Lovel, looking up from *Alme Martin's* edition of *Moliere*, saw that what he had anticipated had come to pass. His policy had proved as successful as it had been judicious. In less than three months Daniel Granger had surrendered. This was what came of Mr. Granger's flying visit to his boy.

CHAPTER XLIX.—HOW SUCH THINGS END.

After that reconciliation, which brought a wonderful relief and comfort to Clarissa's mind—and who shall say how profoundly happy it made her husband?—Mr. and Mrs. Granger spent nearly a year in foreign travel. For his own part, Daniel Granger would have been glad to go back to Arden, now that the dreary burden was lifted off his mind, and his broken life pieced together again; but he did not want county society to see his wife till the bloom and brightness had come back to her face, nor to penetrate the mystery of their brief severance. To remain away for some considerable time was the surest way of letting the scandal, if any had ever arisen, die out.

He wrote to his daughter, telling her briefly that he and his wife had arranged all their little differences—little differences! Sophia gave a shrill scream of indignation as she went over this sentence in her father's letter, scarcely able to believe her eyes at first—and they were going through Germany together, with the intention of wintering at Rome. As Clarissa was still somewhat of an invalid, it would be best for them to be alone, he thought; but he was ready to further any plans for his daughter's happiness during his absence.

Miss Granger replied, curtly, that she was tolerably happy at Arden, with her "duties," and that she had no desire to go roaming about the world in quest of that contented mind which idle and frivolous persons rarely found, go where they might. She congratulated her father upon the termination of a quarrel which she had supposed too serious to be healed so easily, and trusted that he would never have occasion to regret his clemency. Mr. Granger crushed the letter in his hand, and threw it over the side of the Rhine steamer, on which he had opened his budget of English correspondence, on that particular morning.

They had a very pleasant time of it in Germany, moving in a leisurely way from town to town, seeing everything thoroughly, without hurry or restlessness. Young Lovel threw up his arms; the new nurse adored him; and faithful Jane Target was as happy as the day was long, amidst all the foreign wonders that surrounded her pathway. Daniel Granger was contented and hopeful; happy in the contemplation of his wife's fair young face, which brightened daily; in the society of his Loy, who, with increased intelligence, developed an ever-increasing appreciation of his father—the strong arms, that tossed him aloft, and caught him so skillfully; the sonorous voice, that rang so cheerily upon his ear; the capricious pockets, in which there was wont to lurk some toy for his delectation.

Toward the middle of November they took up their winter-quarters in Rome—not the November of fogs and drizzle, known to the denizens of London, but serene skies and balmy air, golden sunsets, and late-lingering flowers, that seemed loath to fade and vanish from a scene so beautiful. Clarissa loved this city of cities, and felt a thrill of delight at returning to it. She drove about with her two-year-old son, showing him the wonders and glories of the place as fondly as if its classic associations had been within the compass of his budding mind. She went on with her art-studies with renewed vigor, as if there had been a *Raffaello fever* in the very air of the place, and made plans for copying half the pictures in the Vatican. There was plenty of agreeable society in the city, English and foreign, and Clarissa found herself almost as much in request as she had been in Paris. There were art-circles, in which she was happiest, and where Daniel Granger held his own very fairly as a critic and connoisseur. And thus the first two winter months slipped away very pleasantly, till they came to January, in which month they were to return to Arden.

They were to return there to assist at a great event—an event the contemplation whereof was a source of unmitigated satisfaction to Mr. Granger, and which was more than pleasing to Clarissa. Miss Granger was going to be married, blessed with her papa's consent and approval, of course, and in a manner becoming a damsel whose first consideration was duty. After refusing several very fair offers during the progress of her girlhood, she had at last suffered herself to be subjugated by the constancy and devotion of Mr. Tillott, the curate of New Arden.

It was not in any sense a good match. Mr. Tillott's professional income was seventy-five pounds a year; his sole private means an allowance of fifty from his brother, who, Mr. Tillott admitted, with a blush, was in trade. He was neither handsome nor accomplished. The most his best friends could say of him was, that he was "a very worthy young man." He was not an orator—he had an atrocious delivery, and rarely got through the briefest epistle, or collected even, without blundering over a preposition. His demeanor in pulpit and reading-desk was that of a prisoner at the bar, without hope of acquittal; and yet he had won Miss Granger—that prize in the matrimonial market which many a stout Yorkshireman had been eager to win.

He had flattered her, with a slavish idolatry he had followed her footsteps and ministered to her caprices, admiring, applauding, and imitating all her works and ways, holding her up forever as the pattern and perfection of womankind. Five times had Miss Granger rejected him, on some occasions with contumely even, letting him know that there was a very wide gulf between their social positions, and that although she might be spiritually his sister, she stood, in a worldly sense, on a very remote platform from that which it was his mission to occupy. Mr. Tillott swallowed every humiliation with a lowly spirit, that had in it some leaven of calculation, and bore up against every repulse; until at last the fair Sophia, angry with her father, persistently opposed to her stepmother, and out of sorts with the world in general, consented to accept the homage of this persevering suitor. He, at least, was true to her—he, at least, believed in her perfection. The stout country squire, who could have given her houses and lands, had never stooped to flatter her foibles, had shown themselves heartlessly indifferent to her dragging of the model villagers; had even hinted their pity for the villagers under that martial rule. Tillott alone could

THE LOVELS OF ARDEN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET," ETC.  
(From *Belgravia*)

CHAPTER XLVIII.—Continued

It was between seven and eight o'clock, on a bright June evening—a flush of rosy light behind the wooded hills—and Clarissa was sitting on some felled timber, with her boy asleep in her arms. He had dropped off to sleep in the midst of his play, and she had lingered, unwilling to disturb him. If he went on sleeping, she would be able to carry him home presently, and put him to bed without awaking him. The villa was not a quarter of a mile away.

She was quite alone with her darling, the nurse being engaged in the grand business of packing. They were all to start the next morning after a very early breakfast. She was looking down at the young sleeper, singing to him softly—a commonplace picture, perhaps, but of a very fair one—a *Madonna aux champs*.

So thought Daniel Granger, who had arrived at Spa half an hour ago, made his inquiries at the villa, and wandered into the wood in quest of his only son. The mother's face, with its soft smile of ineffable love, lips half parted, breathing that fragment of a tender song, reminded him of a picture by *Raffaello*. She was nothing to him now, but he could not but the less appreciate her beauty, spiritualized by sorrow, and radiant with the glory of the evening sunlight.

He came toward the little group silently, his footfall making no sound upon the moss-grown earth. He did not approach quite near, however, in silence, afraid of startling her, but stopped a little way off, and said, gently,

"They told me I should likely find you somewhere about here with Lovel."

His wife gave a little cry, and looked up aghast.

"Have you come to take him away from me?" she asked, thinking that her dreams had been prophetic.

"No, no, I am not going to do that; though you told me he was to be at my disposal, remember, and I mean to claim him sometimes. I can't allow him to grow up a stranger to me—God bless him, how well he is looking!—Pray don't look so frightened," he went on, in an assuring voice, alarmed by the dead whiteness of Clarissa's face; "I have only come to see my boy before—The fact is, I have some thoughts of traveling for a year or two. There is a rage for going to Africa nowadays, and I am not without interest in that sort of thing."

Clarissa looked at him wonderingly. This sudden passion for foreign wanderings seemed to her very strange in him. She had been accustomed to suppose his mind entirely absorbed by new systems of irrigation, and model-village building, and the extension of his estate. His very dreams, she had fancied, were of the hedge-rows that bounded his lands—boundaries that vanished day by day, as the lands widened, with now a whole farm added, and now a single field. Could he leave Arden, and the kingdom that he had created for himself, to roam in sandy deserts, and hob-and-nob with Kaffir chiefs under the tropic stars?

Mr. Granger seated himself upon the timber by his wife's side, and bent down to look at his son, and to kiss him gen-

empathize with her, trudging patiently from cottage to cottage in bleak Christmas weather, carrying parcels of that uncomfortable clothing with which Miss Granger delighted to supply her pensioners.

Nor was the position which this marriage would give her, humble as it might appear, altogether without its charm. As Mr. Tillott's wife, she would be a very great lady among small people; and Mr. Tillott himself would be invested with a reflected glory from having married an heiress. The curate stage would, of course, soon be past. The living of Arden was in Mr. Granger's gift; and no doubt the present rector could be bought out somehow, after a year or so, and Mr. Tillott installed in his place. So, after due deliberation, and after the meek Tillott had been subjected to a trial of his faith which might have shaken the strongest, but which left him firm as a rock, Miss Granger surrendered, and acknowledged that she thought her sphere of usefulness would be enlarged by her union with Thomas Tillott.

"It is not my own feelings which I consider," remarked the maiden, in a tone which was scarcely flattering to her lover; "I have always held duty above those. I believe that New Arden is my proper field, and that it is a Providence that leads me to accept a tie which binds me more closely to the place. I could never have remained in this house after Mrs. Granger's return."

Upon this, the enraptured Tillott wrote a humble and explanatory letter to Mr. Granger, stating the blessing which had descended upon him in the shape of Sophia's esteem, and entreating that gentleman's approval of his suit.

It came by return of post, in a few hearty words.

"My dear Tillott,—Yes; with all my heart! I have always thought you a good fellow; and I hope and believe you will make my daughter a good husband. Mrs. Granger and I will be home in three weeks, in time to make all arrangements for the wedding. Yours, etc.,

"DANIEL GRANGER."

"Ah," said Miss Granger, when this epistle was shown her by her triumphant swain, "I expected as much. I have never been any thing to papa since his marriage, and he is glad to get rid of me."

The Roman season was at its height, when there arose a good deal of talk about a lady who did not belong to that world in which Mrs. Granger lived, but who yet excited considerable curiosity and interest therein.

She was a Spanish dancer, known as Donna Rita, and had been creating a *furor* in St. Petersburg, Paris, Vienna, all over the civilized world, in fact, except in London, where she was announced as likely to appear during the approaching season. She had taken the world by storm by her beauty, which was exceptional, and by her dancing, which made up in *chic* for any thing it may have lacked in genius. She was not a Taglioni; she was only a splendid dark-haired woman, with eyes that reminded one of Cleopatra, a figure that was simply perfection, the free grace of some wild creature of the forest, and the art of selecting rare and startling combinations of color and fabric for her dress.

She had hired a villa, and sent a small army of servants on before her to take possession of it—men and women of divers nations, who contrived to make their mistress notorious by their vagaries before she arrived to astonish the city by her own eccentricities. One day brought two pair of carriage horses, and a pair of Arabs for riding; the next, a train of carriages; a week after came the lady herself; and all Rome—English and American Rome most especially—was eager to see her. There was an Englishman in her train, people said. Of course, there was always some one—*elle mange cinq comme ca tous les ans*, remarked a Frenchman.

Clarissa had no curiosity about this person. The idle talk went by her like the wind, and made no impression; but one sunny afternoon, when she was driving with her boy, Daniel Granger having an engagement to look at a new picture which kept him away from her, she met the senora face to face—Donna Rita, wrapped in sables to the throat, with a coquetish little turban-shaped sable hat, a couple of Pomeranian dogs on her lap—half reclining in her barouche—a marvel of beauty and insolence. She was not alone. A gentleman—the Englishman, of course—sat opposite to her, and leaned across the white bear-skin carriage-rug to talk to her. They were both laughing at something he had just said, which the senora characterized as "*pas si bete*."

He looked up as the two carriages passed each other; for just one brief moment looked Clarissa Granger in the face; then, pale as death, bent down to caress one of the dogs.

It was George Fairfax.

It was a bitter ending; but such stories are apt to end so; and a man with unlimited means, and nothing particular to do with himself, must find amusement somehow. Clarissa remained in Rome a fortnight after this, and encountered the senora several times—never unattended, but never again with George Fairfax.

She heard the story afterward from Lady Laura. He had been infatuated, and had spent thousands upon "that creature." His poor mother had been half broken-hearted about it.

"The Lyvedon estate spoiled him, my dear," Lady Laura said, conclusively. "He was a very good fellow till he came into his property."

Mr. Fairfax reformed, however, a couple of years later, and married a fashionable widow with a large fortune—who kept him in a whirl of society, and spent their combined incomes royally. He and Clarissa meet sometimes in society—meet, touch hands, even, and know that every link between them is broken.

And is Clarissa happy? Yes, if happiness can be found in children's voices and a good man's unchanging affection. She has Arden Court, and her children, her father's regard, growing warmer year by year, as with increasing age he feels increasing need of some one to love him; her brother's society now and then—for Mr. Granger has been lavish in his generosity, and all the peccadillos of Austin's youth have been extinguished from the memories of money-lenders and their like by means of Mr. Granger's check-book.

The painter can come to England now, and roam his native woods unburdened by care; but though this is very sweet to him once in a way, he prefers a Continental city, with its *cafe* life, and singing and dancing gardens, where he may smoke his cigar in the gloaming. He grows steadier as he grows older, paints better, and makes friends worth making, much to the joy of poor Bessie, who asks no greater privilege than to stand humbly by, gazing fondly while he puts on his white cravat, and salutes forth radiant, with a hot-house flower in his button-hole, to dine in the great world.

But this is only a glance into the future. The story ends in the orthodox manner, to the sound of wedding bells—Miss Granger—who swears to love, honor, and obey Thomas Tillott, with a fixed intention to keep the upper hand over the said Thomas in all things. Yet these men who are so

slavish as wooers are apt to prove of sterner moulds than matrimony, and life is all before Mrs. Tillott, as she journeys in chariot and posters to Scarborough for her unpretentious honeymoon, to return in a fortnight to a brand-new Gothic villa on the skirts of Arden, where one tall tree is struggling vainly to look at home in a barren waste of new-made garden. And in the servants' hall and housekeeper's room at Arden Court there is rejoicing, as when the elder Miss Pecksniff went away from the little village near Salisbury.

For some there are no marriage bells—for Lady Geraldine, for instance, who is content to devote herself unostentatiously to the care of her sister's neglected children—neglected in spite of French and German governesses, Italian singing-masters, Parisian waiting-maids, and half an acre or so of nursery and school-room—and to wider charities: not all unhappy, and thankful for having escaped that far deeper misery—the fate of an unloved wife.

THE END.

## THE ST. GOTHARD TUNNEL--ANOTHER GRAND ENGINEERING WORK.

The pass of St. Gothard was the most frequented of all the routes across the Alps until the commencement of the present century; but as it was not practicable for vehicles, it was gradually deserted after the construction, by Napoleon I., of the road over the Simplon. The loss of traffic induced the cantons through which the route passed to construct a carriage road quite as good as that on the Simplon. The work was commenced in 1820, and finished in 1832, and it is one of the greatest monuments of engineering skill to be found in Europe. In magnificence of scenery, the St. Gothard is superior to all of the passes, unless we except the Stelvio. To the mere pleasure seeker, it will, therefore, be a matter of regret to see this superb road deserted for a hole through the mountain. Ever since the Mont Cenis tunnel was projected, the Swiss and Germans have felt that a large share of traffic would be diverted to France. For military and strategic reasons, it was, also, felt that equally good facilities ought to be provided on the other side of Switzerland, and all of the necessary surveys were made many years since; but the jealousy of the French, and the fear of that nation, has prevented the commencement of the work. The moment, however, that France was powerless to prevent, the project was revived, and we now hear that a contract for the construction of the tunnel has been concluded between the Swiss government and a syndicate of German bankers under the protection of the imperial government of Germany. The work will be about twice as long as the Mont Cenis tunnel, and it will be considerably more difficult, as it must pass under several rivers and lakes, and encounter the hardest rocks of the Alps. The summit of the present carriage road is 6,507 feet, but the railroad will pass under peaks varying from 8,750 to 10,900 feet. There is no distinct peak of St. Gothard, but an extensive ridge of elevated ground which bears that name.

Geologists will be greatly interested in the work, as this part of Switzerland abounds in a large variety of choice minerals, and some important questions may be solved by the projected work. The total cost is estimated at \$37,000,000. Of this amount, the company will raise \$20,000,000, leaving the balance to be raised by assessment upon the cantons and countries immediately interested in the project. There is a general belief among engineers that the work will cost much more money than the above estimate, but, as rich governments stand as security, there seems to be little doubt that the undertaking will be pushed to final completion. The new road will bring Germany and Italy into closer political union, and, in the event of war, give these powers a decided military advantage; but this feature of the undertaking is of small importance in comparison with the enormous traffic that will flow through the tunnel between the nations of the North and the remote inhabitants of Asia. Its principal utility will consist in facilitating trade and travel between Europe and Asia, by way of Italy. The extreme Eastern points within its circle of traffic will touch the outstretched hand of our Pacific railroad, and the commerce of the whole world will be benefitted by the completion of the gigantic scheme. It is not many years since the river Danube was the highway for the commerce of the world. The boats, moored at the bridge of Ratisbon, far up in the interior of the Continent, were manned by sailors who were the boast of that period, when suddenly, by the discovery of the passage around the Cape of Good Hope, commerce was diverted to new routes, and we have nothing but the ancient bridge and the quaint old storehouses to tell us of the magnificence of the past. The completion of such works as the Suez Canal and the tunnels through the Alps are great illustrations of the triumph of science over all obstacles.

The trade, which, for a time, was diverted to new routes, appears likely to return to its former channels. The Austrian government already have a railroad over the lower Alps, connecting with Trieste and Venice, so that they will profit by the revival of trade in this direction.

It is difficult to anticipate how long it will require to complete the St. Gothard tunnel, but, with improved machinery and aided by the experience of Mont Cenis, it can hardly endure twice as long as the last famous undertaking. It is a bold enterprise, well worthy of the age in which we live.

## THE STRANGE ADVENTURES OF A PHAETON.

BY WILLIAM BLACK, AUTHOR OF "A DAUGHTER OF HETH."

### CHAPTER IV.

#### MASTER ARTHUR VANISHES.

Hampton me taught to wish her first for mine:  
Windsor, alas I does chase me from her sight.

"RAIN!" cried Queen Titania as she walked up to the window of the breakfast-room and stared reproachfully out on cloudy skies, gloomy trees and the wet thoroughfares of Twickenham.

"Surely not!" said Bell, in piteous tones; and therewith she too walked up to one of the panes, while an expression of deep mortification settled down on her face. She stood so for a second or two, irresolute and hurt, and then a revengeful look came into her eyes: she walked firmly over to my lady, got close up to her ear and apparently uttered a single word.

Tita almost jumped back, and then she looked at the girl. "Bell, how dare you?" she said, almost angrily.

Bell turned and shyly glanced at the rest of us, probably to make sure none of us had heard, and then, all this mysterious transaction being brought to a close, she returned to the table and calmly took up a newspaper. But presently she threw it aside, and glanced, with some heightened color in her face and some half-frightened amusement in her eyes, toward Tita; and lo! that majestic little woman was still regarding the girl, and there was surprise as well as sternness in her look.

Presently the brisk step of Lieutenant von Rosen was heard outside, and in a minute or two the tall young man came into the room, with a fine color in his face and a sprinkling of rain about his big brown beard. "Ha! Not late? No? That is very good!"

"But it rains," said Tita to him in an injured way, as if any one who had been out of doors was necessarily responsible for the weather.

"Not much," he said. "It may go

off; but about six it did rain very hard, and I got a little wet, I think."

"And where were you at six?" said Queen Tita, with her pretty brown eyes open wide.

"At Isleworth," he said, carelessly; and then he added, "Oh, I have done much business this morning, and bought something for your two boys, which will make them not mind that you go away. It is hard, you know, they are left behind—"

"But Bell has given them silver watches!" said mamma. "Is not that enough?"

"They will break them in a day. Now, when I went to the stables this morning to feed the horses, the old ostler was there. We had a quarrel last night, but no matter. We became very good friends: he told me much about Buckinghamshire and himself—he told me he did know your two boys—he told me he knew of a pony—oh, a very nice little pony!—that was for sale from a gentleman in Isleworth—"

"And you've bought them a pony!" cried Bell, clapping her hands.

"Bell," said Queen Tita, with a severe look, "how foolish you are! How could you think of anything so absurd?"

"But she is quite right, madame," said the lieutenant, "and it will be here in an hour, and you must not tell them till it comes."

"And you mean to leave them with that animal? Why, they will break their necks, both of them," said my lady.

"Oh no!" hurriedly said the lieutenant: "a tumble does not hurt boys, not at all. And this is a very quiet, small pony—oh, I did pull him about to try—and he will not harm anybody. And very rough and strong: I think the old man did call him a Scotland pony."

"A Shetland pony."

"Ah, very well," said our Uhlan; and then he began to turn wistful eyes to the breakfast-table.

They sat down to breakfast, almost forgetting the rain. They were all very well pleased with the coming of the pony. It would be a capital thing for the boys' health—it would be this and be that; but only one person there reflected that this addition to the comforts of the two young ruffians up stairs would certainly cost him sixteen shillings a week all the year round.

Suddenly, in the midst of this talk, Bell looked up and said, "But where is Arthur?"

"Oh," said the mother of the young man, "he went up to town this morning at eight. He took it for granted you would not start to-day."

"He might have waited to see," said Bell. "I suppose he is not so very much occupied in the Temple. It will serve him quite right if we go away before he comes back."

"But perhaps he won't come back," said Mrs. Ashburton gently.

Bell looked surprised, and then, with a little firmness about the mouth, held her peace for some time. It was clear that Master Arthur was not setting about the winning of this young woman in a very promising fashion.

When Bell next spoke she proposed that we should set out, rain or no rain. "It will not take much time to drive down to Henley," she said. "And if we begin by paying too much attention to slight showers, we shall never get on. Besides, Count von Rosen ought to see how fine are our English rain-landscapes—what softened colors are brought out in the trees and in the grays of the distance under a gloomy sky. It is not nearly so dismal as a wet day abroad in a level country, with nothing but rows of poplars along the horizon. Here," she said, turning to the lieutenant, "you have light mists hanging about the woods; and there is a gray, rough surface on the rivers; and all the hedges and fields get dark and intense; and a bit of scarlet—say a woman's cloak—is very fine under the gleam of the sky. I know you are

not afraid of wet, and I know that the rest of us never got into such good spirits during our Surrey drives as when we were dashing through torrents and shaking the rain from about our faces; and this is nothing—a mere passing shower—and the country down by Hounslow will look very well under dark clouds; and we cannot do better than start at once for Henley."

"What is the matter, Bell?" said my lady Titania, looking at the girl with her clear, observant eyes. "One would think you had got angry about our staying in Twickenham until to-morrow, and yet nobody has proposed it."

"I don't wish to waste time," said Bell, looking down.

Here the lieutenant laughed aloud. "Forgive me, mademoiselle," he said, "but what you say is very much like the English people. They are always much afraid of losing time, though it does not matter to them. I think your commercial habits have become national, and got amongst people who have nothing to do with commerce. I find English ladies who have weeks and months at their disposal travel all night by train, and make themselves very wretched. Why? To save a day, they tell you. I find English people, with two months' holiday before them, undertake all the un comforts of a night-passage from Dover to Calais. Why? To save a day. How does it matter to you, for example, that we start to-day, or to-morrow, or next week? Only that you feel you must be doing something—you must accomplish something—you must save time. It is all English. It is with your amusements as with your making of money. You are never satisfied. You are always looking forward—wishing to do or have certain things—never content to stop and rest, and enjoy doing nothing."

Now what do you think our Bell did on being lectured in this fashion? Say something in reply, only kept from being saucy by the sweet manner of her saying it? or rise and leave the room, and refuse to be coaxed into a good humor for hours? Why, no. She said in the gentlest way, "I think you are quite right,

Count von Rosen. It really does not matter to me whether we go to-day or to-morrow."

"But you shall go to-day, Bell," say I, "even though it should rain Duke Georges. At four of the clock we start."

"My dear," says Tita, "this is absurd."

"Probably, but none the less Castor and Pollux start at that hour."

"You are beginning to show your authority early," says my lady, with a warning coldness in her tone.

"Such as there is left of it," I remark, looking at Bell, who describes a fight in the distance and is all attention.

"Count von Rosen," says Queen Titania, turning in her grandest manner to the young man, "what do you think of this piece of folly? It may clear up long before that: it may be raining heavily then. Why should we run the risk of incurring serious illness by determining to start at a particular hour? It is monstrous. It is absurd. It is—it is—"

"Well," said the lieutenant, with an easy shrug and a laugh, "it is not of much consequence you make the rule, for you will break it if it is not agreeable. For myself, I am accustomed to start at a particular hour, whatever happens; but for pleasure, what is the use?"

"Yes, what is the use?" repeats my lady, turning to the rest of us with a certain ill-concealed air of triumph.

"St. Augustine," I observed to this rebellious person, "remarks that the obedience of a wife to her husband is no virtue, so long as she does only that which is reasonable, just and pleasing to herself."

"I don't believe St. Augustine said anything of the kind," replied my lady; "and if he did, he hadn't a wife, and didn't know what he was talking about. I will not allow Bell to catch her death of cold. We shall *not* start at four."

"Two o'clock, luncheon. Half-past two, the moon enters Capricorn. Three o'clock, madness and rage. Four, colds attack the human race. We start at four."

By this time breakfast was over, and all the reply that my lady vouchsafed

was to wear a smile of defiance as she left the room. The count, too, went out, and in a few minutes we saw him in the road, leading the pony he had bought. The boys had been kept up stairs, and were told nothing of the surprise in store for them; so that there was likely to be a stirring scene in front of the doctor's house.

Presently the lieutenant arrived at the gate and summoned Bell from the window. She, having gone to the door and spoken to him for a second or two, went into the house, and reappeared with a bundle of coarse cloths. Was the foolish young man going to groom the pony in front of the house merely out of bravado? At all events, he roughly dried the shaggy coat of the sturdy little animal, and then carefully wiped the mud from its small legs and hoofs. Bell went down and took the bridle: the lieutenant was behind, to give a push if necessary.

"Come up, Dick! come along!" she said; and after a few frightened stumbles on the steps the pony stood in the doctor's hall!

The clatter of the small hoofs on the waxcloth had brought the boys out to the first landing, and they were looking down with intense surprise on the appearance of a live horse inside the house. When Bell had called them, and told them that the count had brought this pony for them, that it was a real pony, and that they would have to feed it every day, they came down the stairs with quite a frightened air. They regarded the animal from a distance, and then at last Master Jack ventured to go up and touch its neck.

"Why," he said, as if suddenly struck with the notion that it was really alive, "I'll get it an apple!"

He went up stairs, three steps at a bound, and by the time he came back Master Tom had got into the saddle, and was for riding his steed into the breakfast-room. Then he would ride him out into the garden. Jack insisted on his having the apple first. The mother of both called out from above that if they went into the garden in the rain, she

would have the whole house whipped. But all the same, Master Tom, led by the lieutenant and followed by Bell—whose attentions in holding him on he regarded with great dislike—rode in state along the passage, and through the kitchen, and out by a back door into the garden.

"Let me go, Auntie Bell!" he said, shaking himself free. "I can ride very well—I have ridden often at Leather-head."

"Off you go, then!" said the lieutenant. "Lean well back—don't kick him with your heels—off you go!"

The pony shook his rough little mane, and started upon a very sedate and patient walk along the smooth path.

"Fist! he! go ahead!" cried Master Tom, and he twitched at the bridle in quite a knowing way.

Thus admonished, the pony broke into a brisk trot, which at first jogged Master Tom on to its neck, but he managed to wriggle back into the saddle and get hold of the reins again. His riding was not a masterly performance, but at all events he stuck on, and when, after having trotted thrice round the garden, he slid off of his own will and brought the pony up to us, his chubby round face was gleaming with pride and flushed color and rain. Then it was Jack's turn, but this young gentleman, having had less experience, was attended by the lieutenant, who walked round the garden with him and gave him his first lessons in the art of horsemanship. This was a very pretty amusement for those of us who remained under the archway, but for those in the garden it was beginning to prove a trifle damp. Nevertheless, Bell begged hard for the boys, to be let alone, seeing that they were overjoyed beyond expression by their new toy; and it is probable that both they and their instructor would have got soaked to the skin had not my lady Titania appeared with her face full of an awful wrath.

What occurred then it is difficult to relate, for in the midst of the storm Bell laughed, and the boys, being deprived of their senses by the gift of the pony,

laughed also—at their own mother! Tita fell from her high estate directly. The splendors of her anger faded away from her face, and she ran out into the rain and cuffed the boys' ears, and kissed them, and drove them into the house before her. And she was so good as to thank the count formally for his present, and bade the boys be good boys and attend to their lessons, when they had so much amusement provided for them; and finally turned to Bell, and said that, as we had to start at four o'clock, we might as well have our things packed before luncheon.

Now, such was the reward of this wifely obedience that at four o'clock the rain had actually and definitely ceased, and the clouds, though they still hung low, were gathering themselves up into distinct forms. When the phaeton was brought round there was not even any necessity for putting up the hood; and Queen Titania, having seen that everything was placed in the vehicle, was graciously pleased to ask the lieutenant if he would drive, that she might sit beside him and point out objects of interest.

"She takes good care," thought one of the party, "that our young Uhlan shall not have Bell for a companion, especially in dull weather, when the hood might have to be put up and the young folks removed from the supervision of their elders."

Queen Tita kissed the boys very affectionately, and bade them take care not to tumble off the pony. The doctor and his wife wished us every good fortune. Bell threw a last glance up and down the road—why?—and then turned her face a little aside. The count shook the reins, and our phaeton rolled slowly away from Twickenham.

"Why, Bell," I said, as we were crossing the railway bridge, and my companion looked round to see if there were a train at the station, "you have been crying!"

"No wonder," said Bell, frankly, but in a very low voice.

"But why?" I asked.

"You know," she said.



"I know that a very foolish and ungrateful young man has willfully picked a quarrel with a very nice young lady, and I know what I think of the whole transaction, and what I consider he deserves. But I didn't think you cared for him so much, Bell, or were so vexed about it."

"Care for him!" she said, with a glance at the people before us, lest the low sound of her voice might not be entirely drowned by the noise of the wheels in the muddy road. "That may mean anything or nothing. I like Arthur very well, that is all; and—and I am afraid he is vexed with me; and it is not pleasant to part like that with one's friends."

"He will write to you, Bell, or he will drop down on us suddenly some evening when we are at Oxford, or Worcester, or Shrewsbury—"

"I hope he will do nothing of the kind," said Bell, with some expression of alarm. "There would be a scene, I know, and something dreadful would happen."

"But Master Arthur, Bell, is not exactly the sort of person to displace the geological strata, or even frighten a sensible young woman out of her wits."

"Oh, you don't know what a temper he has at times," she said; and then, suddenly recovering herself, she added hastily, "but he is very good and kind, for all that; only he is vexed, you know, at not being able to get on; and he is jealous of people who are successful and in good circumstances and independent; and he is apt to think that—that—that—"

"His lady-love will be carried off by some wealthy suitor before he has been able to amass a fortune. No, Bell: you will not be won by money, but you might be driven away by ill-usage."

"But you mustn't talk as if I were engaged to Arthur Ashburton," said Bell, rather proudly, "or even that I am ever likely to be."

Our bonny Bell soon recovered her spirits, for she felt that we had at last really set out on our journey to Scotland, and her keen liking for all out-of-door sights and sounds was now heightened

by a vague and glad anticipation. As we drove through the narrow lane running down by Whitton Park and Whitton Dean, the warm, moist winds were blowing a dozen odors about from the far, low-stretching fields and gardens, and the prevailing sweetness of the air seemed to herald our departure from the last suburban traces of London. Splash! went the horses' hoofs into the yellow pools of the roads, and the rattle of the wheels seemed to send our echo through the stillness of the quiet countryside; while overhead the dark and level clouds became more fixed and gray, and we hoped they would ultimately draw together and break, so as to give us a glimpse of pallid sunshine. Then we drove up through Hounslow to the famous inn at the cross-roads which was known to travelers in the highway-robbery days; and here our Bell complained that so many of these hostelries should bear her name. Queen Titania, we could hear, was telling her companion of all the strange incidents connected with this inn and its neighborhood which she could recall from the pages of those various old-fashioned fictions which are much more interesting to some folks than the most accurate histories. Up this long and level Bath road, which now lay before us, had come many a gay and picturesque party whose adventures were recorded in the olden time. Was it not here that Strap rode up to the coach in which Roderick Random was going to Bath, and alarmed everybody by the intelligence that two horsemen were coming over the heath upon them? and was it not to this very village that the frightened servant hastened to get assistance? When Sophia escaped from the various adventures that befell her in the inn at Upton, did she not come up this very road to London, making the journey in two days? When Peregrine Pickle used to pay forbidden visits to London, doubtless he rode through Hounslow at dead of night on each occasion; and it is needless to say that once upon a time a youth called Humphrey Clinker acted as postilion to Matt Bramble and Tabitha and Miss Liddy when they, having dined at

Salt Hill, were passing through Hounslow to London and to Scotland. These and a hundred other reminiscences, not unfamiliar to the lieutenant, who had a fair knowledge of English novels, were being recorded by Queen Titania as we bowled along the Bath road, over Cranford Bridge, past the Magpies, through Colnbrook, and on to Langley Marsh, when the count suddenly exclaimed, "But the heath? I have not seen Hounslow Heath, where the highwaymen used to be!"

Alas! there was no more heath to show him—only the level and wooded beauties of a cultivated English plain. And yet these, as we saw them then, under the conditions that Bell had described in the morning, were sufficiently pleasant to see. All around us stretched a fertile landscape, with the various greens of its trees and fields and hedges grown dark and strong under the gloom of the sky. The winding road ran through this country like the delicate gray streak of a river; and there were distant farmhouses peeping from the sombre foliage, an occasional wayside inn standing deserted amid its rude outhouses, a passing tramp plodding through the mire. Strange and sweet came the damp, warm winds from over the fields of beans and of clover, and it seemed as if the wild roses in the tall and straggling hedges had increased in multitude, so as to perfume the whole land. And then, as we began to see in the west, with a great joy, some faint streaks of sunshine descend like a shimmering comb upon the gloomy landscape, lo! in the south there arose before us a great and stately building, whose tall gray towers and spacious walls, seen against the dark clouds of the horizon, were distant and pale and spectral.

"It looks like a phantom castle, does it not?" said Bell, regarding the distant building with rapt and wistful eyes, and speaking in quite a low voice. "Don't you think it has sprung up in the heavens like the *Fata Morgana* or the spectral ship, and that it will fade away and disappear? How pale and shadowy it is!"

Indeed, it looked like the ghost of one of the castles of King Arthur's time—that old, strange time when England lay

steeped in gray mists and the fogs blown about by the sea winds, when there does not seem to have been any sunshine, but only a gloom of shifting vapors, half hiding the ghostly knights and the shadowy queens, and all their faint and mystical stories and pilgrimages and visions. The castle down there looked as if it had never been touched by sharp, clear, modern sunshine, that is cruel to ghosts and phantoms.

But here Bell's reveries were interrupted by Lieutenant von Rosen, who, catching sight of the castle in the south, and all its hazy lines of forest, said, "Ah, what is that?"

"That," said Bell, suddenly recovering from her trance, "is a hotel for German princes."

She had no sooner uttered the words, however, than she looked thoroughly alarmed, and with a prodigious shame and mortification she begged the count's pardon, who merely laughed, and said he regretted he was not staying there.

"It is Windsor, is it not?" he said.

"Yes," replied Bell humbly, while her face was still pained and glowing. "I—I hope you will forgive my rudeness: I think I must have heard some one say that recently, and it escaped me before I thought what it meant."

Of course the lieutenant passed the matter off lightly as a very harmless saying, but all the same Bell seemed determined for some time after to make him amends, and quite took away Queen Tita's occupation by pointing out to our young Uhlan, in a very respectful and submissive manner, whatever she thought of note on the way. Whether the young Uhlan perceived this intention or not, I do not know, but at all events he took enormous pains to be interested in what she said, and paid far more attention to her than to his own companion. Moreover, he once or twice, in looking back, pretty nearly ran us into a cart, inasmuch that Queen Tita had laughingly to recall him to his duties.

In this wise we went down through the sweetly-smelling country, with its lines of wood and hedge and its breadths of field and meadow still suffering from

the gloom of a darkened sky. We cut through the village of Slough, passed the famous Salt Hill, got over the Two-Mill Brook at Cuckfield Bridge, and were rapidly nearing Maidenhead, where we proposed to rest an hour or two and dine. Bell had pledged her word there would be a bright evening, and had thrown out vague hints about a boating-excursion up to the wooded heights of Cliefden. In the mean time, the sun had made little way in breaking through the clouds. There were faint indications here and there of a luminous grayish-yellow lying in the interstices of the heavy sky, but the pale and shimmering comb in the west had disappeared.

"What has come over your fine weather, Bell?" said Queen Titania. "Do you remember how you used to dream of our setting out, and what heaps of color and sunshine you lavished on your picture?"

"My dear," said Bell, "you are unacquainted with the art of a stage-manager. Do you think I would begin my pantomime with a blaze of light, and bright music, and a great show of costume? No! First of all comes the dungeon scene—darkness and gloom, thunder and solemn music, nothing but demons appearing through the smoke—and then, when you have all got impressed and terrified and attentive, you will hear in the distance a little sound of melody, there will be a flutter of wings, just as if the fairies were preparing a surprise, and then all at once into the darkness leaps the queen herself, and a blaze of sunlight dashes on to her silver wings, and you see her gauzy costume, and the scarlet and gold of a thousand attendants who have all swarmed into the light."

"How long have we to wait, mademoiselle?" said the lieutenant, seriously.

"I have not quite settled that," replied Bell, with a fine air of reflection, "but I will see about it while you are having dinner."

Comforted by these promises—which ought, however, to have come from Queen Titania, if the fairies were supposed to be invoked—we drove underneath the railway line and past the sta-

tion of Maidenhead, and so forward to the hotel by the bridge. When, having, with some exercise of patience, seen Castor and Pollux housed and fed, I went into the parlor, I found dinner on the point of being served, and the count grown almost eloquent about the comforts of English inns. Indeed, there was a considerable difference, as he pointed out, between the hard, bright, cheery public-room of a German inn, and this long, low-roofed apartment, with its old-fashioned furniture, its carpets, and general air of gravity and respectability. Then the series of pictures around the walls—venerable lithographs, glazed and yellow, representing all manner of wild adventures in driving and hunting—amused him much. "That is very like your English humor," he said—"of the country, I mean. The joke is a man thrown into a ditch, and many horses coming over on him; or it is a carriage upset in the road, and men crawling from underneath, and women trying to get through the window. It is rough, strong, practical fun, at the expense of unfortunate people. You like—"

"At least," I point out, "it is quite as good a sort of public-house furniture as pictures of bleeding saints or smooth lithographs of wooden-headed princes."

"Oh, I do not object to it," he said—"not in the least. I do like your sporting pictures very much."

"And when you talk of German lithographs," struck in Bell, quite warmly, "I suppose you know that it is to the German printsellers our poorer classes owe all the possession of art they can afford. They would never have a picture in their house but for those cheap lithographs that come over from Germany; and although they are very bad, and even carelessly bad often, they are surely better than nothing for cottages and country inns, that would never otherwise have anything to show but coarse patterns of wall-paper."

"My dear child," remarked Queen Tita, "we are none of us accusing Germany of any crime whatever."

"But it is very good-natured of made-

moiselle—to defend my country, for all that," said the lieutenant with a smile. "We are unpopular with you just now, I believe. That I cannot help. It is a pity. But it is only a family quarrel, you know, and it will go away. And just now it requires some courage—does it not?—to say a word for Germany."

"Why, Bell has been your bitterest enemy all through the war!" said Tita, ashamed of the defection of her ancient ally.

"I think you behaved very badly to the poor French people," said Bell, looking down, and evidently wishing that some good spirit or bad one would fly away with this embarrassing topic.

The spirit appeared. There came to the open space in front of the inn a young girl of about fifteen or sixteen, with a careworn and yet healthily-colored face, and shrewd blue eyes. She wore a man's jacket, and she had a shillelagh in her hand, which she twirled about as she glanced at the windows of the inn. Then, in a hard, cracked voice, she began to sing a song. It was supposed to be rather a dashing and aristocratic ballad, in which this oddly-clad girl with the shillelagh recounted her experiences of the opera, and told us how she loved champagne and croquet, and various other fashionable diversions. There was something very curious in the forced gayety with which she entered into these particulars, the shillelagh meanwhile being kept as still as circumstances would permit. But presently she sang an Irish song, describing herself as some free-and-easy Irish lover and fighter; and here the bit of wood came into play. She thrust one of her hands, with an audacious air, into the pocket of the jacket she wore, while she twirled the shillelagh with the other; and then, so soon as she had finished, her face dropped into a plaintive and matter-of-fact air, and she came forward to receive pence.

"She is scarcely our Lorelei," said the count, "who sits over the Rhine in the evening, and lets her jewels flash in the sunlight, and steals the hearts of the fishermen with her singing. But she is

a hard-working girl, you can see that. She has not much pleasure in life. If we give her a shilling, it will be much comfort to her."

And with that he went out. But what was Queen Tita's surprise to see him go up to the girl and begin to talk to her! She, looking up to the big, brown-bearded man with a sort of awe, answered his questions with some appearance of shamefaced embarrassment, and then, when he gave her a piece of money, she performed something like a curtsy, and looked after him as he returned whistling to the door of the inn.

Then we had dinner—a plain, comfortable, wholesome meal enough; and it seemed somehow in this old-fashioned parlor that we formed quite a family party. We were cut off at last from the world of friends and acquaintances, and thrown upon each other's society in a very peculiar fashion. In what manner should we sit down to our final repast after all this journey and its perils and accidents were over? Tita, I could see, was rather graye, and perhaps speculating on the future; while Bell and the young lieutenant had got to talk of some people they recollected as living at Bonn some dozen years before. Nobody said a word about Arthur.

## CHAPTER V.

### QUEEN TITANIA AFLOAT.

Say, Father Thames, for thou hast seen  
Full many a sprightly race,  
Disporting on thy margent green,  
The paths of pleasure trace,  
Who foremost now delight to cleave  
With pliant arm thy glassy wave.

At length we hit upon one thing that Count von Rosen could not do. When we had wandered down to the side of the Thames, just by Maidenhead Bridge, and opposite the fine old houses and smooth lawns and green banks that stand on the other margin of the broad and shallow river, we discovered that the lieutenant was of no use in a boat. And so, as the young folks would have us go up under the shadows of the leafy hills of Cliefden, there was nothing for it but that Tita and I should resort to the habits of earlier

years, and show a later generation how to feather an oar with skill and dexterity. As Queen Titania stood by the boat-house, pulling off her gloves with economic forethought, and looking rather pensively at the landing-place and the boats and the water, she suddenly said, "Is not this like long ago?"

"You talk like an old woman, Tita," said one of the party. "And yet your eyes are as pretty as they were a dozen years ago, when you used to walk along the beach at Eastbourne and cry because you were afraid of becoming the mistress of a house. And now the house has been too much for you; and you are full of confused facts and unintelligible figures and petty anxieties, until your responsibilities have hidden away the old tenderness of your look, except at such a moment as this, when you forget yourself. Ah, Tita, do you remember who pricked her finger to sign a document in her own blood when she was only a school-girl, and who produced it years afterward with something of a shamefaced pride?"

"Stuff!" said Tita angrily, but blushing dreadfully all the same; and so, with a frown and an imperious manner, she stepped down to the margin of the river.

Now mark this circumstance. In the old days of which my lady was then thinking, she used to be very well content with pulling bow-oar when we two used to go out in the evenings. Now, when the lieutenant and Bell had been comfortably placed in the stern, Tita daintily stepped into the boat and sat down quite naturally to pull stroke. She made no apology. She took the place as if it were hers by right. Such are the changes which a few years of married life produce!

So Bell pulled the white tiller-ropes over her shoulder, and we glided out and up the glassy stream, into that world of greenness and soft sounds and sweet odors that lay all around. Already something of Bell's prophecy was likely to come true, for the clouds were perceptibly growing thinner overhead, and a diffused yellow light, falling from no particular place, seemed to dwell over

the hanging woods of Cliefden. It gave a new look, too, to the smooth river, to the rounded elms and tall poplars on the banks, and the long aits beyond the bridge, where the swans were sailing close in by the reeds.

We had got but a short way up the river when our coxswain, without a word of warning, shot us into a half-submerged forest that seemed to hide from us a lake on the other side. Tita had so little time to ship her oar that no protest was possible; and then the lieutenant, catching hold of the branches, pulled us through the narrow channel, and lo! we were in a still piece of water, with a smooth curve of the river-bank on one side and a long island on the other, and with a pretty little house looking quietly down at us over this inland sea. We were still in the Thames, but this house seemed so entirely to have become owner of the charming landscape around and its stretch of water in front that Bell asked in a hurry how we could get away. Tita, being still a little indignant, answered not, but put her oar into the outrigger again and commenced pulling. And then our coxswain, who was not so familiar with the tricks of the Thames at Maidenhead as some of us, discovered a north-west passage by which it was possible to return into the main channel of the stream, and we continued our voyage.

When, at length, we had got past the picturesque old mill, and reached the sea of tumbling white water that came rushing down from the weir, it seemed as though the sky had entered into a compact with Bell to fulfill her predictions. For as we lay and rocked in the white surge—watching the long level line of foam come tumbling over in spouts and jets and white masses, listening to the roar of the fall being echoed in the woods around, and regarding the swirling circles of white bells that swept away downward on the smooth surface of the stream—there appeared in the west, just over the line of the weir, a parallel line of dark blood-red. It was but a streak as yet, cleaving the sombre masses of cloud that lay along the horizon, but presently it widened and grew more in-

tense, a great glow of crimson color came shining forth, and it seemed as if all the western heavens, just over that level line of white foam, were becoming a mass of fire. Bell's transformation-scene was positively blinding, and the bewilderment of the splendid colors was not lessened by the roar of the tumbling river, that seemed strangely loud and wild in the stillness of the evening.

But when we turned to drop quietly down stream, the scene around was so lovely that Queen Titania had no heart to pull away from it. For now the hanging woods of beech and birch and oak had caught a glow of the sunset along their masses of yellow and green, and the broad stream had the purple of its glassy sweeps dashed here and there with red, and in the far east a reflected tinge of pink mingled with the cold green, and lay soft and pure and clear over the low woods and the river and the bridge. As if by magic, the world had grown suddenly light, ethereal and full of beautiful colors, and the clouds that still remained overhead had parted into long cirrus lines, with pearly edges and a touch of scarlet and gold along their western side.

"What a drive we shall have this evening!" cried Bell. "It will be a clear night when we get to Henley, and there will be stars over the river, and perhaps a moon—who knows?"

"I thought you would have provided a moon, mademoiselle," said the lieutenant. "You have done very well for us this evening—oh, very well, indeed. I have not seen any such beautiful picture for many years. You did very well to keep a dark day all day, and make us tired of cold colors and green trees; and then you surprise us by this picture of magic—oh, it is very well done."

"All that it wants," said Bell, with a critical eye, "is a little woman in a scarlet shawl under the trees there, and over the green of the rushes—one of those nice fat little women who always wear bright shawls, just to please landscape painters—making a little blob of strong color, you know, just like a lady-bird among green moss. Do you know,

I am quite grateful to a pleasant little countrywoman when she dresses herself ridiculously merely to make a landscape look fine; and how can you laugh at her when she comes near? I sometimes think that she wears those colors, especially those in her bonnet, out of mere modesty. She does not know what will please you: she puts in a little of everything to give you a choice. She holds up to you a whole bouquet of flowers, and says, 'Please, miss, do you like blue?—for here is corncockle; or red?—for here are poppies; or yellow?—for here are rock-roses.' She is like Perdita, you know, going about with an armful of blossoms, and giving to every one what she thinks will please them."

"My dear," said Tita, "you are too generous: the woman wears those things out of vanity. She does not know what color suits her complexion best, and so wears a variety, quite sure that one of them must be the right one. And there are plenty of women in town, as well as in the country, who do that too."

"I hope you don't mean me," said Bell contritely as she leant her arm over the side of the boat and dipped the tips of her fingers into the glassy stream.

But if we were to get to Henley that night, there was no time for lingering longer about that bend by the river, with its islands and mills and woods. That great burst of color in the west had been the expiring effort of the sun, and when we got back to the inn there was nothing left in the sky but the last golden and crimson traces of his going down. The river was becoming gray, and the Cliefden woods were preparing for the night by drawing over themselves a thin veil of scarcely-perceptible mist, which rendered them misty and shadowy as they lay under the lambent sky.

The phaeton was at the door, our bill paid, an extra rug got out of the imperial; although in that operation the lieutenant nearly succeeded in smashing Bell's guitar.

"It will be dark before we get to Henley," says Tita.

"Yes," I answer obediently.

"And we are going now, by cross-roads," she remarks.

"The road is a very good one," I venture to reply.

"But still it is a cross-road," she says, with something of decision in her voice.

"Very well, then, my dear," I say, wondering what the little woman is after.

"You must drive," she continues, "for none of us know the road."

"Yes, m'm, please m'm: any more orders?"

"Oh, Bell," says my lady with a gracious air (she can change the expression of her face in a second), "would you mind taking Count von Rosen under your charge until we get to Henley? I am afraid it will take both of us to find the road in the dark."

"No, I will take you under my charge, mademoiselle," said the count frankly; and therewith he helped Bell into the phaeton, and followed himself.

The consequence of this little arrangement was, that while Tita and I were in front, the young folks were behind; and no sooner had we started from the inn, got across the bridge, and were going down the road toward the village of Maidenhead proper, than Titania says, in a very low voice, "Do you know, my dear, our pulling together in that boat quite brought back old times; and—and—and I wanted to be sitting up here beside you for a while, just to recall the old, old drives we used to have, you know, about here and Henley and Reading. How long ago is it, do you think?"

That wife of mine is a wonderful creature. You would have thought she was as innocent as a lamb when she uttered these words, looking up with a world of sincerity and pathos in the big, clear, earnest brown eyes. And the courage of the small creature, too, who thought she could deceive her husband by this open, transparent, audacious piece of hypocrisy!

"Madame," I said, with some care that the young folks should not overhear, "your tenderness overwhelms me."

"What do you mean?" she says, suddenly becoming as cold and as rigid as Lot's wife after the accident happened.

"Perhaps," I ventured to suggest, "you would like to have the hood up, and so leave them quite alone? Our presence must be very embarrassing."

"You are insulting Bell in saying such things," she says warmly; "or perhaps it is that you would rather have her for a companion than your own wife."

"Well, to tell you the truth, I would."

"She shall not sit by the lieutenant again."

"I hope you don't mean to strangle her. We should arrive in Edinburgh in a sort of unicorn-fashion."

Tita relapsed into a dignified silence—that is always the way with her when she has been found out—but she was probably satisfied by hearing the count and Bell chatting very briskly together, thus testifying to the success of her petty stratagem.

It was a pleasant drive, on that quiet evening, from Maidenhead across the wild, untenanted country that lies within the great curve of the Thames. Instead of turning off at the corner of Stubbing's Heath, and so getting into the road that runs by Hurley Bottom, we held straight on toward Wargrave, so as to have the last part of the journey lead us up by the side of the river. So still it was! The road led through undulating stretches of common and past the edges of silent woods, while the sky was becoming pale and beautiful overhead, and the heights on the northern horizon, between Cookham and Hurley, were growing more and more visionary in the dusk. Sometimes, but rarely, we met a solitary wanderer coming along through the twilight, and a gruff "good-night" greeted us; but for the most part there seemed no life in this lonely part of the country, where rabbits ran across the road in front of us, and the last rooks that flew by in the dusk seemed hastening on to the neighborhood of some distant village. It was a mild, fresh evening, with the air still damp and odorous after the rain, but overhead the sky still remained clear, and here and there, in the partings of the thin cloud, a pale star or planet had become faintly visible.

At last we got down into the village of

Wargrave, and then it was nearly dark. There were a few people, mostly women, standing at the doors of the cottages, and here and there a ray of yellow light gleamed out from a small window. As we struck into the road that runs parallel with the Thames there were men coming home from their work, and their talk was heard at a great distance in the stillness of the night.

"How far are we from Henley?" said Bell.

"Are you anxious to get there?" replied Queen Titania, smiling quite benignly.

"No," said Bell: "this is so pleasant that I should like to go driving on until midnight, and we could see the moon coming through the trees."

"You have to consider the horses," said the lieutenant bluntly. "If you do tire them too much on the first days, they will not go so long a journey. But yet we are some way off, I suppose, and if mademoiselle will sing something for us, I will get out the guitar."

"You'd better get down and light the lamps, rather," I remark to those indolent young people; whereupon the count was instantly in the road, striking wax matches, and making use of curious expressions that seemed chiefly to consist of *g's* and *r's*.

So, with the lamps flaring down the dark road, we rolled along the highway that here skirts the side of a series of heights looking down into the Thames. Sometimes we could see a gray glimmer of the river beneath us through the trees; at other times the road took us down close to the side of the water, and Castor got an opportunity of making a playful little shy or two; but for the most part we drove through the dense woods, that completely shut off the starlight overhead.

More than once, indeed, we came to a steep descent that was buried in such total darkness that the lieutenant jumped down and took the horses' heads, lest some unlucky step or stumble should throw us into the river. So far as we could make out, however, there was a sufficient wall on the side of the highway

next the stream—a rough old wall, covered with plants and moss, that ran along the high and wooded bank.

Suddenly Bell uttered a cry of delight. We had come to a cleft in the glade which showed us the river running by some sixty feet beneath us, and on the surface of the water the young crescent of the moon was clearly mirrored. There was not enough moonlight to pierce the trees, or even to drown the pale light of the stars, but the sharp disk of silver, as it glimmered on the water, was sufficiently beautiful, and contained in itself the promise of many a lovely night.

"It has begun the journey with us," said Bell. "It is a young moon: it will go with us all the month, and we shall see it on the Severn, and on Windermere, and on the Solway, and on the Tweed. Didn't I promise you all a moon, sooner or later? And there it is!"

"It does not do us much good, Bell," said the driver ruefully, the very horses seeming afraid to plunge into the gulfs of darkness that were spectrally peered into by the light of the lamps.

"The moon is not for use," said Bell, "it is for magic; and once we have got to Henley, and put the horses up, and gone out again to the river, you shall all stand back and watch in a corner, and let Queen Titania go forward to summon the fairies. And as you listen in the dark, you will hear a little crackling and rustling along the opposite shore, and you will see small blue lights come out from the banks, and small boats, with a glowworm at their prow, come out into the stream. And then from the boats and from all the fields near—where the mist of the river lies at night—you will see wonderful small men and women of radiant blue flame come forward, and there will be a strange sound like music in the trees, and the river itself will begin to say, in a kind of laugh, 'Titania, Titania! you have been so long away—years and years—looking after servants, and the schooling of boys, and the temper of a fractious husband—'"

"Bell, you are impertinent."

"There are true words spoken in jest,



sometimes," says Queen Titania with a dainty malice.

"Your bearing-rein in England is a cruelty to the horses: you must take it away to-morrow," said the lieutenant; and this continuation of a practical subject recalled these scapegraces from their jibes.

Here the road took us down by a gradual dip to the river again, and for the last mile before reaching our destination we had a pleasant and rapid run along the side of the stream. Then the lights of Henley were seen to glimmer before us: we crossed over the bridge, and swerving round to the right, drove into the archway of the "Red Lion."

"No, sir," remarked Dr. Johnson to Mr. Boswell, "there is nothing which has yet been contrived by man by which so much happiness is produced as by a good tavern or inn." He then repeated, with great emotion, we are told, Shenstone's lines—

Whoe'er has traveled life's dull round,  
Where'er his stages may have been,  
May sigh to think he still has found  
The warmest welcome at an Inn.

And Mr. Boswell goes on to say: "We happened to lie this night at the inn at Henley where Shenstone wrote these lines." Now, surely, if ever belated travelers had reason to expect a cordial welcome, it was we four as we drove into the famous hostelry which had awakened enthusiasm in the poets and lexicographers of bygone days. But as Castor and Pollux stood under the archway, looking into the great dark yard before them, and as we gazed round in vain for the appearance of any waiter or other official, it occurred to Tita that the Bell Inn must have changed hands since Shenstone's time. Where was our comfortable welcome? A bewildered maid-servant came out to stare at our phaeton with some alarm. Plaintive howls for the ostler produced a lad from the darkness of the stables, who told us that the ostler was away somewhere. Another maid-servant came out, and also looked alarmed. The present writer, fearing that Tony Lumpkin, transformed into an invisible spirit, had played him a

trick, humbly begged this young woman to say whether he had driven by mistake to a private house. The young person looked afraid.

"My good girl," says Tita, with a gracious condescension, "will you tell us if this is the Bell Inn?"

"Yes, 'm—of course, 'm."

"And can we stay here to-night?"

"I'll bring the waiter, ma'am, directly."

Meanwhile, the lieutenant had got down, and was fuming about the yard to rout out the ostler's assistants, or some people who could put up the horses. He managed to unearth no fewer than three men, whom he brought in a gang. He was evidently determined not to form his grooming of the horses at Twickenham into a precedent.

At last there came a waiter, looking rather sleepy and a trifle helpless; whereupon my lady and Bell departed into the inn, and left the luggage to be sent after them. There appeared to be no one inside the great house. The gas was lit in the spacious coffee-room; some rugs and bags were brought in and placed on the table; and then Tita and her companion, not daring to remove their bonnets, sat down in arm-chairs and stared at each other.

I fly from pomp, I fly from plate;  
I fly from falsehood's specious grin;  
But risk a ten times worse fate  
In choosing lodgings at an Inn.

This was what Bell repeated, in a gentle voice, on the very spot that is sacred to the memory of Shenstone's satisfaction.

I requested the young man in the white tie to assign some reason for this state of affairs; and his answer was immediately forthcoming. There had been a regatta a few days before. The excitement in the small town, and more especially in the Bell, had been dreadful. Now a reaction had set in: Henley and the Bell were alike deserted, and we were the victims of a collapse. I complimented the waiter on his philosophical acumen, and went out to see what had befallen Count von Rosen and the horses.

I found him standing in a stable that was dimly lighted by a solitary candle stuck against the wall, superintending

the somewhat amateurish operations of the man who had undertaken to supply the ostler's place. The lieutenant had evidently not been hectoring his companions: on the contrary, he was on rather good terms with them, and was making inquiries about the familiar English names for chopped hay and other luxuries of the stable. He was examining the corn, too, and pronouncing opinions on the split beans which he had ordered. On the whole, he was satisfied with the place, although he expressed his surprise that the ostler of so big an inn should be absent.

When at length we had seen each of the horses supplied with an ample feed, fresh straw and plenty of hay, the men were turned out and the stable-door locked. He allowed them on this occasion to retain the key. As we crossed the yard, a rotund, frank, cheery-looking man appeared, who was presumably the ostler. He made a remark or two, but the night air was chill.

"Now," said the count when we got into the big parlor, "we have to make ourselves pleasant and comfortable. I do think we must all drink whisky. For myself, I do not like the taste very much, but it looks very comfortable to see some people with steaming glasses before them. And I have brought out mademoiselle's guitar, and she will sing us some songs."

"But you must also," says Bell, looking down.

"Oh, a hundred! a thousand! as many as you like!" he said; and then, with a sort of sigh, he took his cigar-case out of his pocket and laid it pathetically on the mantelpiece. There was an air of renunciation in his face. Then he rang the bell, and the waiter was asked to bring us certain liquors which, although not exclusively whisky, could be drank in those steaming tumblers which the count loved to see.

Oh, come you from Newcastle?—

this was what Bell sang, with the blue ribbon of her guitar slung round her neck—

Oh, come you from Newcastle?

Come you not thereway?

And did you meet my true love,  
Riding on a bonny bay?

And as she sang, with her eyes cast down, the count seemed to be regarding her face with a peculiar interest. He forgot to lift the hot tumbler that was opposite him on the table—he had even forgotten Tita's gracious permission that he might have a cigar—he was listening and gazing merely, in a blank silence. And when she had finished, he eagerly begged her to sing another of the old English songs. And she sang—

O mistress mine, where are you roaming?

O mistress mine, where are you roaming?

Oh stay and hear, your true love's coming,  
That can sing both high and low.

And when she had finished he once more eagerly begged her to sing another of those old songs; and then all of a sudden, catching sight of a smile on my lady's face, he stopped and apologized, and blushed rather, and said it was too bad—that he had forgotten, and would himself try something on the guitar.

When at length the women had gone up stairs, he fetched down his cigar from the mantelpiece, lit it, stretched out his long legs, and said, "How very English she is!"

"She? who?"

"Why, your Miss Bell. I do like to hear her talk of England as if she had a pride in it, and mention the names of towns as if she loved them because they were English, and speak of the fairies and stories as if she was familiar with them because they belong to her own country. You can see how she is fond of everything that is like old times—an old house, an old mile-stone, an old bridge—everything that is peculiar and old and English. And then she sings, oh so very well—so very well indeed; and these old songs, about English places and English customs of village-life, they seem to suit her very well, and you think she herself is the heroine of them. But as for that young man in Twickenham, he is a very pitiful fellow."

"How have you suddenly come to that conclusion?" I inquire of our lieutenant, who is lazily letting the cigar-smoke curl about his moustache and beard as he lies back and fixes his light blue eyes contemplatively on the ceiling.

"How do I know? I do not know: I think so. He ought to be very well satisfied of knowing a young lady like that, and very proud of going to marry her, instead of annoying her with bad tempers."

"That is true. Young men under such circumstances cannot be too grateful or too amiable. They are not always so, however. You yourself, for example, when you parted from Fräulein Fallersleben—"

Here the lieutenant jumped up in his chair, and said, with an unnecessary vehemence, "Donnerwetter! look at the provocation I had! It was not my ill-temper: I am not more ill-tempered than other men; but when you know you mean very well, and that you treat a woman as perhaps not all men would be inclined to do in the same case, and she is a hypocrite, and she pretends much, and at the same time she is writing to you, she is— Pfu! I cannot speak of it!"

"You were very fond of her."

"Worse luck."

"And you had a great fight, and used hard words to each other, and parted so that you would rather meet Beelzebub than her."

"Why, yes, it is so: I would rather meet twenty Beelzebubs than her."

"That is the way of you boys. You don't know that in after years, when all these things have got smooth and misty and distant, you will come to like her again; and then what will you think of your hard words and your quarrels? If you children could only understand how very short youth is, how very long middle age is, and how inexpressibly dull old age is—if you could only understand how the chief occupation of the longer half of your life is looking back on the first short half of it—you would know the value of storing up only pleasant recollections of all your old friends. If you find that your sweetheart is a woman compelled by her nature to fall in love with the man nearest her, and forget him who is out of the way, why devote her to the infernal gods? In after years you will be grateful to her for the

pleasant days and weeks you spent with her, when you were both happy together, and you will look back on the old times very tenderly; and then, on those occasions when you German folks drink to the health of your absent dear ones, won't you be sorry that you can't include her who was dear enough to you in your youth?"

"That is very good, it is quite true," said the count, in almost an injured tone, as if Fräulein Fallersleben were responsible.

"Look for a moment," I say to my pensive pupil, "at the pull a man has who has spent his youth in pleasant scenery. When he gets old, and can do nothing but live the old life over again by looking back, he has only to shut his eyes, and his brain is full of fresh and bright pictures of the old times in the country; and the commonest landscape of his youth he will remember then as if it were steeped in sunlight."

"That is quite true," said Von Rosen, thoughtfully, but the next moment he uttered an angry exclamation, started up from his chair, and began walking up and down the room. "It is all very well," he said, with an impatient vehemence, "to be amiable and forgiving when you are old—because you don't care about it, that is the reason. When you are young you expect fair play. Do you think if I should be seventy I will care one brass farthing whether Pauline—that is, Fräulein Fallersleben—was honest or no? I will laugh at the whole affair then. But now, when you are ashamed of the deceit of a woman, is it not right you tell her? Is it not right she knows what honest men and women think of her? What will she think of you if you say to her, 'Farewell, Fräulein. You have behaved not very well, but I am amiable: I will forgive you?'"

"There, again: you parted with her in wrath, because you did not like to appear weak and complaisant in her eyes."

"At all events, I said what I felt," said the lieutenant, warmly. "I do think it is only hypocrisy and selfishness to say, 'I hate this woman, but I will be

kind to her, because when I grow old I will look back and consider myself to have been very good."

"You have been deeply hit, my poor lad: you are quite fevered about it now. You cannot even see how a man's own self-respect will make him courteous to a woman whom he despises; and is he likely to be sorry for that courtesy when he looks at it in cold blood, and recognizes the stupendous fact that the man who complains of the inconsistency of a woman utters a reflection against Providence?"

"But you don't know—you don't know," said the count, pitching his cigar into the grate, "what a woman this one showed herself to be. After all, it does not matter. But when I look at such a woman as your Miss Bell here—"

"Yes, when you look at her?"

"Why, I see the difference," said the lieutenant, gloomily; and therewith he pulled out another cigar.

I stopped this, however, and rang for candles. As he lit his in rather a melancholy fashion, he said, "It is a very good thing to see a woman like that—young-hearted, frank, honest in her eyes, and full of pleasantness, too, and good spirits—oh, it is very fine, indeed, merely to look at her; for you do believe that she is a very good girl, and you think there are good women in the world. But as for that young man at Twickenham—"

"Well, what of him?"

The count looked up from the candle, but saw nothing to awaken his suspicions.

"Oh," he said carelessly as he left the room, "I do think him a very pitiful fellow."

## CHAPTER VI.

### A GIFT OF TONGUES.

My lady is an archer rare,  
And in the greenwood joyeth she;

There never was a marksman yet who could compare  
In skill with my ladie.

EARLY morning in Henley! From over the dusky and wooded hills in the east there comes a great flood of sun-

shine that lies warmly on the ruddy side of the old inn, on its evergreens, and on the slopes of sweet-scented mignonette and sweetbrier and various blossoms that lie along the river. And the river, lying apparently motionless between level and green meadows, has its blue surface marred here and there by a white ripple of wind; the poplars that stand on its banks are rustling in the breeze; there are swallows dipping and skimming about the old bridge, and ducks paddling along among the rushes and weeds, and cattle browsing in the deep green; and farther on, some high-lying stretches of rye-grass struck into long and silvery waves by the morning wind. All the stir and the motion of the new day have come upon us; and the clean white and red village, with its town-hall shining brightly down its chief street, and all its high clusters of old-fashioned houses backed by a fringe of dark-wooded hill, shows as much life and briskness as are usually seen in a quaint, small, old-fashioned English town. But where the silence and the stillness of the morning dwell is away up the reach of the river. Standing on the bridge, you see the dark blue stream, reflecting a thousand objects and bright colors underneath the town, gradually become grayer in hue until it gets out amid the meadows and woods; and then, with a bold white curve, that is glimmering like silver in the north, it sweeps under that line of low, soft green hills that have grown pearly and gray in the tender morning mist. Bell is standing on the bridge too. The lieutenant has brought out her sketch-book, and she has placed it on the stone parapet before her. But somehow she seems disinclined to begin work thus early on our journey, and, instead, her eyes are looking blankly and wistfully at the rich green meadows, and the red cows, and the long white reach of the river shining palely beneath the faint green heights in the north.

"Is Henley the prettiest town in the world, I wonder?" she said.

"Yes, if you think so, mademoiselle," replied Von Rosen gently.

She lifted her eyes toward him, as

though she had been unaware of his presence. Then she turned to the stream: "I suppose, if one were to live always among those bright colors, one would get not to see them, and would forget how fine is this old bridge, with the high-lying town, and the meadows, and the stream. Seeing it only once, I shall never forget Henley or the brightness of this morning."

With that she closed her sketch-book and looked round for Queen Titania. That small person was engaged in making herself extremely wretched about her boys and the pony, and was becoming vastly indignant because she could get no one to sympathize with her wild imaginings of diverse perils and dangers.

"Why, to hear you talk," she was saying at this moment, "one would think you had never experienced the feelings of a parent—that you did not know you were the father of those two poor boys."

"That," I remark to her, "is not a matter on which I am bound to express an opinion."

"Very pretty—very!" she said, with a contemptuous smile. "But I will say this—that if *you* had had to buy the pony, the boys would have had to wait long enough before they were exposed to the dangers you think so little about now."

"Madame," I observe sternly, "you are the victim of what theologians call invincible ignorance. I might have bought that pony and all its belongings for a twenty-pound note, whereas I shall have to pay forty pounds a year for its keep."

"Oh, I know," says my lady scornfully, "how men exaggerate those things. It is convenient. They complain of the cost of the horses, of the heaviness of taxes and other things; when the real fact is, that they are trying to hide what they spend out of their income on cigars and in their clubs when they go to town. I counted up our taxes the other day, and I don't believe they have been over eight pounds for the whole of the last six months. Now you *know* you said they were nearly thirty-five pounds a year."

"And you counted in those that are due next week, I suppose?"

"Which left you no money to pay," is the cruel retort.

"And you based your calculations on some solitary installment for armorial bearings?—which you brought into the family, you know."

"Yes," she retorts graciously. "That was one thing you did not require before—I am sorry to have caused you so much expense. But you need not avoid the subject. Mrs. Quinet told me last week that she knows her husband pays every year sixty-five pounds for club-subscriptions alone, and nearly forty for cigars."

"Then Mrs. Quinet must have looked into your eyes, my dear, and seen what a simple little thing you are; for your knowledge of housekeeping and other expenses I will say is as slight as need be, and Mrs. Quinet has been simply making a fool of you. For the major belongs to two clubs, and in the one he pays eight guineas and in the other ten guineas a year. And he smokes Manillas at twenty-five shillings a hundred, which is equivalent, my dear—though you will scarcely credit it—to threepence apiece."

"The money must go somehow," says Tita defiantly.

"That is a customary saying among women, but it generally refers to their own little arrangements."

"You avoid the question very skillfully."

"I should have thought you would have preferred that."

"Why?" she says, looking up.

"Because you accused me of stinginess in not buying a pony for the boys, and I showed you that I should have to pay forty pounds a year for the brute."

"Yes, *showed* me! I suppose by that pleasing fiction you will gain other twenty pounds a year to spend in Partagas and Murias and trumpery stuff that the tobacconists tell you came from abroad."

"My dear," I say, "your insolence is astounding."

"If you call speaking the plain truth insolence, you will have some more of

it before you die. Bell, breakfast must be ready."

"Yes, my lady," says Bell, coming forward demurely. "But I wasn't doing anything."

So they went off, and the count and I followed.

"What is the matter?" says he.

"Do you know what a 'relish' is at breakfast?"

"No."

"Then don't marry, or you will find out."

The tall young man with the brown beard and the light eyes shrugged his shoulders, and only said, as we walked to the inn, "That is a very pleasant comedy, when it means nothing. If it was earnest you would not find so much enjoyment in it—no, not at all: you would not amuse yourselves, like two children, instead of the parents of a family. But, my dear friend, it is a dangerous thing; for some day you will meet with a stupid person, who will not understand how madame and yourself do make believe in that way, and that person will be astonished, and will talk of it, and you will both have a very bad reputation among your friends."

However, there was one amiable person at the breakfast-table, and that was Bell.

"Bell," I said, "I am going to sit by you. You never provoke useless quarrels about nothing; you are never impudent; you never argue; and you can look after a breakfast-table better than people twice your age."

Bell prudently pretended not to hear: indeed she was very busy helping everybody and making herself very useful and pleasant all round. She seemed to have forgotten her independent ways, and was so good-naturedly anxious to see that the lieutenant's coffee was all right that he was apparently quite touched by her friendliness. And then she was very cheerful too, and was bent on waking up the spirits of the whole party, but in a bright, submissive, simple fashion that the audacious young lady did not always affect.

"Did you hear the cocks crowing this

morning?" she said, turning to the count with her frank eyes. "I thought it was so pleasant to be woke up that way, instead of listening to the milkman coming along a dismal London square, and calling up the maid-servants with his 'El-cho! El-cho!' But did you notice that one of the cocks cried quite plainly, 'Oh, go away! Oh, go awa-a-ay!'—which was a stupid animal to have near an inn; and another fine fellow, who always started with a famous flourish, had got a cold, and at the highest note he went off at a tangent into something between a gurgle and a squeak. The intention of that crow, so far as it went, was far better than the feeble 'Oh, go away!' of the other; and I was quite sorry for the poor animal.—Do have some more toast, count.—He reminded me of poor Major Quinet, Tita, who begins a sentence very well, but all at once it jerks up into the air—goes off like a squib, you know, just below his nose—and he looks amazed and ashamed, like a boy that has let a bird escape out of a bag."

"You need not amuse yourself with the personal defects of your neighbors, Bell," says Tita, who did not expect to have Major Quinet brought forward again. "Major Quinet is a very well-informed and gentlemanly man, and looks after his family and his estate with the greatest care."

"I must say, Tita," retorted Bell, "that you have an odd trick of furnishing people with a sort of certificate of character whenever you hear their names mentioned. Very likely the major can manage his affairs in spite of his cracked voice; but you know you told me yourself, Tita, that he had been unfortunate in money-matters, and was rather perplexed just now. Of course, I wouldn't say such a thing of one of your friends, but I have heard of bankrupts; and I have heard of a poor little man being so burdened with debt that he looked like a mouse drawing a brougham, and then, of course, he had to go into the courts to ask them to unharness him.—Do have some more coffee, count: I am sure that is quite cold."

"Your aspersions are disgraceful, Bell," says my lady. "You know absolutely nothing of Major Quinet, and yet you hint that he is insolvent."

"I didn't—did I?" says Bell, turning to her companion.

"No," replies the count, boldly.

At this Tita looked astonished for a second; but presently she deigned to smile and say something about the wickedness of young people. Indeed, my lady seemed rather pleased by Bell's audacity in appealing to the lieutenant; and she was in a better humor when, some time after, we went out to the river and got a boat.

Once more upon the Thames, we pulled up the river, that lies here between wooded hills on the one side and level meadows on the other. The broad blue stream was almost deserted, and as we got near the pretty green islands, we could see an occasional incautious young moor-hen paddle out from among the rushes, and then go quickly in again, with its white tail bobbing in unison with its small head and beak. We rowed into the sluice of the mill that lies under Park Place, and there, having floated down a bit under some willows, we fixed the boat to a stump of a tree, landed, and managed to get into the road along which we had driven the previous night. As we ascended this pleasant path, which is cut through the woods of various mansions, and looks down upon the green level of Wargrave Marsh and the pleasant meadows beyond the other bank of the river, the ascents and descents of the road seemed less precipitous than they had appeared the night before. What we had taken, further, for wild masses of rock and fearful chasms and dangerous bridges, were found to be part of the ornamentation of a park—the bridge spanning a hollow having been built of sham rock-work, which in the daylight clearly revealed its origin. Nevertheless, this road leading through the river-side woods is a sufficiently picturesque and pleasant one; and in sauntering along for a mile or two and back, we consumed a goodly portion of the morning. Then there was

a brisk pull back to Henley, and the phaeton was summoned to appear.

When the horses were put in and the phaeton brought out, I found that the count had quietly abstracted the bearing-reins from the harness some time during the morning. However, no one could grudge the animals this relief, for the journey they had to make to-day, though not over twenty-three miles, was considerably hilly.

Now Tita had come early out, and had evidently planned a nice little arrangement. She got in behind. Then she bade Bell get up in front. The count had lingered for a moment in search of a cigar-case, and my lady had clearly determined to ask him to drive so soon as he came out. But, as she had not expressed any contrition for her conduct of that morning, some punishment was required; and so, just as the count came out, I took the reins, stepped up beside Bell, and he, of course, was left to join the furious little lady behind.

"I thought the count was going to drive," says Tita with a certain cold air. "Surely the road to Oxford is easy to find."

"It is," I say to her. "For you know all roads lead to Rome, and they say that Oxford is halfway to Rome: *argal*—"

But knowing what effect this reference to her theological sympathies was likely to have on Tita, I thought it prudent to send the horses on; and as they sprang forward and rattled up the main street of Henley, her retort, if any, was lost in the noise. There was a laugh in Bell's eyes, but she seemed rather frightened all the same, and said nothing for some time.

The drive from Henley to Oxford is one of the finest in England, the road leading gradually up through pleasant pastures and great woods until it brings you on to a common—the highest ground south of the Trent—from which you see an immeasurable wooded plain stretching away into the western horizon. First of all, as we left Henley on that bright morning, the sweet air blowing coolly among the trees, and bringing us odors from wild flowers and breadths of new-mown hay, we leisurely rolled along

what is appropriately called the Fair Mile, a broad smooth highway running between Lambridge Wood and No Man's Hill, and having a space of grassy common on each side of it. This brought us up to Assenton Cross, and here, the ascent getting much more stiff, Bell took the reins, and the count and I walked up the hill until we reached Bix turnpike.

"What a curious name!" said Bell, as she pulled the horses up.

"Most likely," said the count, who was looking at an ancient edition of Cary's *Itinerary*, "it is from the old Saxon *bece*, the beech tree, which is plentiful here. But in this book I find it is Bix-gibwen, which is not in the modern books. Now what is gibwen?"

"St. Caedwyn, of course," said Bell, merrily.

"You laugh, but perhaps it is true," replied the lieutenant, with the gravity befitting a student: "why not St. Caedwyn's beeches? You do call many places about here by the trees. There is Assenton—that is, the place of ash trees. We shall soon be at Nettlebed; and then comes Nuffield, which is Nutfield,—how do you call your wild nut tree in England?"

"The hazel," said Bell. "But that is commonplace: I like the discovery about St. Caedwyn's beeches better; and here, sure enough, they are."

The road at this point—something less than a mile past Bix turnpike—plunges into a spacious forest of beeches, which stretches along the summit of the hill almost on to Nettlebed. And this road is bordered by a strip of common, which again leads into a tangled maze of bracken and brier; and then you have the innumerable stems of the beeches, showing long vistas into the green heart of the wood. The sunlight was shimmering down on this wilderness, lying warmly on the road and its green margin, and piercing here and there with golden arrows the dense canopy of leaves beyond. High as we were, the light breeze was shut off by the beeches, and in the long broad cleft in which the road lay the air was filled with resinous odors, that of the tall green and yellow brackens prevail-

ing. An occasional jay fled screaming down between the smooth gray branches, giving us a glimpse of white and blue as it vanished; but otherwise there seemed to be no birds about, and the wild underwood and long alleys lay still and warm in the green twilight of the leaves.

"It is very like the Black Forest, I think," said the lieutenant.

"Oh, it is far lighter in color," cried Bell. "Look at all those silver grays of the stems and the lichens, and the clear green overhead, and the light browns and reds beneath, where the sunlight shines down through a veil. It is lighter, prettier, more cheerful than your miles of solemn pines, and the great roads cut through them for the carts, and the gloom and stillness underneath, where there is no growth of underwood, but only level beds of green moss dotted with dropped cones."

"You have a very accurate eye for colors, mademoiselle: no wonder you paint so well," was all that the lieutenant said.

But Tita warmly remonstrated with Bell. "You know very well," she said, "that all the Black Forest is not like that: there is every variety of forest scenery there. And pray, Miss Criticism, where were the gloomy pines and the solemn avenues in a certain picture which was sold at the Dudley last year for twenty-five solid English sovereigns?"

"You needn't tell Count von Rosen what my income is," said Bell. "I took two months to paint that picture."

"That is a very good income," said the count with a smile.

"I do not like people with large incomes," said Bell, avoiding that part of the subject. "I think they must have qualms sometimes, or else be callous. Now I would have everybody provided with a certain income, say two hundred pounds a year; but I would not like to prevent all competition, and so I would fix an income at which all people must stop. They might strive and strive if they liked, just like bells of air in a champagne glass, you know, but they should only be able to reach a certain level in the end. I would have nobody



with more than one thousand pounds a year; that would be my maximum."

"A thousand a year!" exclaimed Tita. "Isn't a thousand ten hundred?"

"Yes," said Bell, after a second's calculation.

"And suppose you have one hundred to pay for two boys at school, and another hundred for rent, and another hundred for the keep of two horses, and a hundred and twenty for servants' wages—"

"Perhaps, Tita," I suggest in the meekest possible way, "you might as well tell Count von Rosen what you pay for a leg of mutton, so that, when he next comes to dine with us he may enjoy himself the more."

It is well that the lightning which is said to dart from women's eyes is a harmless sort of thing—a flash in the pan, as it were, which is very pretty, but sends no deadly lead out. However, as Queen Tita had really behaved herself very well since we set out from Henley, I begged Bell to stop and let us in, and then I asked the lieutenant if he would drive.

By this time we had walked the horses nearly to the end of the pleasant stretch of beechwood, which is about a mile and a half long, and before us was a bit of breezy common and the village of Nettlebed. The count took the reins and sent the horses forward.

"Why did you not continue to drive?" said Tita, rather timidly, when I had taken my seat beside her.

"Because we shall presently have to go down steep hills, and as the count took off the bearing-reins this morning, we may as well hold him responsible for not letting the horses down."

"I thought perhaps you wanted to sit beside me," she said in a low voice.

"Well, now you mention it, my dear, that was the reason,"

"It would have been a sufficient reason a good many years ago," she said, with a fine affectation of tenderness, "but that is all over now. You have been very rude to me."

"Then don't say anything more about it; receive my forgiveness, Tita."

"That was not the way you used to

speak to me when we were at Eastbourne," she said; and with that she looked very much as if she were going to cry. Of course she was not going to cry. She has had the trick of looking like that from her youth upward, but as it is really about as pretty and pathetic as the real thing, it invariably answers the same purpose. It is understood to be a signal of surrender, a sort of appeal for compassion; and so the rest of this conversation, being of a quite private nature, need not be made public.

The count was taking us at a brisk pace across the bit of common, and then we rattled into the little clump of red-brick houses which forms the picturesque village of Nettlebed. Now, if he had been struck with some recollection of the Black Forest on seeing Nettlebed Wood, imagine his surprise on finding the little inn in the village surmounted by a picture of a white deer with a royal crown on its head, that legendary creature that figures in so many of the Schwarzwald stories and ballads and books! However, we were out of Nettlebed before he could properly express his astonishment, and in the vast picture that was now opening out before us there was little that was German. Indeed, the view from the summit of Nuffield Heath, which we were now approaching, is as thoroughly English in character as any to be found within the four seas. It is not unlike, by the way, the great and varied landscape which is to be seen from the hill above Monks Risborough in Bucks, the white cross of which smooth eminence, on a clear day, becomes visible to the Oxford undergraduates as a pale streak glimmering among the dark beechwoods along the horizon.

We stopped on the summit of Nuffield Heath, and found below us, as far as the eye could reach, the great and fertile plain of Berkshire, with a long and irregular line of hill shutting it in on the south. In this plain of Fields as they are called—Wallingford Field, Didcot Field, Long Wittenham Field, and so on—small villages peeped out from among the green woods and pastures, where a faint blue

smoke rose up into the sunshine. Here, as Bell began to expound—for she had been reading *The Scouring of the White Horse*, and various other books to which that romantic monograph had directed her—some great deeds had happened in the olden time. Along that smooth line of hill in the south, now lying blue in the haze of the light, the Romans had cut a road which is still called the Ridgeway or Icicleton Street; and in the villages of the plain, from Pangbourne in the south-east to Shellingford in the north-west, traces of the Roman occupation were frequently found. And then underneath that blue ridge of hill and down lay Wantage, in which King Arthur was born; and farther on the ridge itself becomes Dragon's Hill, where St. George slew the beast that ravaged this fair country; and there, as all men know, is the figure of the White Horse cut on the slope to commemorate the great battle of Ashdown.

"And Ashdown, is that there also?" asked the lieutenant.

"Well, no," said Bell, trying to remember what she had been told. "I think there is some doubt about it. King Arthur, you know, fell back from Reading when he was beaten, but he stopped somewhere on the hills near—"

"Why not the hill we have just come up?" said the lieutenant with a laugh. "It is near Reading, is it not? and there you have Assenton, which is Ashenton, which is Ashendown, which is Ashdown."

"Precisely," says Tita with a gracious smile. "All you have to do is to change John into Julius, and Smith into Cæsar, and there you are."

"But that is not fair, Tita," said Bell, turning round and pleading quite seriously. "Assenton *is* the same as Ashendon, and that is the name of the place where the battle was fought. I think Count von Rosen is quite right."

"Well, if you think so, Bell, that settles it," said my lady, looking rather pleased than otherwise.

And so we began to descend into the plain of many memories by a steep road that is appropriately called Gangsdown Hill. From thence a succession of undu-

lations carried us into the green breadths of Crowmarsh Field; until, finally, we drove into the village of Bensington, and pulled up at "The Crown" there, where we proposed to have some luncheon.

"This is a village of the dead," said Tita, looking down the main thoroughfare, where not a living soul was to be seen.

But at all events a human being appeared in the yard—not a withered and silent ostler, but a stout, hale, cheerful person, whose white shirt sleeves and gold chain proclaimed him landlord. With the aid of a small boy he undertook to put the horses up for an hour or two; and then we went into the inn. Here we found that, as the man in the yard was at once landlord and ostler, his wife inside was landlady, cook and waitress; and in a short space of time she had brought us some excellent chops. Not much time was spent over the meal, for the parlor in which we sat—albeit it was a sort of museum of wonderful curiosities, and was, moreover, enlivened by the presence of a crackvoiced cockatoo—was rather small and dark. Accordingly, while the horses were having their rest, we sauntered out to have a look at Bensington.

It is probably not the dullest little village in England, but it would be hard to find a duller. There was an old shepherd with a crook in his hand and a well-worn smockfrock on his back, who was leaning over the wooden palings in front of a house, and playfully talking to a small boy who stood at an open door. With many old country-people it is considered as the height of raillery to alarm a boy with stories of the punishment he is about to receive for something, and to visit him with an intimation that all his sins have been found out. This old shepherd, with his withered pippin face, and his humorous grin, and his lazy arms folded on the top of the palings, was evidently enjoying himself vastly: "A wur a-watchin' o' thee, a wur, and thy vather, he knows too, and he'll gie thee thy vairin wi' a good tharn stick when he comes hwom. A zah thee this marnin', my lad: thou'lt think nah one wur thear, eh?"

We left this good-natured old gentleman frightening the boy, and went round to the outskirts of the village. Here, at least, we found one explanation of the inordinate silence of Bensington—the children were all at their lessons. The door of the plain little building, which had **BRITISH SCHOOL** inscribed over the entrance, was open, and from within there issued a low, confused murmur. The Prussian, anxious to see something of the interior of an English school, walked up to the place, but he had just managed to cast a glance round on the rows of children when the door was politely shut in his face, and he returned, saying, "I am not an inspector: why need they fear?"

But when, after wandering about the suburban gardens and byways for a space, we returned to Bensington, we found that important village in a state of profound excitement. In the main thoroughfare a concourse of five people had assembled—three women and two children—and from the doors of the houses on both sides of the street innumerable faces, certainly not less than a dozen, were gazing forth. It is true that the people did not themselves come out—they seemed rather to shrink from court-ing publicity—but they were keenly alive to what was going on, and Bensington had become excited.

For there had come into the main street a little, dry, odd old man, who was leading a small donkey-cart, and who was evidently rather the worse for liquor. He was a seller of peas. He had summoned the inhabitants to come out and buy the peas, and he was offering them at what we are told were very reasonable terms. But just as the old man was beginning to enjoy the receipt of customs, there drove into the place a sharp, brisk, middle-aged man, with a shiny face, a fine presence and a ringing voice. This man had a neat cart, a handsome pony, and his name was printed in large letters, so that all could read. He was also a seller of peas. Now, although the rude and ostentatious owner of the pony was selling his peas at fourpence, while the humble proprietor of the donkey sold

his at threepence, the women recalled their children and bade them go to the dearer market. There was something in the appearance of the man, in the neatness of his cart and in the ringing cheerfulness of his voice, which told you he sold good peas. This was the cause of the great perturbation in Bensington; for no sooner did the half-tipsy old man see that his rival was carrying the day before him, than he leaned his arms over his donkey's head and began to make ironical comments on his enemy and on the people of Bensington. He was apparently in the best of spirits. You would have thought it delighted him to see small girls come timidly forward to him, and then be warned away by a cry from their mothers that they were to go to the other cart. Nay, he went the length of advertising his neighbor's wares. He addressed the assembled multitudes—by this time there were nearly fifteen people visible in Bensington—and told them he wouldn't sell his peas if he was to get a fortune for them. "Pay your foppence," he said to them, in accents which showed that he was not of Bensington born: "there are yer right good peas. It's all along o' my donkey 'as you'll not take mine, though they're only thrippence. I wouldn't sell. I won't sell this day. Take back yer money. I won't sell my peas at a crown apiece—darned if I do."

And with that he left his donkey and went over to the proprietor of the pony. He was not in a fighting mood—not he. He challenged his rival to run the pony against the donkey, and offered to bet the donkey would be in London a week before the other. The man in the cart took no notice of these sallies. In a brisk, practical, methodical fashion he was measuring out his peas, and handing them down to the uplifted bowls that surrounded him. Sometimes he grinned in a good-natured way at the facetious remarks of his unfortunate antagonist, but all the same he stuck to his business and drove a thriving trade. How there came to be on that afternoon so many people in Bensington who wished to buy peas must remain a mystery.

"And now," said Bell, as we once

more got into the phaeton, "we shall be in Oxford in two hours. Do you think the post-office will be open?"

"Very likely," said Tita, with some surprise; "but do you expect letters already, Bell?"

"You cannot tell," said the young lady with just a shade of embarrassment, "how soon Kate may send letters after us. And she knows we are to stop a day at Oxford. It will not be too dark to go hunting for the post-office, will it?"

"But you shall not go," said the lieutenant, giving a little flip to the reins, as if in obedience to Bell's wish. "When you have got to the hotel, I will go and get your letters for you."

"Oh no, thank you," said Bell, in rather a hurried and anxious way. "I should prefer much to go for them myself, thank you."

That was all that was said on the subject; and Bell, we noticed, was rather silent for the first few miles of our afternoon drive. The lieutenant did his best to amuse her, and carried on a lively conversation chiefly by himself. That mention of letters seemed to have left Bell rather serious, and she was obviously not over-delighted at the prospect of reaching Oxford.

The road from Bensington thither is pleasant enough, but not particularly interesting. For the most part it descends by a series of undulations into the level plain watered by the Isis, the Cherwell and the Thames. But the mere notion of approaching that famous city which is consecrated with memories of England's greatest men—statesmen and divines, melancholy philosophers and ill-starred poets—is in itself impressive, and lends to the rather commonplace landscape an air of romance. While as yet the old town lies unseen amid the woods that crowd up to the very edge of the sky, one fancies the bells of the colleges are to be heard, as Pope heard them when he rode, a solitary horseman, over these very hills, and down into the plain, and up to Magdalen Bridge.\* We cared

\* "Nothing could have more of that melancholy which once used to please me than my last day's journey; for after having passed through my favorite

little to look at the villages strung like beads on the winding thread of the road—Shellingford, Dorchester, Nuneham Courtenay and Sandford—nor did we even turn aside to go down to Iffley and the Thames. It was seven when we drew near Oxford. There were people sauntering out from the town to have their evening walk. When at last we stopped to pay toll in front of the old lichen-covered bridge across the Cherwell, the tower of Magdalen College and the magnificent elms on the other side of the way had caught a tinge of red from the dusky sunset, and there was a faint reflection of crimson down on the still waters that lay among the rank green meadows. Then we drove on into the High street, and here, in the gathering dusk, the yellow lamps were beginning to glimmer. Should we pull up at the Angel, that famous hostelry of ancient times, whose name used to be inscribed on so many notable coaches? "We put up at the Angel Inn," writes Mr. Boswell, "and passed the evening by ourselves in easy and familiar conversation." Alas! the Angel has now been pulled down. Or shall we follow the hero of *The Splendid Shilling*, who,

When nightly mists arise,  
To Juniper's Magpie or Town Hall repairs?

These, too, are gone. But as Castor and Pollux, during these moments of doubt and useless reminiscence, are still taking us over the rough stones of the High street, some decision must be come to; and so, at a sudden instigation, Count von Rosen pulls up in front of

woods in the forest, with a thousand reveries of past pleasures, I rid over hanging hills whose tops were edged with groves, and whose feet were watered with winding rivers, listening to the falls of cataracts below and the murmuring of the winds above: the gloomy verdure of Stonor succeeded to these, and then the shades of evening overtook me. The moon rose in the clearest sky I ever saw, by whose solemn light I paced on slowly, without company or any interruption to the range of my thoughts. About a mile before I reached Oxford all the bells tolled in different notes: the clocks of every college answered one another and sounded forth (some in deeper, some in a softer tone) that it was eleven at night. All this was no ill preparation to the life I have led since among those old walls, venerable galleries, stone porticoes, studious walks and solitary scenes of the University."  
—*Pope to Mrs. Martha Blount*. [Stonor Park lies about two miles to the right of Blx turnpike.]

the Mitre, which is an appropriate sign for the High street of Oxford, and betokens age and respectability.

The stables of the Mitre are clean, well-ventilated and well-managed—indeed, no better stables could have been found for putting up the horses for their next day's rest. When we had seen to their comfort we returned to the inn, and found my lady and Bell had not only had all the luggage conveyed to our respective rooms, but had ordered dinner, changed their attire, and were waiting for us in the square, old-fashioned, low-roofed coffee-room which looks out into the High street. A tall waiter was laying the cloth for us; the lights were lit all round the wall; our only companions were two elderly gentlemen who sat in a remote corner and gave themselves up to politics; and Bell, having resolved to postpone her inquiry about letters until next morning—in obedience to the very urgent entreaties of the lieutenant—seemed all the more cheerful for that resolution.

But if our two friends by the fireplace could not overhear our talk, we could overhear theirs, and all the time we sat at dinner we were receiving a vast amount of enlightenment about the condition of the country. The chief spokesman was a short, stout person, with a fresh, healthy, energetic face, keen gray eyes, bushy gray whiskers, a bald head and a black satin waistcoat—his companion a taller and thinner man, with straight black hair, sallow cheeks and melancholy dark eyes; and the former, in a somewhat pompous manner, was demonstrating the blindness of ordinary politicians to the wrath that was to come. Lord Palmerston saw it, he said. There was no statesman ever like Lord Palmerston—there would never be his like again. For was the North not bound to fight the South in every country? And what should we do if the men of the great manufacturing towns were to come down on us? There were two Englands in this island—and the Westminster Houses knew nothing of the rival camps that were being formed. And did not the North always beat the South? Did

not Rome beat Carthage? and the Huns the Romans? and the Northern States the Southern States? and Prussia Austria? and Germany France? And when the big-limbed and determined men of Birmingham, Leeds, Manchester, Preston, Newcastle and such towns rose to sweep aside the last feudal institutions of this country, of what avail would be a protest on the part of the feeble and self-indulgent South?

"This kingdom, sir," said the gentleman with the satin waistcoat and gold seals, in such lofty tones that Count von Rosen scarcely minded his dinner—"this kingdom, sir, is more divided at this moment than it was during the Wars of the Roses. It is split into hostile factions; and which is the more patriotic? Neither. There is no patriotism left—only the selfishness of class. We care no more for the country as a country. We are cosmopolitan. The skepticism of the first French Revolution has poisoned our big towns. We tolerate a monarchy as a harmless toy. We tolerate an endowed priesthood, because we think they cannot make our peasantry more ignorant than they are. We allow pauperism to increase and eat into the heart of the state, because we think it no business of ours to interfere. We see our lowest classes growing up to starve or steal, in ignorance and dirt; our middle classes scrambling for wealth to get out of the state they were born in; our upper classes given over to luxury and debauchery—patriotism gone—continental nations laughing at us—our army a mere handful of men with incompetent officers—our navy made the subject of destructive experiments by interested cliques—our government ready to seize on the most revolutionary scheme to get together a majority and remain in power—selfishness, incompetence, indifference become paramount. It is horrible, sir, it is 'orrible.'" In his anxiety to be emphatic, he left out that one *h*: it was his only slip.

Count von Rosen turned to Tita, and said, "I have met many English people in Germany who have spoken to me like that.. They do seem to have a pride in criticising themselves and their country.

Is it because they feel they are so strong, and so rich and so good that they can afford to dispraise themselves? Is it because they feel themselves so very safe in this island that they think little of patriotism? But I have observed this thing—that when it is a foreigner who begins to say such things of England, your countryman, he instantly changes his tone. He may say himself bad things of his country, but he will not allow any one else. That is very good—very right. But I would rather have a Frenchman who is very vain of his country, and says so at every moment, than an Englishman who is very vain and pretends to disparage it. The Frenchman is more honest."

"But there are many Englishmen who think England wants great improvements," said Tita.

"Improvements! Yes. But it is another thing you hear so many Englishmen say, that their country is all wrong: 'going to the dogs' is what you say for that. Well, they do not believe it true—it is impossible to be true; and they do not look well with us foreigners when they say so. For myself, I like to see a man proud of his country, whatever country it is; and if my country were England, do not you think I should be proud of her great history, and her great men, and her powers of filling the world with colonies, and—what I think most of all—her courage in making the country free to every man, and protecting opinions that she herself does not believe, because it is right? When my countrymen hear Englishmen talk like that, they cannot understand."

You should have seen Bell's face—the pride and the gratitude that were in her eyes, while she did not speak.

"You would not have us go about praising ourselves for doing right?" said Tita.

"No," he said, "but you ought not to go about professing yourselves to be less satisfied with your country than you are."

Before breaking up for the night, we came to a reckoning about our progress and probable line of route. Fifty-eight miles: that was the exact distance, by

straight road, we had got on our way to Scotland at the end of the third day.

"And to-morrow," said Tita as she finished giving the lieutenant his first lesson in bezique, "counts for nothing, as we remain here. Fifty-eight miles in three days looks rather small, does it not? But I suppose we shall get there in course of time."

"Yes," said Bell gently as she put the markers straight, "in Pollux' course of time."

My lady rose and in her severest tones ordered the girl to bed.

[*Note by Queen Titania, written at Oxford the day after our arrival there.*]

"If these jottings of our journey come to be published, I beg to say that, so far as I appear in them, they are very unfair. I hope I am not so terrible a person as all that comes to. The truth is—and I have noticed it in many families—a man of *obstinate will* and of *uncertain temper* likes nothing so much as to pretend to his friends that he suffers dreadfully from the tyranny of his wife. It is merely self-complacency. He knows no one dares thwart him, and so he thinks it highly humorous to give himself the air of being much injured and of being very good-natured, when those who are near him *know better*. He is as obstinate as a rock, and he can afford to treat compassionately the water that runs round and passes by without moving him the eighth of an inch. So far for myself. I do not care. I dare say most people who look at these memoranda will be able to decide whether the trifling misunderstandings—which have been *much exaggerated* and made to look *serious*—were owing to me. But as for Bell, I do not think it right to joke about her position at all. She does her best to keep up her spirits—and she is a brave, good girl, who likes to be cheerful, if only for the sake of those around her—but this affair of Arthur Ashburton is causing her *deep anxiety* and a good deal of vexation. Why she should have some vague impression that she has treated him badly, I cannot see, for the very reverse is the case. But surely it is absurd

to make this *lovers' quarrel* the pretext for dragging Bell into a wild romance, which the writer of the foregoing pages seems bent on doing. Indeed, with regard to this subject, I cannot do better than repeat a conversation which, with *characteristic ingenuity*, he has entirely omitted. He said to me, while we were wandering about Bensington, and Bell had strolled on with Count von Rosen, 'After all, our phaeton is not a microcosm. We have not the complete elements for a romance. We have no villain with us.'

"'You flatter yourself,' I remarked; which did not seem to please him, but he pretended not to hear.

"'There will be no dark background to our adventures—no crime, secresy, plotting, or malicious thwarting of Bell's happiness. It will be like a magic-lantern slide, with all the figures painted in rose-color.'

"'What do you mean by Bell's happiness?' I asked.

"'Her marriage with the lieutenant, and there is no villain to oppose it. If we had a villain, there is no room for him: the phaeton only holds four comfortably.'

"'Really this was too much. I could scarcely control my *impatience* with such folly. I have said before that the girl does not wish to marry any one; but if there were any thought of marriage in her mind, surely her anxiety about that

letter points *in a different way*. Of course I was immediately taunted with scheming to throw Bell and Count von Rosen together during our drive. I admit that I did so, and mean to do so. We ought not to expect young folks to be always delighted with the society of their elders, especially when the latter think it fine to be continually *laughing at them*. It is only natural that these two young people should become companions; but what of that? And as to the nonsense about a villain, who ever saw one? Out of a novel or a play, I never saw a villain, and I don't know anybody who ever did. It seems to me there is a good deal of self-satisfaction in the notion that we four are all so amiable and angelic that it wants some disagreeable person to throw us into relief. Are we all painted in rose-color? Looking back over these pages, I do not think so; but I am not surprised, considering *who had the wielding of the brush*. In the mean time, I am grieved to see Bell, without the intervention of any villain whatever, undergoing great anxiety; and I wish the girl had sufficient courage to sit down at once and write to Arthur Ashburton, and absolutely forbid him to do anything so foolish as seek an interview with her. If he should do so, it is impossible to say what may come of it, for Bell has a good deal of pride with all her gentleness.—T."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## THOMAS STORY.

Ferguson, R S

*Friends' Intelligencer* (1853-1910); Dec 30, 1871; 28, 44; ProQuest  
pg. 689

From "Early Cumberland and Westmoreland Friends."

### THOMAS STORY.

BY R. S. FERGUSON, M. A.

(Concluded from page 676.)

In 1698, Story carried out an intention he had long had of visiting Pennsylvania. This project was much opposed by his father; but still Story persisted, and in September, 1698, he sailed from Gravesend in the good ship *Providence*, for London, William Penn himself being among the company that came to see Story off. After a stormy voyage of about three months, they arrived in Chesapeake Bay. At one of the first places he visited, he found a priest of the English Church who was paid according to the work he did,—a hogshead of tobacco for each sermon. As the unfortunate man was paralyzed, and could not preach, he had had no pay for some years. Story settled in Pennsylvania, and was appointed William Penn's deputy in the province, and also a member of the Council of State, Keeper of the Great Seal, Master of the Rolls, and one of the Commissioners of Property. He married, in 1706, Ann Shippen, the daughter of Edward Shippen, a member of the Society of Friends, who left England in 1675, and made a large fortune as a merchant in Philadelphia. He was Speaker of the House of Assembly, and also the first Mayor of that town,—an honor to which Story was afterwards elected, but which he declined. She died in 1711 or 1712.

Storie's journal contains many interesting accounts of society and manners in America, and of the dangers the settlers incurred from Indians, into which we have not room to go. In November, 1708-9, he paid a visit to Barbadoes, Antigua, Jamaica, and other of the Western Isles; and was captured by a French privateer, and carried to Port-au-pes, in Hispaniola, where Story availed himself of his knowledge of Latin to hold theological arguments with the Jesuit priests. He was afterwards taken by the privateer to Guadaloupe, and endured great sufferings on the voyage; but from that place he got a passage back to Antigua, and thence to Pennsylvania.

In 1714, he left Pennsylvania, and returned to England, visiting Barbadoes and Antigua *en route*. His first visit, after his return, was to William Penn, whom he found in almost a childish state, from the effects of an apoplectic fit. He then travelled northwards, attending meetings on his way, and finally arrived at Justice Town, where he found his father still alive, but quite blind. Story only stayed with his father for about ten days, and then set off again southwards. He visited Wigton on his way, where some persons of the name of Robinson, and also Job and Lot Pearson, Ranters, apparently apostate Quakers, interrupted the meetings. The wife of one of the Robinsons abused Story at the funeral of a Quaker's child, and was by him treated, not to his usual weapon, a theological



argument, but to the threat "of a ducking-stool, or a few good rods at the tail of a cart, as a common scold." Story went on to Whitehaven, to see his old friends, two of the Gilpins, sons of Dr. Richard Gilpin, one a councillor and justice of the peace, and the other a merchant. Continuing his journey, he came to Oxford, where he fell in for riots, in which the Presbyterian and Quaker meeting-houses were wrecked by a mob of the scholars and others, and some Quaker houses damaged. This mischief was a concomitant of the general election of 1715, done in revenge for a proposal made by "the Low party" at Oxford to burn the pictures of the Queen and Dr. Sacheverill. At this election the Quakers had voted with the Low or Whig party. From Oxford, Story went to London, and thence to Yarmouth, and there embarked for a tour through Holland, Friesland, and Germany, to visit the continental Friends, who were allied to a foreign religious society, whose members were called Menists. Returning to Yarmouth, he visited the Gurneys at Norwich. For several years, up to 1740 1741, story continued to travel round to the Quaker meetings in England, Ireland, and Scotland, though latterly he stayed a good deal at Justice Town, having purchased his father's property from the widow of elder brother. There he built a house, and planted a nursery of forest trees. "Oaks, elms, ashes, acer-majors, poplars of several kinds, firs, English walnuts, black walnuts, tulip trees, locust-trees, cedars of America, occidental planes, lindels, chesnuts, horsechestnuts, diverse sorts of willows, beeches, hornbeans, scarlet oaks, &c., which I had raised from seeds and cuttings after their several kinds at that farm, to furnish that part of the country, in time, with timber, which is now scarce, and that I might be an example to others in that useful kind of improvement, which several since have begun to follow." Story's plantations remain at the present day, and one or more of the tulip-trees still flower annually. It has been suggested to the writer, by a member of the Society of Friends well acquainted with the fine woods at Castle Howard, that Story had a good deal to do with their planting. He had a playmate, in youth, of the Earl of Carlisle who built Castle Howard, and planted the woods; this acquaintance was renewed on Story's return from Pennsylvania; he frequently visited Castle Howard, informed the Earl of the boundless forests he had seen in America, and was doubtless, as a practical planter of trees, consulted by the Earl.

Towards the close of his life, Story had two paralytic strokes, which disabled him greatly. He died at Justice Town, in 1742, and

was buried in the Friends' burial ground, at Carlisle. The following account of him appeared in the *London Daily Advertiser*, of June 28th, 1743:—

"On Monday, the 21st of June, 1742, Died of a Paralytick Disorder, at Carlisle, aged about eighty, Mr. Thomas Story, an eminent Preacher among the Quakers; a man justly esteemed and lov'd, not only by that Society, but by many of others, not of the meanest rank, who had the pleasure of his acquaintance. He was truly a great and good man, whose principles led him to the performance of every moral and Christian Duty, and whose life and doctrines concurred in rendering him a fit example for Gospel Ministry, in Wisdom, Piety, and Humility. He had, without any professed application to Sciences, acquired a general Knowledge in Natural Philosophy, and most branches of the Mathematics, and had the most refined and extensive Ideas in the Metaphysics; but the inward and eternal happiness of Mankind was his favourite study. He was a Complete Gentleman, generous in his sentiments, affable in his behavior, free and communicative to people in all stations and circumstances. His time was chiefly devoted to the service of God, in discharging that public concern of Preaching the Gospel, which he esteemed his indispensable duty; of the good effect of whose extraordinary and faithful labours there are many living Witnesses. In short, if Temperance, Patience, Forgiving Injuries, Humility, Faith, and Charity are Characteristics of a Good Man and a Minister of Christ, he was one."

Story left funds for the publication of his journal, which is, in the main, a record of tours to attend meetings of the Society of Friends. The book is one which well repays perusal, though Story kept out of it much interesting matter that he might well have inserted. He was a proficient in natural science, and must in his travels have seen many curious things; yet he excludes from his journal all such, and also all the important public business he was concerned in. Of his own private affairs he says little; he never hints that he was married. Many odd facts are to be gleaned out of Story's journal, which illustrate the social life of the times in which he lived. For instance, it would appear that both Lord Carlisle and Lord Lonsdale, whom he used to visit, dined in the middle of the day, and had supper about the present dinner hour. The gaol system of the time is brought home to us very oddly, by an account of how the Governor of Carlisle Gaol, in 1707, allowed prisoners to go out to interrupt meetings of Friends,—a nuisance which the Governor of the city abated by the help of a corporal and a file of musketeers; and a curious picture is presented to us by a note,—that at one meeting, a doctor of divinity was rumored to be present, disguised in a blue coat. There were, in those days, penalties against attending meetings of dissenters, which Justice Appleby, of Kirkcintton, and his wife, are mentioned as on one occasion running the hazard of. An odd

expression that occurs in the journal is, "Threepenny curates," whom Story explains to be poor clergymen who "say prayers for the richer sort for threepence a-time, which is paid twopence in farthings and a dish of coffee." We have been told that the late Earl of Carlisle, in reply to a question sent him by letter, said he had read Story's journal, a copy of which is at Castle Howard, and that the dignified conversation recorded there, between Henry, Viscount Lonsdale, and Story, had much modified his sentiments regarding the Society of Friends, and their opposition to the payment of ecclesiastical demands.

Story was a man of high social position, both by birth and by learning. He was Greek scholar enough to put Dr. Bradford, Bishop of Carlisle, in a hole, by that prelate's own confession, over the Greek text of the New Testament. He visited, as we have mentioned, Lords Carlisle and Lowther at their seats; while Dean Tullie, of Carlisle, "Old Counsellor Aglionby," the Recorder of that city, and Richard Aglionby, the Registrar, are mentioned in the journal as his kind and old friends. With William Penn he was very intimate.

Story took an active part, after his return from America, in an agitation to get the Friends relieved from a form of affirmation to which they much objected. Indeed, he himself suffered an imprisonment of over a year for declining to make the obnoxious affirmation. In this agitation, the Earl of Carlisle helped him greatly, and, at a reception at his town house, in Dover Street, introduced Story to the Earl of Sunderland, with whom Story had a long conversation on the subject. He also visited the Duke of Somerset, the Archbishops of Canterbury and York, and the Bishop of Carlisle, to ask for their assistance, and was received by all most kindly. Of Dawes, Archbishop of York, Story writes:—"He had as much of the gentleman as Bishop in him, and the former seemed rather predominant." Story's efforts were at last successful.

Thomas Story was an intimate friend of James Logan, Secretary to William Penn, and Chief-Justice of Pennsylvania. Logan was a scholar and *savant* of a very high order, founder of the Loganian Library at Philadelphia, and author of several scientific papers and treatises, some of which, in Latin, were published at Leyden. Among others with whom Logan corresponded was Thomas Story, whose house in Philadelphia Logan rented after Story's return to England. Some of the letters are printed in "Logan's Life, by Armistead," and exhibit him in a very pleasant light, sending presents to Logan's

daughters, and doing such-like little friendly offices. In 1736, Chief Justice Logan delivered to the Grand Inquest, at a Court of Oyer and Terminer and General Gaol Delivery, held for the city and county of Philadelphia, an elaborate charge, intended as a confutation of Hobbes, and based on the axiom, "That man was primarily, in his nature, formed for society;" a thesis from which Logan argued up to the necessity of penal laws and their administrative machinery. Of this charge, Logan sent a copy to Thomas Story, and, from Story's answer in reply, we glean that he held, on scientific points, opinions far in advance of his day, and abreast of those put forward by professors and philosophers now living, who would be astonished to think that, 1736, any one, much less a Quaker preacher, held such views. Story's theory was, that "the Creator of all things never made anything dead, in its first procedure from Him, but living,"—or, as he puts it, "that all inert matter was generally animated, consisting of innumerable animalculæ and farinæ *before the worlds were made of it.*" Some papers which Story wrote upon this subject appear to be lost, and so his arguments in support of his proposition are unknown. They appear to have taken some such line of reasoning as this: all seeds of animals, (animalculæ,) and all seeds of vegetables, (farinæ,) exist in the bodies of their parents (animal or vegetable,) grow to perfection, and decay, returning to earth, from whence they were borrowed and used for a time, "so that there is a perpetual revolution of all things, but no proper annihilation of any, save only of germ, but not of substance." As, therefore, such never die, Story argues, they must have had life before God made the world of them, and that God endowed with life everything that He did create. This is not unlike a glimmering of Professor Huxley's theory of "protoplasm." In another epistle, Story intimates his belief in doctrines, at which even now, many people would be astonished, not to say shocked. He had been to Scarborough, and from a geological study of the cliffs there, he was confirmed in an opinion, "that the earth is of much older date, as to the beginning of it, than the time assigned in the Holy Scriptures, as commonly understood, which is suited to the common capacities of human kind, as to six days' progressive work, by which I understand certain long and competent periods of time, and not natural days, the time of the commencement and finishing of all those great works being undiscoverable by the mind of man, and hid in that short period, 'In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth.'" And then the author goes on to set

forth "the further modifications of the terraqueous globe, and, I conjecture, very long after it had its being with the rest of the worlds." So far as this passage goes, Story might have been a pupil of Charles Lyell himself. From other passages, also, we find that he believed in a plurality of worlds. It is curious that, in his own journal, he hints at none of these opinions. They are hardly such as the Society of Friends would have then approved of. During the latter part of Story's life, he was attacked by some members of the Society, and very much harassed, at the Yearly Meetings in London. We have also seen in print, a letter, written after his death, assuring Friends that Story died in unity with the Society. May not his opinions have brought him into some discredit with the more Orthodox of the Society?

We have endeavored to give a slight sketch of one who is deserving, if ever man was, to be ranked among the highest and best of our Cumberland worthies. Thomas Story was no vulgar religious ranter; he was a man of good position, of great learning, and, at one time, a conveyancing counsel in large practice. He gave up all his prospects in life because he considered it his duty to embrace the tenets of the Society of Friends; and he spent the best part of his life in ministering in Friends' meetings, not only in Great Britain and Ireland, but in America, where he spent many years of his life, and on the Continent.

Story himself is an authority for spelling his native place as we have done,—Justice Town, and not Justus Town, as it is generally spelt now a days.

Two sermons by Thomas Story, preached by him at York, in 1738, on Salvation by Christ, and on Silent Waiting, Silent Teaching, and Silent Worship, have recently been printed and published, by Kitto, London, and Hudson Scott & Sons, Carlisle, from the original edition of 1738, which Story himself revised. In his journal, he thus alludes to these sermons:—

"I continued some time in these parts, and was again at the Quarterly Meeting at York, the business whereof was conducted in the peaceable wisdom of the Son of God; many great and important truths were delivered in the meetings, by several brethren, in the demonstration and authority of the Holy Spirit. Here a person took down some of my testimonies, in short-hand, as he had done before at some other times; this is seldom truly done, for though the form of the speech may be, by this means, and help of the memory of the writer, nearly preserved, yet the missing or altering of a word in some sentences, may greatly alter and wrong the sense; and it is certain, that no letters, words, or speech can represent the Divine virtue, power and energy, in which the doctrines of the truth are delivered, by those who are sent of God, for they speak with wisdom and authority, in, and from Him."

## TRAVELS IN THE AIR.

ABOUT ninety years ago, on the memorable 21st of November, 1783, the Parisian world had a sensation which can never be repeated. On that day, men for the first time dared to trust themselves in a balloon, which was to be freed entirely from the earth, and take, as we may say, its chance as to the time and manner in which it was to return to it. One can easily imagine the intense excitement and admiration which must have filled the hearts of the spectators, and the feelings of triumph, though mingled, it must needs have been, with some apprehension, on the part of the occupants of the car, the Marquis d'Arlandes and M. Pilâtre de Rozier, when they for the first time, trusting themselves to the care of their new machine, invented only a few months previously, were carried by it into the unknown region of the clouds. Fortunately, this first free ascent was a success; if it had not been, who knows how long further experiments in aeronautics might have been postponed by prohibitory laws or by the fears of men, both of which would certainly have been quite justifiable? As it was, this first excursion served as a stimulus to other attempts, and the number which have

been made since then is beyond all estimate. It is certain, however, that the immense majority of them have been every way as successful as this first one was, and many, of course, very much more so. The danger of balloon ascents is really very trifling; accidents occur hardly once in a hundred times, and very seldom, when they do occur, involve the loss of life. It is hardly more dangerous to travel by balloon than by railway or steamer, and certainly very much more agreeable.

If our reader desires a most convincing proof of this last statement, we cannot do better than to refer him to a book bearing the title which stands at the head of this article, and imported by Lippincott & Co. We must confess to having become somewhat enthusiastic on the subject of balloons since reading this book, and hardly think any one else who even looks at it can fail to have something of the same feeling. By a mere glance at it one is introduced to quite a new world, and to read it is the next best thing to going up above the clouds one's self. It is illustrated by six beautiful chromo-lithographs, and has a hundred and twenty other illustrations.

Mr. Glaisher, the editor, is a thoroughly scientific man, possessed of remarkable steadiness and coolness, as his name would imply, and as the accounts of his voyages sufficiently demonstrate. He is one of the best meteorologists in the world, and it is in the interests of science that his ascents have been made. But, together with the accounts of his own excursions, he gives others by three French gentlemen, also accomplished aeronauts, and whose enthusiasm on the subject almost equals our own, and practically perhaps surpasses it, for we find that M. Tissandier seems to have had no objection to starting from Calais when the wind was blowing straight out toward the German Ocean. These gentlemen, MM. Flammarion, De Fonvielle, and Tissandier, just named, often made long journeys, landing at a point quite remote from that of starting—a thing almost out of the question for Mr. Glaisher, for, as he pathetically remarks, “whatever part of England we start from, in one hour we may be over the sea.” His endeavor rather was, in the short time allotted him, to rush for the upper regions of the atmosphere, in order that he might there, as well as on the way up and down, make observations on temperature, electricity, magnetism, sound, solar radiation, the spectrum, ozone, direction of wind (for this, as before remarked, his opportunity was limited), actinic effects of the sun, density of the clouds, etc., and he consequently went up quite beleaguered with instruments, as the illustration “Mr. Glaisher in the car” clearly shows. The effects of great elevation on the human constitution naturally did not escape his attention, nor that of his companion and aeronaut, Mr. Coxwell; he says that, on one occasion, “at the height of three miles and a

half, Mr. Coxwell said my face was of a glowing purple, and higher still, both our faces were blue. Truly a pleasing state of things!”

But three miles and a half was a small elevation for Mr. Glaisher. In several of his ascents, he rose to the height of about five miles, on one occasion meeting with dense clouds all the way up. Certainly such clouds are not common, except in “our old home”; but such a day as that must have been even an Englishman could hardly have called “fine.” His third ascent, on September 5, 1862, was the most interesting of all; in this he rose to the astonishing height of *seven miles*, or 37,000 feet. Probably our readers have generally been accustomed to see in their atlases, by the side of the enormous congeries of mountains which usually forms the frontispiece, a small picture of a balloon, with “highest point ever reached by man,” or words to that effect, appended to it, at the elevation of 23,000 feet; with a reference to the name of Gay-Lussac. But this ascent, made on September 15, 1804, is entirely insignificant now, compared with this stupendous one, to a point a mile and a half above the summit of the Himalaya Mountains, into regions where only one-quarter of the atmosphere lay above the aeronauts, and where it was rarefied about in the same proportion. If their faces were blue at four miles, what were they now?

The account of this ascent is very exciting, and at the same time places Mr. Glaisher's qualities as an observer in the most favorable light. In company with Mr. Coxwell, who was his pilot as usual, he left Wolverhampton at about one o'clock, and attained the height of five miles in about fifty minutes. Think of that, compared with the trouble of ascending an Alpine peak, where, after

many hours of most exhausting labor, one can only get three miles above the sea! And Mr. Glaisher, instead of having to strain every muscle in his body, was able to sit quiet, and calmly observe the barometer, thermometer, etc. The balloon was, however, revolving so rapidly that he failed in taking photographic views. Mr. Coxwell had more exhausting work in the management of the balloon, and was panting for breath when they were three miles high. For two miles more, however, Mr. Glaisher "took observations with comfort." But, "about 11.52m., or later," he made his last reading; after this he could not see the divisions of the instruments, and asked Mr. Coxwell to help read them. They probably were beginning to think it was time to see about coming down; but in order to do so, the valve-rope had to be pulled, and it was caught in the rigging above, owing to the rotatory motion of the balloon. The thermometer was about ten degrees below zero; Mr. Glaisher was fast becoming insensible, and Mr. Coxwell's hands were almost useless from numbness. Still, something had to be done, for they were rising a thousand feet every minute; and accordingly, Mr. Coxwell climbed into the ring of the balloon, and pulled the rope with his teeth. He has the proud distinction of having been five or six feet higher above the earth than any other man, for of course they immediately began to descend. On coming back to the car, he found his companion quite insensible; after a few minutes, Mr. Glaisher came to himself, as they sank from that terrible elevation, to which it is probably impossible for man safely to ascend. But, like a thoroughly scientific man, as he is, he had observed his sensations to the last. First, his arms and

legs gave out; and his neck became weak, so that his head fell over to one side; he shook himself, and noticed that he "had power over the muscles of his back, and considerably so over those of the neck." This suddenly left him, however, and the sense of sight immediately afterward; as for hearing, he could not tell, as there was probably nothing to hear at that height. He fell back helpless, resting his shoulder on the edge of the car. The next words he heard were "temperature" and "observation"; it can hardly be supposed that these were the first words Mr. Coxwell employed to rouse him, though they were probably the best. Then "the instruments became dimly visible." Immediately on recovering, he says: "I drew up my legs, which had been extended, and *took a pencil in my hand to begin observations.*" Is not this characteristic?

Perhaps it may not be clear how it can be proved that the height of seven miles was attained on this occasion. It is, of course, well known that the elevation of a balloon is determined, as that of a mountain-peak usually is, by the barometer; and this method is very accurate, though, if there be a rapid motion upward or downward, the barometer may lag a little. Still, it gives the absolute height, and also the rate of ascent or descent, with sufficient accuracy for all practical purposes. By this instrument Mr. Glaisher had found that, just before he became insensible, they were 29,000 feet high, and ascending at the rate of 1,000 feet a minute; when he recovered after the lapse of thirteen minutes, they were 26,000 feet high, and descending 2,000 feet a minute. These data are sufficient to determine the greatest height attained; but Mr. Coxwell also, on coming down from the ring, happened to glance at the aneroid

barometer, and afterward remembered pretty nearly the direction of its hand; its reading confirms the conclusion got by the other method. A minimum thermometer agreed in the same result. They landed safely at about twenty minutes to three, the whole excursion having taken only a little over an hour and a half. The illustration called "Mr. Glaisher insensible at the height of seven miles" is one of the most remarkable in the book, and most readers will probably turn to it repeatedly. It represents the supreme and critical moment; Mr. Coxwell is in the ring, and is just loosening the valve-rope. His hands, his companion tells us, were black when he came down; and Mr. Glaisher generally means what he says.

It is not every one who will care to compete with these gentlemen in making lofty ascents; and it is not probable that they had any merely ambitious motives in undertaking to soar so high. Mr. Glaisher's enthusiasm for and interest in science are perfectly genuine; and his results, which are of course only hinted at in these popular accounts which he gives of his excursions, are very valuable. It is not likely that any one else could have accomplished so much as he did. Still, though they were not led on by ambition, their achievement on the occasion just mentioned is one which must discourage others who may be; for it would be very difficult and dangerous to attempt to do purposely what they did only as it were accidentally, and which they would not have done had they known its peril. There are, it is true, some remarkable effects, such as the blackening of the sky (as well as of the hands of the aeronauts), which cannot be so well attained at lower altitudes; but still, substantially the same can be enjoyed at heights of four or five

miles, and really the most beautiful ones are presented as soon as we rise above the clouds. The effect seems to us, judging from the illustrations, to be especially magical when the canopy (or carpet, as it may more properly be called from our new point of view) is complete, so as to reach to the horizon, and shut out all view or idea of the earth completely. Many of the pictures illustrate this well. One would seem to lose all sense of height or of being in a dangerous position; the quiet sea of clouds beneath can never seem very distant, owing to the impossibility of judging of the real dimensions of its rolling waves; and these waves seem, by their apparent solidity yet softness, almost to invite a fall. And one seems to be entirely in a new state of existence; the change is more complete than could be obtained by travelling to the other side of the globe; and yet it can be realized in the space of five or ten minutes on any ordinary cloudy day. There above, with the dark-blue sky overhead, with the glorious bright sun in it lighting up the masses of white vapor below, far from all the dust, noise, and confusion of the lower sphere, what an exhilaration must the aeronaut feel, if indeed his eye is not entirely employed on the divisions of his barometer and the pages of his note-book! The idea of such a vision is almost enough to make one's enthusiasm for ballooning equal that of M. de Fonvielle, who, however, was willing to put up even with lower elevations; for he says that in his younger days he "was ready to be shut up in a sky-rocket, provided that its projectile power were carefully calculated, and that it were provided with a parachute"! If the sky-rocket could only be sent above the clouds—but, on the whole, one would probably be calmer, enjoy the view

more thoroughly, and take in its various features better, in the car of our present beautiful and majestic, though somewhat unmanageable, vehicle.

And yet in all respects the balloon is not unmanageable. Its rise and fall can be regulated with great exactness; and by means of the pretty invention of the guide-rope, due to the celebrated English aeronaut, Mr. Green, its final fall to the earth, if a violent wind is not blowing, can be made very easy. This rope hangs down three or four hundred feet below the car, and as it touches the ground, and then coils up upon it, the weight and the descending power of the balloon are continually and gradually lessened. And by parting with gas or ballast, the ascent and descent can always be most carefully adjusted; so much so, indeed, that one has to be somewhat careful. Once M. Tissandier, on making a second ascent with no more ascending power at his disposal, was obliged to regret that he had not gone without his breakfast; the least little alteration of weight affects the equilibrium so much that the loss of a chicken-bone which he thoughtlessly once threw out, he says, "certainly caused us to rise from twenty to thirty yards." One can certainly rise or fall without much difficulty; the only danger is that too much gas may escape after the ballast is exhausted, or when there is only a small supply on hand, and that the descent may be too rapid. Mr. Glaisher twice at least came down so hard as to break nearly all his instruments; but once this was in a manner intentional, for the wind had been drifting him out toward the sea, and on discovering through an opening in the clouds that it was almost directly under him, he had only the alternative of coming down with a

rush or being drowned. On another occasion, M. de Fonvielle descended with a party in the *Giant* balloon in a rapid and inevitable manner, owing to the escape of gas; but records, besides the breaking of the instruments, only that "one of the travellers had his face covered with blood, another was wounded by a thermometer, and a third complained of a pain in his leg." One curious danger there is, however, about even a quiet descent which is worth noticing. The last-named gentleman had just made a very successful excursion without an aeronaut; and, on coming down, his grapnel had caught in a tree near the edge of a forest. 'The sequel shall be in his own words:

"At this moment, I was deceived by an optical illusion which might have had dangerous results, and I call the attention of my readers to it in case they may ever be tempted to undertake the management of an aerostat. Let them never get out of the car till it is fairly landed upon the soil. Let them be perfectly sure that no solution of continuity exists between the car and the earth before they think of stepping out of it, for their eyes, accustomed to the immense proportions of things above the clouds, have lost their power of appreciating dimensions. Objects appear so small on the earth's surface during a descent that great trees look like mere blades of grass. At this moment I believed we had descended upon heath bushes, and we were at the top of the high trees. I had actually got one leg out of the car, and was preparing to leap down!"

If a strong wind is blowing, it is not so easy to descend. The horizontal motion of the balloon is beyond the control of gas or ballast. MM. de Fonvielle and Tissandier set out once in a high wind; they came down on a plain, were dragged across it, and over the tops of some trees, which broke and crashed as they passed; again they rushed over some plough-



ed ground, where they were finally rescued by some peasants. What was their velocity during this remarkable trip? On consulting maps and watches, they found they had come forty-eight miles from Paris in thirty-five minutes, or the rate of eighty miles an hour; in the air, however, they probably travelled faster, and in the last five minutes of "dragging" not so fast.

But "dragging" is not the worst thing that can happen when there is a high wind. Let aeronauts beware how they attempt to anchor in such circumstances before coming tolerably near to the ground. The grapnel was once let out at the height of about sixty yards when they were skimming along with great velocity, and at first took no hold, but finally caught in the edge of a small pond. The wind, however, took revenge on the balloon, which now suddenly refused to obey its impulse:

"I was busily engaged," says M. Tissandier, "in stowing away the loose bottles, that might have injured us seriously in case of bumping, when I heard a sharp cracking sound, and Duruof [their pilot] immediately cried out, '*The balloon has burst!*' It was too true; the *Neptune's* side was torn open, and transformed suddenly into a bundle of shreds, flattening down upon the opposite half. Its appearance was now that of a disc surrounded with a fringe. We came to the ground immediately. The shock was awful. Duruof disappeared, I leaped into the hoop, which at that instant fell upon me, together with the remains of the balloon and all the contents of the car. All was darkness; I felt myself rolled along the ground, and wondered if I had lost my sight, or if we were buried in some hole or cavern. An instant of quiet ensued, and then the loud voice of Duruof was heard exclaiming: 'Now come from under there, you fellows!' We hastened to obey the voice of the commander, and found that the car had turned over upon us, and shut us up like mice in a trap!"

What next? They had fallen

from a height of about two hundred feet, and yet were not much bruised: but the very wind that had caused their disaster helped them out of it; in fact, their balloon was transformed into a kind of gigantic kite, and let them down pretty easily.

But let us get up above the clouds again. That is the place really to enjoy life. Once there, one hardly thinks about coming down or its difficulties; the earth is out of sight, and almost out of mind. We are sailing along, perhaps at a quicker rate than that of an express train; but the motion is as imperceptible as that immensely more rapid one of the magnificent planetary projectile on which we are whirling through space. For the clouds are moving with us, and, though they are breaking up and changing their forms, we cannot see that they move as a mass. Occasionally, through a break, we may see the earth, or be saluted from it, as M. Flammarion once was to his great surprise, by cries of "A balloon! a balloon!" when he was quite unaware of there being any hole through which the balloon could be seen. Sounds, by the way, will go up much better than they will come down; the reason of this is the lesser density of the air above. Of course we feel no wind, for the wind is taking us with it: so that even the cold at any ordinary height and at any season usual for ballooning is not troublesome. Sometimes, indeed, it is warmer aloft than below; on the occasion of the eighty-mile-per-hour voyage, just mentioned, the thermometer was actually at eighty-two degrees at the height of a little over half a mile, while below it stood at fifty-five. The balloon is as steady as the Rock of Gibraltar; M. Flammarion assures us that he once filled a tumbler with water till it was brimming over, so that not another drop could be

added; but not a drop was spilled by the movement of their vehicle, though it was travelling with the speed of a locomotive, and alternately rising and falling to the extent of several hundred yards.

His account of a journey from Paris into Prussia, made in a beautiful moonlight summer night, gives a most delightful idea of this most agreeable of all modes of travelling. They left Paris about two hours before sunset, and had a fine afternoon sail. The weather was cloudy, and rain came on at half-past nine; but what of that? One is quite superior to rain in a balloon, or, if not, may easily become so. They throw out a little ballast, and rise above the rain-cloud. The cloud soon breaks away, finding that it cannot embarrass their movements, and the country beneath becomes visible. They see a bright light in a house, and hear the sound of dance music played by an orchestra. It is a ball. They cross the frontier at Rocroi. The lines of its fortifications are dimly seen in the moonlight. No examination of passports or luggage for them. (On another excursion, however, we are told, when they were sailing along near the ground, two gendarmes rode up in hot haste, calling out, "*Vos passe-ports, messieurs!*" but were dismissed with a polite request to step up and verify them, accompanied by a shower of ballast.) The moon comes out brightly as they enter Belgium. They sail over the Meuse, and M. Flammarion greets enthusiastically the home of his youth:

"Beautiful river, I welcome thee! Near thy banks, on the old mountain which overlooks thy fertile plain, I was born. Little did I think, whilst playing some childish game within sound of the murmur of thy ripple, that I should some day cross over thy stream suspended to

this light, aerial globe! Thy peaceful waters flow towards the Rhine and the North Sea, into which they fall, and are lost for ever. Thus is it with our own brief existence, flowing towards the regions of cold and mystery, to vanish some day in that unknown ocean into which we must all descend."

Certainly, it is a pity that he takes such a gloomy view of life.

The pilot, M. Godard, rouses him from his reverie.

"See, *mon ami*, how beautiful this is! Do not dream of days gone by. Are not those the lights of Namur, some six or eight leagues distant? And see, there is Huy, and beyond it again Liège! Here we are right over Belgium, and we may cross a corner of Holland, perhaps, before we enter Prussia!"

The Belgian blast-furnaces soon light up the landscape beneath them, and the noises of the workshops, mingled with the deep sound of the river, rise to their ears.

The dawn begins to break. In fact, through the whole night a faint gleam of twilight has been seen in the north; but now it begins to take effect on the clouds and air around them. The light increases.

"Although the air above is more or less veiled by light mists, we can distinguish the country before three o'clock as clearly as at mid-day. Our course follows the edge of some considerable forests situated on our right hand. These plains (are they plains?) have a very different aspect from those on French territory. In place of the regular patches of fields which lie upon the surface in parallel lines, the country here is composed of fields of every size and form, like the various provinces on a colored map; most of which are surrounded by hedges as they are in England."

They are wafted along into Prussia. On the right, Luxemburg and Trèves are visible; on the left, Holland, even to the shore of the North Sea.

"The Rhine flows along with its silver ripple in the distance. . . . All nature is silent, save from time to time the timid chirping of some little bird; when, suddenly, a vast golden streak of light breaks forth from the east, and caresses the highest clouds of the atmosphere, clothing them in rosy and golden tints."

The illustration representing this sunrise is magnificent, as the sight must have been in the highest degree. What could be more inspiring than to be borne along amid the glorious clouds of morning toward the rising sun—the cheering influence of whose beams the balloon itself seems to feel, as, dried and expanded by their heat, it rises proudly into the sky—with the Rhine glistening before us, and the green plains and forests of Germany inviting us to continue our voyage?

They hear the sound of church-bells, and, soon after, that of cannon.

"From minute to minute the voice of this gracious apparatus of civilization and progress growled among the clouds. It was the artillery of Mülheim preparing itself for the next war.

"The ancient city of Cologne forms beneath us a regular semicircle soldered to the left bank of the Rhine. Unless one examined it attentively, it might be taken for a moderate-sized snail sticking to the thin branch of a tree."

Poor M. Flammarion thought he was going to enjoy his sail some time longer, perhaps all day. But his inexorable aeronaut thought differently. There was very little ballast and no breakfast; it was probable that the wind would rise, and that they would come to grief. His word was law; so the valve-rope was pulled, the French flag run up, and down they came at Solingen, near Düsseldorf, 330 miles from Paris, which distance had been accomplished in twelve hours and a half. The good-natured Germans rushed

up to help them; the greatest difficulty was to prevent them from smoking near the balloon.

This journey is a fair example of what balloon travelling may be in skilful hands. Of course it has its disadvantages. The principal one is obvious; that you can only go just where the wind will take you; but there is an advantage corresponding to this in the quietness and steadiness of the motion, and it is not at all improbable that, with the rapid advances which are being made continually in the science of meteorology, the laws of winds will be ascertained sufficiently to enable the aeronaut to find one which will carry him in the general direction in which he wants to go, on most occasions, by choosing a proper elevation. Certainly this can often be done, as in the case of M. Tissandier's trip from Calais over the German Ocean. A lower breeze brought them back to land. The difficulty remaining is that of changing our elevation. On the present system, this requires a loss of gas or ballast, which cannot be kept up indefinitely. An ingenious plan has been proposed by Gen. Meusnier—to have a double balloon, one outside the other: the inner one is filled with gas, the space between the two with air; into the outer one more air is forced by an air-pump when we wish to descend, and allowed to escape when we wish to rise. The compressed air is itself heavier than the air surrounding, and the compressed gas in the inner balloon is also less buoyant than before. This is applying the principle of the bladder of the fish to aerostatics. The *Giant* was constructed on this plan, but it does not appear that the practicability of using it in this way was ever tested.

Still, notwithstanding the great utility and advantages of the balloon

pure and simple, we certainly shall never be able to lay out our course with it with all the accuracy that could be desired, and it is probable that we shall never be able to bring it down precisely at the point we wish to reach. To accomplish this, we must have something that will go against the wind; we must have something which takes hold on the air; we must, in short, be able to fly. It should be noticed, however, that a flying machine, when invented, will not necessarily supersede the balloon; it will have its advantages, and the balloon will have its own; probably, for mere pleasure travelling, the latter will always be preferable, or certainly would be except for the inconveniences attending its landing, especially when the wind is high.

It may be said, perhaps, as above, "a flying machine, when invented"; for it really seems as if some practical invention of this kind must before long be realized. It can hardly be doubted that the bird must be the model, to some extent, of its construction; and it would seem to be worth while to take instantaneous photographs of birds in flight, in order to discover what really are the positions which the wing successively assumes. The photographs of this kind, of men walking, which have been taken, told us a great deal which we did not know before about a movement which seems so very familiar and easy. It seems probable, with regard to flying, as M. Flammarion intimates, that the impulse is a very sudden one, at least during a part of the stroke; so that the thin resisting medium has, as it were, a certain kind of solidity and firmness.

Various machines for flying have been made, and a tolerable success attained. One is lately reported in Philadelphia. There seems to be no impossibility in taking up enough

force, at least by the aid of balloon power, to give a considerable velocity in a calm to our air-ship; but it may as yet be doubted whether it would be able to contend against the ordinary velocity which winds have even a short distance above the surface of the earth. In Mr. Glaisher's ascents, the wind was blowing, on the average, four times as fast above as below. This could generally be avoided by keeping near the ground.

But after all, what aspiring man really longs for is not to have a flying machine to carry him, but to have his own wings, and some power strong enough to move them. With the motive powers known at present, this seems to be beyond our reach; but who knows? Heat and motion are now understood to be convertible, and perhaps the sun's rays may yet be found powerful enough to raise us into the air. But then—look out for clouds. The sun melted the wings of Icarus; the shade would melt ours.

Flying may yet be realized; and it is well enough to look forward to what may be in store in the future; but let us also not undervalue what we already have. The beauty of the form of the balloon necessarily implies a certain perfection in it, as the majesty of a full-rigged line-of-battle ship clearly shows a perfection which no actual results gained by cheese-box Monitors can ever gainsay. Our present air-ship is a noble product of human genius, and its resources are by no means yet exhausted.

Even a captive balloon is not a bad affair, and may be used for travelling purposes, though it may seem a contradiction to say so. A "captive" is simply one which is fastened by a rope so that it cannot ascend above a certain height. If fastened to a fixed object, it serves only as a means to take people up for a view or to

make scientific observations: but if attached to a moving body, it is a very pleasant vehicle to ride in, or could easily be made so. Our French aeronauts were once pulled in this way through the streets of a town, and at another time were towed for some distance at the height of five hundred feet by a number of their excitable countrymen. But it must be acknowledged that on the whole a captive is not so pleasant to ride in as a free balloon. Besides the feeling of exultation accompanying a free ascent, it also has the advantage of being really a great deal more comfortable. The captive, being restrained by the rope, feels the full force of whatever wind there is, and is moreover apt to be tipped over considerably when the breeze is strong. Nevertheless, going up in one is a tolerably popular amusement when the opportunity is offered, though hardly enough so to make it profitable for the proprietors. This is one of the miserable difficulties about the pursuit of science, that experiments cost something, and often it is very troublesome to raise the necessary funds. Free ascensions have, however, been common enough for a good deal more to have been accomplished in the way of experiment and observation than has usually been the case, and Mr. Glaisher's example deserves to be gen-

erally followed. The balloon itself may do a good deal towards the investigation of the laws of the atmospheric currents, the knowledge of which would be so useful for its own guidance, as well as in answering questions concerning storms and climate. Mr. Glaisher, on January 12, 1864, met with a warm current of air from the southwest, more than half a mile in depth; and he considers that this may, perhaps, be an aerial Gulf Stream, and increase the warming effect which that celebrated current no doubt produces on the western and northern coasts of Europe.

But we must not dwell longer on his scientific results, or those of his friends on the other side of the Channel. In fact, it is time that we should come down from the clouds, and occupy ourselves with the affairs of this base and grovelling lower world. We should like to do it gradually, but, as is the case with the balloon itself, our descent must needs be accompanied by something of a shock. It is with difficulty that we can persuade ourselves to quit, even in imagination, those magnificent regions so near to us and yet practically so far away; which all of us could see even now in ten minutes if our balloon was ready—would that it were!—and which, if the art of flying progresses with due rapidity, we may yet see some time before we die.

NOTES OF FOREIGN TRAVEL, FROM PRIVATE  
CORRESPONDENCE.

No. 13.

(Continued from page 760.)

MURREN, 9th mo., 1867.

From this one of the most beautiful spots in Switzerland, where all is so beautiful, I commence again the jottings of our course for the past week. The morning we left Andermatt was magnificent, and we enjoyed immensely our wild drive of three hours across the St. Gothard Pass, surrounded as we were by the grandest and rudest of mountain scenery, and after leaving the Hospice at the summit, we were whirled swiftly along down a splendid road, very remarkable for its twistings and turnings; backward and forward it went, making forty-six

curves in less than an hour, and in one or two places where we could catch a glimpse of its course before us from above, it looked like the windings of a great cable carelessly thrown down the mountain side. At Airola, an uninviting Italian looking village, our drive terminated, and after satisfying ourselves there was a bridle path across the mountains to Tosa Falls, and negotiating for horses, we found it was too late to commence the expedition that afternoon, so we spent the remainder of it in a delightful stroll, not *through* the village, but as far from it as we could get, among the fragrant hayfields, and along the peaceful and quiet valley. Before long a bare footed Swiss lassie strode quickly past us, a broad straw hat on her head, and a huge basket strapped on her back, and we soon discovered that she was intent on gathering in her hay harvest. We were walking at the time on the brink of a very steep and stony hill, covered with brambles; but the lassie, after stopping for an instant at a way-side fountain, gathering up her dirty apron into the fashion of a bowl, and taking from it a hearty draught of the sparkling water, dashed down the declivity, leaping like a chamois from point to point, and in a few minutes was in a little field in the valley below, her basket unstrapped, and she engaged, without a moment's pause, brisk as a bee, in loading it up. Her motions were so blithe and nimble, that she interested us as we seated ourselves to watch at a distance the progress of her operations. On she went, with unflagging industry, raking up one row after another, gathering the hay in monstrous armfuls, pressing it down and piling it up, until the whole produce of the field was in her huge basket, which stood heavy and solid a foot higher than her head. She then commenced binding it with two long ropes, that her sturdy arms formed into a kind of net-work over the top; after it was all secured, and her broad hat fastened on the summit, she had her load upon her back, without the loss of a single second, and bending almost double under its weight, was on her way up the hill again in a twinkling; and though she did sit down for a few minutes at the top, to wipe her hot face, we noticed that her breath came just as quietly and freely as our own, though we had only been passive spectators. It was evidently to *her* no unusual exertion, though to us it seemed perfectly herculean for a girl of sixteen. Verily, the female portion of creation in *this* part of the world are not exempted from the law that ordains they shall earn their bread by the sweat of their brow, for in Germany as well as throughout Switzerland, hard work seems to be their universal lot. We see women sawing wood, and women digging and breaking stone on the public roads—and women carrying bricks and mortar for the builders—and women reaping and mowing and

doing all sorts of field labor. Even the poor cows suffer from the general oppression of the sex, for they are worked just as hard as oxen, and the meekness and kindliness with which they bear their toilsome lot, have many a time excited our sympathy. They are almost universally beautiful animals, much prettier than our cows, and both they and the goats are a perpetual source of admiration to us, as we clamber among the hills. On the morning of the 7th, we mounted our horses, and with a man for each, commenced our ride across the St. Jacoma Pass to the Falls of Tosa. My nag was the *bell* horse and led the van, and he proved himself a very dependable one—but his good qualities were not shared by his companions; however, we had on the whole a delightful excursion. Our way for some distance was across an immense plain, covered with stones of all sorts and sizes—most uninteresting, certainly; but we almost forgot our rugged path, in admiration of the magnificent mountains by which it was everywhere surrounded; and the intense solitude of the whole route, during which we scarcely saw a human habitation, except the little shanty where we stopped for dinner, was a novel and agreeable feature in our Swiss travel. At Tosa, where we arrived by quarter past five, we found a nice little inn and an obliging hostess, and though the Falls were not the finest we had seen, we did not regret visiting them. Next morning, we were off again for Obergestelen, under a splendid sky, and over a trackless waste, along the side of one mountain after another, the road wilder and ruder than that of yesterday, so that we soon all preferred walking most of the distance. The scenery was grand and stupendous beyond all conception, and in the whole day's tramp there was not a house to be seen, and scarcely a solitary cheese hut, except miles away on the side of some distant hill.—So, under "the shadow of a great rock," where a little mountain rivulet bubbled by, we made our mid-day bivouac, and discussed our sandwiches and hard boiled eggs. Before evening, we reached Oberwald, and were accommodated for the night in a large, unfinished house, just being erected to serve as a hotel. The next morning, we left in a wagon for the Rhone Glacier, arriving about eleven—when, finding it impossible to make satisfactory arrangements for horses to Handeck Falls, we decided to walk, and by twelve were on our way to the Grimsel, reaching the Hospice in two hours. We lunched, and then another delightful two hours' walk brought us to the Falls. Handeck had been held up to us as a desirable abiding place for several days; therefore, I believe we both looked a little blank when, on approaching the "hotel," we found it was a low one-story log cabin, containing a *salle à manger*, kitchen and *stable*, through which we were con-

ducted to our lodging-room, in a little out-building. However, it afforded us all that was necessary for a good night's rest. I wonder that nothing better has been provided for visitors to these magnificent Falls, the finest we have seen in Switzerland, partly because so *different* from all others. Instead of a single stream, as is most commonly the case, *two* torrents come dashing over the rocks on opposite sides of a frightful abyss; one, a glacier river, of a turbid greenish-white appearance—the other pure and sparkling as crystal; and these, tumbling over the brink, meet each other in a cloud of foam, *it is supposed* about half-way down the gulf. But no one has ever estimated its tremendous depth; and as we stand on the bridge immediately over the Falls, the bottom is entirely invisible. It is a superb spectacle. We *only* waited next morning to see the rainbow on the foam, and then started for our walk to Meyringen. . . . We are now at the Wengern Alps, at the new hotel which last summer was just being built. It is splendidly situated in front of the mighty chain of snow mountains, and ever and anon the thundering of an avalanche is heard among them, and we have had the pleasure of seeing as well as hearing several that were very large and beautiful, even more beautiful than any we saw last summer. . . .

AOSTA, 10th mo., 1867.

On the third morning of our stay at Courmayeur, the sun rose brilliantly, and though the weather was cold, we were tempted by the assurance of our landlord that it was "the finest weather possible" to carry out our plan of an excursion to the Col de Seigne, via the Alleé Blanche, (ten hours there and back;) so fortifying ourselves by a good breakfast, we were off on our mules by half past nine o'clock, thinking we would have a charming day. Gradually, however, a sense of increasing chilliness stole over us, with an uncomfortable aching feeling; and after we had passed one or two mills where the wheels were fringed with icicles as thick as a man's arm, and several mountain cataracts that were *frozen solid*, we could no longer disguise the fact that we were very cold. As we neared the summit of the Pass, which is about 8000 feet above the sea, the wind increased in violence, and my companions dismounted to warm themselves by exercise, but as I was well wrapped up, I preferred to jog on as before. We greatly enjoyed the magnificent southern aspect of Mont Blanc, surrounded by his "Aiguilles." The Alleé Blanche, too, was very wonderful and curious, filled as it is from base to base of its enclosing mountains, by a vast moraine, left year by year by the receding glacier. Our path was in some parts extremely romantic, and on a pleasant *summer* morning would be, I have no doubt, very delightful;

but by the time we had proceeded three hours, and reached the Lac de Combal, from which we had a full view of the Col, (two hours further,) covered with snow, as well as the path before us, we were quite ready to acknowledge our enthusiasm satisfied for the present, and were willing to exchange the ten hours' excursion for one of six. So, then and there, sheltered in some measure from the wind by the walls of an old hut, our guides soon built a fire, borrowing a blazing log from some chamois hunters, who were awaiting their prey not far off; and after enjoying that and our luncheon of bread and meat, seasoned with laughter, we very quietly and wisely retraced our steps, and walking very briskly, as we were able to do in descending, reached Courmayeur in a very comfortable glow. Our day's experience had warned us that the season would soon be over; so next morning we returned to this place, with the intention of making our way as soon as possible across the St. Bernhard on our way to Geneva.

(To be continued.)

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NOTES OF **FOREIGN TRAVEL, FROM PRIVATE**  
**CORRESPONDENCE.**

No. 15.

(Continued from page 792.)

BOLOGNA, 11th mo., 1867.

From what was once a princely palace in the old city of Bologna, this goeth greeting to the home at ———, the comforts of which I can assure thee were remembered with something very much like a sigh, when, two hours ago, we returned from a chilly drive, and found our frescoed ceilings and immense mirrors a poor compensation for the absence of a good fire. We had omitted ordering one made in our chamber before setting out, and the stoves that are almost universally used in these countries take so long a time to heat, that we were summoned to the table d'hôte before we had had the least benefit from the fire—but now it is roaring comfortably. During the dreary weather that kept us bound for a week at Milan, we half resolved, as the season was so far advanced, to postpone seeing Venice until spring, but a bright warm sunshine made everything appear quite differently, and it was decided we should at least pay the "Queen of the Sea" a short visit, and we have not since regretted our decision, though we look forward with pleasure to seeing Venice under a more genial atmosphere than we have enjoyed since being within the geographical limits of "sunny Italy." After the first day, our party engaged a valet de place, who was quite a well-informed man—spoke English tolerably well, and being an Italian and a devout Catholic, furnished us with a number of interesting legends in the history of Venice and of the Church. The names of every picture and of every artist in the city were at our service whenever we wanted them, but his patriotism was so excessive, that he was quite unwilling to acknowledge some of the atrocities that we had been accustomed to associate with the days of the Doges. He insisted that the Austrians, while they governed Venice, had destroyed some of the cells in order to represent them as having been much worse than they really were, and as to the dungeons we used to read of as below the level of the canals, the water of which oozed through their walls, he declared they had never existed, and that those he showed us on the ground floor were as bad in every respect as any in olden time. They need not indeed have been much more horrible to satisfy even the brutal cruelty of those barbarous ages; and as we groped about among them by the feeble light of a candle, where no ray of sunshine ever penetrated, and stood on the Bridge of Sighs, just where Byron and scores of other tourists had stood before us, it required no very vivid imagination to call up images of those fearful scenes of blood that centuries

ago were there enacted. We had all seen so many pictures of Venice that many parts of it looked quite familiar, but it is totally different in most of its features from any other city we have yet seen. Very few of the streets that are not canals are wider than the sidewalks in Philadelphia, while the greater number are much narrower, in fact so narrow that we were often obliged to walk single file to avoid brushing constantly against one wall or the other; but these little alleys are lined with shops of every kind, and all the streets are paved with broad flag-stones, and so clean and tidy-looking as greatly to astonish us, as we were prepared to expect quite the reverse. As gondolas are the only carriages, horses are never seen; and certainly while we were there, no quadruped but an occasional cat or dog was ever visible. The deficiency is, however, fully made up by the pigeons, which are under the especial protection of government; and as no one is allowed to shoot them, they have increased to an immense number. Many years ago, a legacy was left by some distinguished individual for their support, and every day at 2 o'clock their dinner is served them on the Grand Piazza, in front of San Marco. We were there on one occasion before the hour, and it was very amusing to see how, at the first stroke of the clock, they made their appearance from all directions, flocking toward the corner where they were always sure of finding their repast. There were several hundreds, and they were as plump as partridges and as tame as kittens, appearing to know as well as any of us the immunity they enjoy. One of our mornings in Venice was devoted to a voyage along the Grand Canal and through several of the others, that are as dark, and narrow and crooked, as that is broad and splendid; and during this excursion, we made acquaintance with a number of suburb palaces, some few still inhabited by grandees and still radiant with frescoes, but by far the greater number turned into hotels or warehouses, and only to be known, as the former abodes of princes and nobles by the tall painted posts that are driven into the canal in a semicircle, around the entrance, I suppose, to prevent intrusion by the commonalty. We were shown the palace of the Foscari, the home of Desdemona and one or two others, and in another part of the city the place where Shylock's shop once flourished. Besides making repeated visits to the magnificent Cathedral of San Marco, the one great feature of Venice, only rivalled by the old palace of the Doges, we took every day a "course of churches," of inferior rank, but all containing something to admire in the way of painting or statuary or mosaic. We think we shall appreciate all these more thoroughly in milder weather—so we left the remainder of our enjoyment until

we revisit Venice in the spring, and came on to Bologna. We find the temperature much the same—very fine for exercise, but a little chilly for picture galleries. The gallery of paintings in Bologna is one of its celebrities, and contains several exquisite masterpieces. Yesterday in walking to one of the churches we were attracted by a broad arched entrance, covered with frescoes, and upon walking through it, found on the other side a large court surrounded by arcades, the walls of which were all closely covered with coats of arms of every imaginable device, and bright as paint and gilding could make them. On inquiry, we were told it was a building where the very celebrated University of Bologna had once been. We had ourselves ushered up stairs, where were twelve immense apartments, now containing the public library, and all lined like the arcades below, with coats of arms. We thought there must have been thousands, and we were informed they were the armorial bearings of the students of the University. These rooms also contained a number of busts and statues of former Professors, among which was that of a young and beautiful *woman*, who frequently filled her father's chair. We learn she was eminent in several branches of science, and that the school of Bologna was famous among other things, for its Female Professors. From here we were taken into the Anatomical Hall, now no longer in use, and shown the statue of the man who, in the early part of the fifteenth century, and I believe in this very room, had first practiced the dissection of the human body. The same University also produced Galvan, the originator of Galvanism; so we found ourselves quite accidentally in what had been the very hot-bed of science and learning. Our afternoon was pleasantly occupied in a drive to the cemetery, a short distance out of the town. The tombs are arranged some of them in the cloisters of an old monastery, and the remainder in long vaulted galleries, of more recent construction. In some instances, the monument or inscription being on the wall, and the body under the pavement beneath it, but generally the tombs were in the walls, which were of marble, divided into panels just large enough to contain one coffin. Those arcades were very extensive, looking as though they had been used for centuries, while many of the more recent tombs were ornamented with wreaths and bouquets, very much in the style of "*Pere le chaise*." Some of the monuments were very fine, but in this country of art we hardly see *anything* in the way of statuary that is not so. From the cemetery, we drove to the summit of a high hill, whence we had a splendid view of the city and its surroundings.

(To be continued.)

**NOTES OF FOREIGN TRAVEL FROM PRIVATE  
CORRESPONDENCE.**

**No. 16.**

(Continued from page 807, vol. 24.)

**NAPLES, 1868.**

This lovely 1st of May has been spent in a delightful drive to Baiae and other interesting points, forming altogether one of the most charming excursions in the neighborhood of Naples. The trees are many of them not yet fully out in leaf, and quite a number are almost destitute of foliage. The horse-chestnuts and locusts are just coming into blossom, and the public promenades are not by any means as shadowy or as flowery

either as they will be a few weeks hence. But it is cool enough for us to be out without fear of being over-heated, so that we hope to see all the sights of Naples without spending a very great deal of time in doing it.

One of our first walks was to the scene of the sad accident which took place after our previous visit here. We found the street had only that day been again opened as a thoroughfare, and a number of workmen were still employed building a mass of solid masonry against the face of the rock, as a protection in case of any more of it separating. Most of the traces of ruin have been removed, and the house where Bayard Taylor and his family lived, as well as several others that were near it, have quite disappeared. In America, a row of new buildings would by this time have almost risen in their place, but there is very little of the go-ahead principle in these countries, and the work of restoration progresses very slowly. Vesuvius at the time of our arrival seemed entirely quiet, but for the last few days there has been a large volume of smoke constantly ascending from the summit, and in the evening the flame is very apparent, though nothing like lava can be seen in a liquid state, and it is generally supposed that the "great exhibition" is over for the present. I am glad to think we had so capital a view of it as we had, and I hope we shall succeed in getting a colored print or photograph representing the mountain just as it was at that time, that you too may be able to form an idea of its magnificence. The Museum here is a perfect treasury of wonders, not certainly for its picture galleries, in which we were greatly disappointed, but for the immense and valuable collection of curiosities and works of art gathered together from Pompeii and other ruins. The articles found under the ashes of Pompeii are by far the most interesting of all, for besides the old mosaics and frescoes, that must astonish every one who sees them for their wonderful beauty of execution and the admirable preservation in which they were discovered, there are loaves of bread bearing the name of the baker, eggs that nobody would know from those of the present day, dishes of prunes and figs and walnuts, skeins of thread, and countless other domestic objects, that seemed to carry us right back in thought to the terrible tragedy of 2000 years ago, and give us a far more correct appreciation of it than all the reading we could ever have done. We have paid two visits to the Museum, and two to Pompeii itself, still more wonderful than all, as the theatre where that frightful drama was enacted; and after hearing so much as every one has of "Pompeii," it would be

something to say that we were not disappointed; on the contrary, I am sure our astonishment and interest were far greater than we had dared, to expect, and we should be only too glad to spend several more days in exploring it, if we can spare the time. The very silence or solitude of this deserted city, where the noiseless gliding in and out of the green lizards is all of life and motion that we see, has something inexpressibly strange and impressive, and bears a sort of charm about it, that contrasts very strikingly with every other kind of sight-seeing. The excavations are still going on, and one of the most interesting objects we saw was a beautiful statuette, (said to be a Venus) that had been disinterred only *two weeks ago*. It appeared to be entirely perfect, and as it is presumed a great part of the city still remains buried, I suppose the travellers of future years may be expected to have much more to wonder at than we have had. Nobody can come to Naples without voting it the busiest and the noisiest city he was ever in, and the scenes at the landings and railroad depots among the cabmen and porters baffle all description. We have generally escaped with flying colors from these gangs of savages, but yesterday we had a little national sample that was rather amusing. In coming out of the door of the Museum, a cabman, who stood opposite it, offered his services. We did not take him at once, but walked on towards several other carriages that were standing half a square farther on, the man following close behind us. Before reaching them, however, our first man received the sign that his cab was chosen, when, in an instant, an ill looking fellow, the driver of one of the others, drove furiously up, left his box, jumped into the cab we had taken, swearing and gesticulating violently all the while, and motioning in the most peremptory manner to us to get into his instead; this of course we had no intention of doing, though the man was backed by half a dozen of the other coachmen, who stormed at our poor innocent-looking driver, as though they meant to tear him to pieces, the fellow keeping his seat meanwhile most resolutely. After watching this wordy battle for some minutes we quietly walked away, managing to give our man the wink that he was to follow, which he did, his passenger still seated inside; and it was not until he had driven perhaps a quarter of a square, that the man concluded to give up the contest and return to his own carriage, leaving us in quiet possession of ours. Our "cocher" seemed to think it a capital joke, but when we think that half a franc (10 cts.) is all they are entitled to for a "course," it certainly doesn't seem worth spending so much

temper upon as was wasted then and there.

On the day of our pleasant drive to Baiae, we passed, soon after leaving the city, through the Grotto of Pausilipo, or, in other words, what we should call a tunnel, only that we had always supposed *tunnels* to be a *modern* invention, and this had been excavated hundreds of years ago, by those cunning old Romans, who seem to have known how to do things in general infinitely better than their descendants. This Grotto is more than half a mile in length, ninety feet in height, as broad as an ordinary street, and all this hewn out of the solid Tufa rock; vaulted above, and nicely paved with smooth flags, besides being well lighted throughout, and would be considered a great achievement even for the nineteenth century. After emerging from this, we drove, under the pilotage of a valet de place, for several hours along the coast, passing constantly some object of ancient historical interest, which, in addition to the fresh spring beauty of the Italian landscape, made every minute of the drive delightful. At the old town of Pozzuoli (or Putioli, as the Bible has it,) where St. Paul landed, we were shown some very wonderful ruins, as well preserved as those about Rome, while the whole country through which we were passing seemed to be formed of the debris of former greatness, that, as our guide told us, had been shattered and crumbled by earthquakes long ago, and were now so mixed together, that nothing would be gained by any attempt at excavating them. But all along the roadsides, and wherever the ground was not actually under tillage, it was bristling with old Roman masonry, in the form of walls, or arches, or aqueducts, half buried under the soil, and making us feel almost as though we were driving over some dead city of the past. At Baiae we met again with temples in a more perfect state; and as this was the terminus of our route, we seated ourselves, while the horses were being fed and rested, to eat our cold chicken under the shadow of "Venus' Bath," as far as appeared, quiet and secluded enough; but we had scarcely untied our napkin, when two or three little wee beggars made their appearance, and were soon quite as close to us as was pleasant. Presently one or two more sprang up from somewhere, and so it went on until we were surrounded by a group of *nineteen* pretty, dirty, saucy Italian figures, mostly children ranging from two to twelve, and I think three women, ragged and tattered—some of them, indeed, with very little more clothing than Nature gave them. We might just as well have attempted to drive off a swarm of flies from a saucer of molasses; so we concluded to be amused instead of annoyed, and went on with our luncheon, quite

regardless of their presence, while they squatted on the ground, laughing and chattering, and every little while edging nearer and nearer, until my parasol had to be extended to warn them off. When our repast was concluded, the fragments that remained were distributed, with strict justice, among the whole, and they devoured them, orange skins, and all, as though such a windfall were a rare occurrence, though their plump brown limbs and faces did not look as if they had been suffering from starvation. On our way home we visited the Baths of Nero, a stupendous ruin, and had an egg cooked in the boiling spring that once supplied them, though the steam was so thick and hot in the passage that led to it, that we could not ourselves get very near. The water is supposed to be from the sea, and kept at a boiling point by volcanic action.

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For Friends' Intelligencer.

## SUMMER TRAVEL.

If the following extracts from a genuine "home" letter, written for home eyes only, should induce any reader to seek for the wonders and beauties of nature in our own country, until fully conversant with them, in preference to foreign travel, it will repay the slight trouble of transcribing. They are furnished over the initials of the writer without her knowledge, she being still absent from home:

"OWEGO, N. Y., Seventh mo. 10th, 1875.

"Here we are, after a most delightful trip of two days. The weather has been everything that could be desired, cool and pleasant. We had a very enjoyable ride to Mauch Chunk, in spite of the tunnels, which are my especial dislike. F. (a child nearly ten years of age) was irrepressible, I do not think he sat on his seat any five minutes at a time: it was, 'What's that?' 'Look here!' 'See that!' &c., incessantly. The cars were not full, so we changed from side to side just as we wished.

"After an early supper, we started for a walk, and to see the town. We went as far as the prison, and around some of the nearer cross-streets. I understand the people pride themselves on their gardens, and, I think, I never saw a greater variety, or prettier flowers than are everywhere here. Returning about eight o'clock, we sat on the porch awhile and then retired, glad to creep under a blanket."

"The next morning we took the noted *Switchback* ride. It is glorious and fearful. You feel very glad when you are safe on the top of those awful planes, but the gravity rides are exhilarating, the mountain air blowing, everything so fresh and green, and the magnificent views as you go flying along without any apparent cause. That part came to an end only too soon.

"When we reached the depot again, we preferred walking down to the hotel, so as to visit Ex-Governor Packer's place, which is open to strangers. He has a garden after my own heart, not laid out on level ground where you can see the whole of the arrange-

ments at a single glance. Everything has to be hunted up, as it were. At one turn we would find a rockery with its lovely creeping plants and *Virginias*; in some other corner a gorgeous bed of geraniums, or a sunny circle of portulacas—a fountain here, or a summer house there, or, mayhap, a rustic seat at some other unexpected place. I did not see half enough of it, as our time was short, having to leave in the 11.45 train for *Glen Onoko*, a ride of only ten or fifteen minutes.

"Here we have an hour and a half to explore the miniature '*Watkins*,' to which some think it is quite equal in beauty, though not in extent, it being one and a quarter miles to the head. Equal or not, it is the loveliest thing I have seen this many a day. The children were greatly pleased, and we had to leave it all too soon and take the train for Wilkesbarre, where we arrived about four o'clock in the afternoon, passing all the time through the most entrancing scenery. To one who has never seen it, there are no words with which to paint it; those who have been through it, understand how all words fail you.

"We put up at the Valley House, and, after tea, went in quest of some of our friends, residents here, in which we succeeded, and with whom we made arrangements for some little sight-seeing in the morning, including a ride all round the town. After dinner we took the train for Owego, and, as soon as we stepped on board, we met George Truman, wife and daughter on their way to *Watkins' Glen*. We thus had very pleasant companions nearly all the way.

"Upon arriving at this place we were met by our friends (with whom we anticipate spending several days) with open arms and genuine unaffected welcome. This morning we had a nice drive all round the suburbs of Owego and through the town, seeing their elegant new court-house, churches, &c., &c. They have a little steamer running up the Susquehanna river twice a week, and as this is one of the days, we have made up a party to go up this afternoon and return in the cool of the evening.

"We expect to go to *Watkins'* on Third-day, and leave on Fifth-day for the *Water Tap*. I will write again. M. C. G."

Correspondence *Friends' Intelligencer* and *Journal*.

## SWARTHMORE TO SWITZERLAND.

INTERLAKEN, SWITZERLAND, Ninth month 14.

THE INTELLIGENCER AND JOURNAL has published so many letters descriptive of foreign travel that it would seem superfluous for me to add thereto very much in detail. So many, however, of our endeared personal friends at home are among its readers that occasional notes of what we see and hear during our European sojourn may not be inappropriate.

It will be just three weeks to-morrow since our farewells were said at the close of the Third-day afternoon session of the Philanthropic Conference at Swarthmore. In the interval we have traveled by steamer and rail about four thousand miles. As this afternoon we sit together in a sheltered nook upon the mountain side overlooking beautiful Interlaken, with the Jungfrau and other of the grand Alpine mountains in full view beyond, the comforting echoes of the parting hymn, "God be with you till we meet again," sung at Swarthmore station by our dear young friends with so much heartwarmth, are still reverberating with us as a grateful benediction. At ten o'clock, on Fourth-day morning, we sailed by the *Paris* for Southampton. Our voyage was on the whole favorable and without special incident. I had no intimation of sea sickness, and had much real and timely rest. Anna lost one breakfast which she did not feel able to take, but for the rest did fairly well for the voyage, which she enjoys most when it ends. We met few steamers or other vessels and no icebergs, but saw lively porpoises occasionally and one large and really very interesting school of whales. So many of them were of unusually large size that Professor George E. Vincent, of the Chicago University and of Chautauqua fame, a fellow passenger standing near, remarked to us that they might appropriately be called an "Adult School"!

We arrived at Southampton about midnight of the 2d inst., and enjoyed a delightful early morning ride by special train to London, on the 3d. After a week upon the ocean the picturesque landscape of Southern England, the highly cultivated farms, the beautiful hawthorn hedges, and the numerous villas and interesting villages, as seen from the car windows, seemed indeed most attractive. We were kindly welcomed at the Devonshire House Hotel, adjoining the Devonshire Friends' meeting-house, Bishopsgate street, where London Yearly Meeting is held. We had two days in London, meeting a few valued friends, revisiting Westminster Abbey, and attending, with a London friend, a special and very interesting service in St. Paul's Cathedral. We left London on the morning of the 5th inst., crossing the English channel by the Newhaven and Dieppe route, via Rouen, and reached Paris in the early evening. First-day, the 6th inst., we remained in Paris quietly resting, going out only for a morning service, very elaborate and spectacular, at the Madeleine, (one of the great Catholic churches of the city), and a short walk in the Champs Elysees.

We left Paris in the early morning of the 7th, for a full day's journey by rail across Northern France, via Belfort, for Switzerland, arriving at Basle in the evening twilight, and lodged for the night in Hotel Trois Rois (Three Kings), upon the banks of the Rhine. The pictures of French peasant life, the many ancient and very quaint villages, the varied industries represented, the old cathedrals, and the crosses with the images of the crucified Jesus by the wayside, and other symbols indicative of a Roman Catholic country, made the journey one of peculiar interest, quite in contrast with rural England, and greatly unlike anything one sees in American railway

travel. After visiting a few places of interest in Basle, a very old city located on both sides of the Rhine and connected by bridges, we resumed our journey via Olten, to Lucerne. As we approached Lucerne we had our first glimpses of the snow-capped Alps. The sight of these grand mountains, with their mantles of perpetual snow, with a still vivid memory of the intense, prolonged, and perilous heat through which we had so recently passed in New York just prior to the Swarthmore Conferences, was indeed refreshing and grateful! We lingered in beautiful Lucerne, with its lake and mountain environment on the morning of the 8th, only to pay brief visits to its old Cathedral, and Thorwaldsen's wonderful sculptured lion, and left for a day and a night on the Rigi, going by steamer to Vitznau, and then a mountain ascent of nearly six thousand feet by rail. The day was a rare one, in temperature and atmospheric conditions, for such an excursion; the sunset was not quite clear, but the sunrise view of the following morning, to which we were summoned in good time by a Swiss mountaineer's Alpine horn, was perfect in detail, and glorious quite beyond description.

Returning from the Rigi we had a very enjoyable excursion by steamer from Vitznau to Fluelen, and thence again to Lucerne over the Lake of the Four Cantons, and on the morning of the 10th instant continued our journey by rail over the Brunig Pass to Interlaken, the heart of this wonderful mountain region. It has also been our good fortune during our four days' sojourn here to make, with most favorable atmospheric conditions,—a day of a thousand for it,—the grand excursion by rail, via Lauterbrunnen and the Staubbach Falls, over the Wengernalp to Scheidegg and Grindelwald, at the foot of the Wetterhorn. At Scheidegg, the summit, we were at a great altitude, and very near the glaciers of the snow-covered peaks of the Jungfrau, Mönch, and Eiger,—above the snow line at some points of the adjacent mountains. The marvelous achievements of modern railway engineering, represented by the Rigi, the Brunig Pass, and the Wengernalp railways, has made possible the enjoyment of the grandeur and magnificence of this wonderful mountain region with a minimum of fatigue, exposure, and cost as compared with former periods. But the climax has not yet been reached. A connecting railroad is to be constructed, the grading for which is now in progress, from Scheidegg station direct to the Jungfrau, which is to be tunneled to its centre, then upward, the passengers to be taken by rail to the centre of this grand mountain peak, thence by elevator, or "lift," to its snow capped summit!

We leave Interlaken with reluctance to-morrow for Berne, where the International Conference which we came to attend is to convene. Some notes of its deliberations I will send later.

We expect to return to England from the Continent about the 1st of Tenth month. Our address while in Great Britain, till Twelfth month 1st, will be: Alliance Offices, 15 Great George street, Westminster, London, England.

I omitted to mention that we found awaiting us on our arrival in London a cordial letter from Charles Thompson and wife, welcoming us again to England, and extending to us an invitation to visit their hospitable home at Morland, near Penrith, in the region of the beautiful English Lake District, and not far from Swarthmore, which we shall hope also to visit.

AARON M. POWELL.